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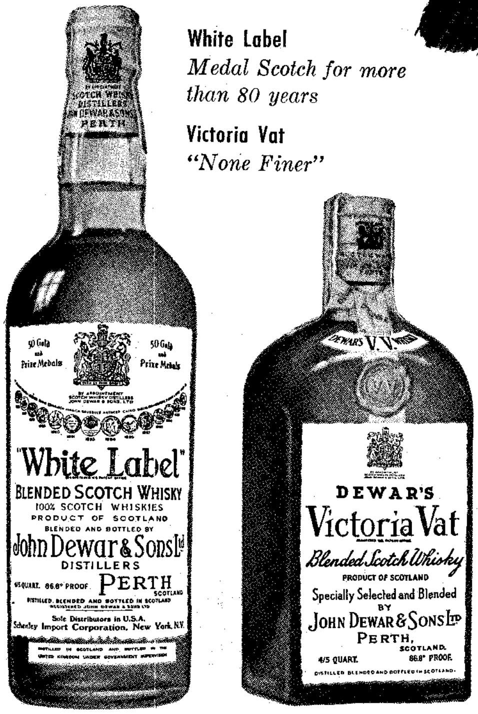
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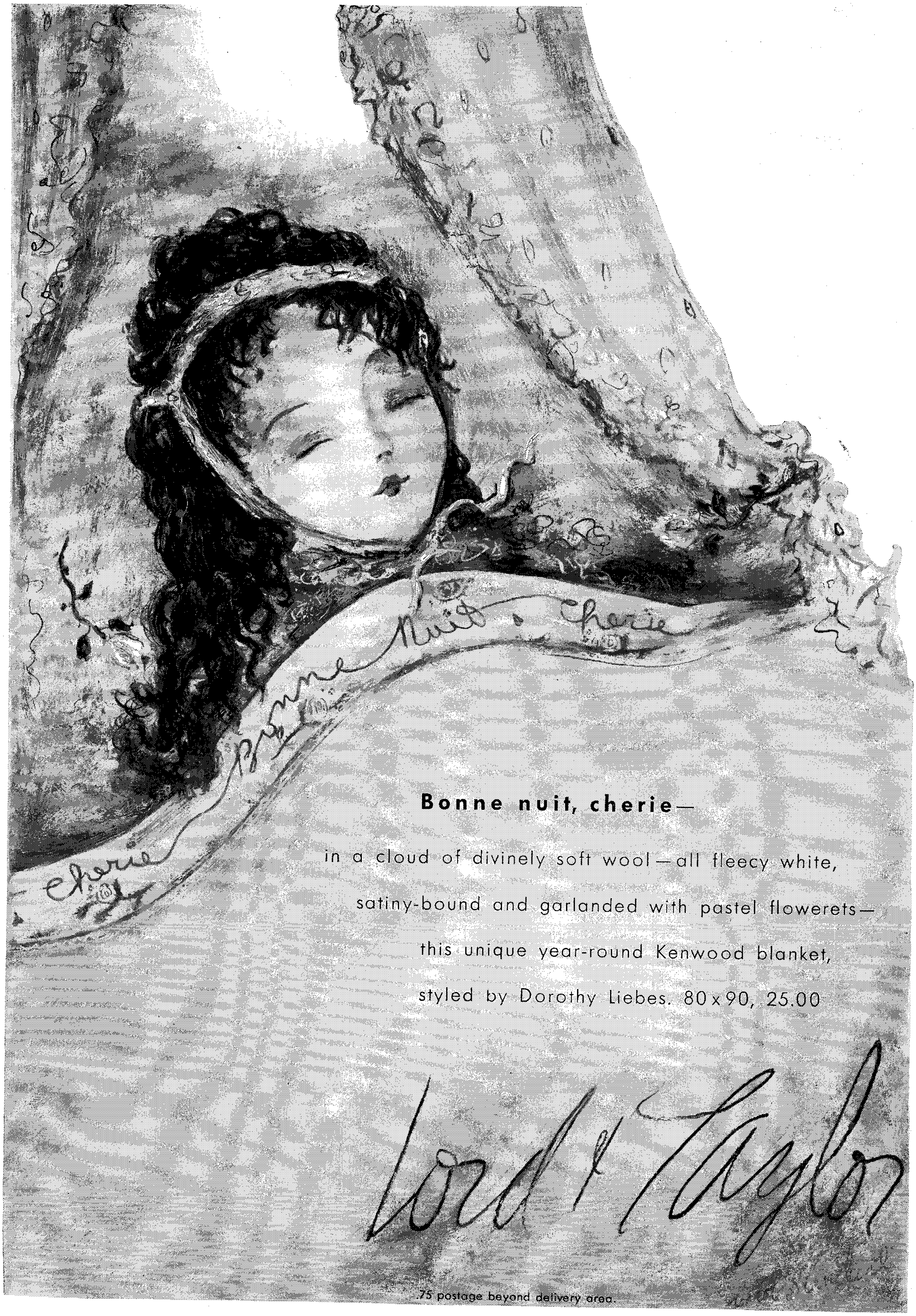
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Chase—José Ferrer has completed his conquest of Forty-eighth Street as producer and director of Horton Foote's somewhat primitive melodrama about a Texan killer and a sheriff who feels morally obliged to bring him in alive. John Hodiak and Kim Hunter head the cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Don Juan in Hell—Shaw's reflections on practically everything, delivered with verve and skill by Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. An impressive change from the usual lecture-hall "reading." (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 24.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are the whole cast of this sometimes charming and sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it, and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's version of a novel by Colette has to do with a young Parisienne who grows up in rather unusual surroundings, and it is one of the treats of the season. Audrey Hepburn, who plays the title role, is most competently assisted by Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown, and Gilbert Miller has given the play one of his characteristically handsome productions. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Golden Boy—Despite a number of faults, Clifford Odets' 1937 play about a violinist who took up prizefighting against practically everybody's better judgment is still a fine example of playwriting. John Garfield and Lee J. Cobb are largely responsible for the success of the current revival. The third in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

The Grass Harp—Truman Capote has tried to say a lot of extremely difficult things concerning the people who really own the world, and he has succeeded at least half the time. The costumes and sets were designed by Cecil Beaton, the score was written by Virgil Thomson, and the cast includes Mildred Natwick, Russell Collins, Georgia Burke, Sterling Holloway, and Alice Pearce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

I Am a Camera—This adaptation by John van Druten of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is diverting but not very substantial. As an English streetwalker, though, Julie Harris is a complete delight. William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews help out. Winner of the Drama Critics award for best American play of the year. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jane—A slightly wearing visit with some rich folk who speak elegant lines tailored by S. N. Behrman. The play is based on a Somerset Maugham short story, and Edna Best and Basil Rathbone are in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Mondays at 7:30, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Tentatively scheduled to close Saturday, April 26.)

Mrs. McThing—Mary Chase's arch comedy about modern witchcraft, directed by Joseph Buloff, is considerably bolstered by the superior talents of Helen Hayes and the youthful Brandon de Wilde. The cast also includes Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, and Lydia Reed. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Paris '90—In this one-woman show, Cornelia Otis Skinner impersonates an extraordinary variety of ladies who happened to be hanging around the French capital in the picturesque days of Dreyfus and Lautrec. Miss Skinner's acting is always intelligent, Kay Swift's accompanying score is admirable, and Donald Oenslager's settings are properly stylized, but the whole performance seems a bit special. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Point of No Return—Paul Osborn has done an excellent adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel about a man who discovers that success isn't really so much, and Leland Hayward has given it a more than satisfactory production. Henry Fonda is magnificent in the leading role and gets fine support from a company that includes John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shrike—José Ferrer stars in, directs, and is one of the producers of this absorbing play about a wife who almost drives her husband to suicide. Judith Evelyn is prominent in the action, which takes place in the emergency ward of a city hospital. With Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Venus Observed—Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer are very winning in Christopher Fry's comedy, but the plot and the text may be a little too complicated and ornate for non-literary audiences. With John Williams, John Merivale, Hurd Hatfield, and Claudia Morgan. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Laurence Olivier. Voted the best foreign play of the season by the Drama Critics Circle. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Tentatively scheduled to close Saturday, April 26.)

Long Runs—**THE MOON IS BLUE:** A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Mondays at 7:30, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STALAG 17:** A melodrama set in a German prison camp. With John Ericson, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Candida—Olivia de Havilland in Shaw's comedy. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by Thomas Hammond. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 17.)

To Be Continued—A comedy by William Marchant, with Dorothy Stickney, Jean Dixon, Luella Gear, and Neil Hamilton. Presented and staged by Guthrie McClintic. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Four Saints in Three Acts—The Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson silly symphony, first presented here in 1934, is back again to delight and confuse the Broadway innocents. A splendid Negro cast, in which Edward Matthews repeats his original role of Saint Ignatius, sings the inaccessible text with great beauty. The fourth in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Paint Your Wagon—The plot, something about the Gold Rush in California, doesn't amount to much, but the songs and dances are very pleasant, and James Barton, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Mary Burr do a lot to liven things up. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 27.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given a dazzling production and should enchant practically everybody. Vivienne Segal again heads the cast, which now contains Harold Lang in the title role. Helen Gallagher, Lionel Stander, and Elaine Stritch also appear, in approximately that order of importance. Chosen by the Drama Critics Circle as the year's best musical. Robert Alton's choreography is stunning. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Three Wishes for Jamie—If you have more than the usual quota of pixie in your makeup, you may easily enjoy this Irish legend, but otherwise caution is recommended. John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys are appetizing in the principal roles, and Ralph Blane's music and lyrics are

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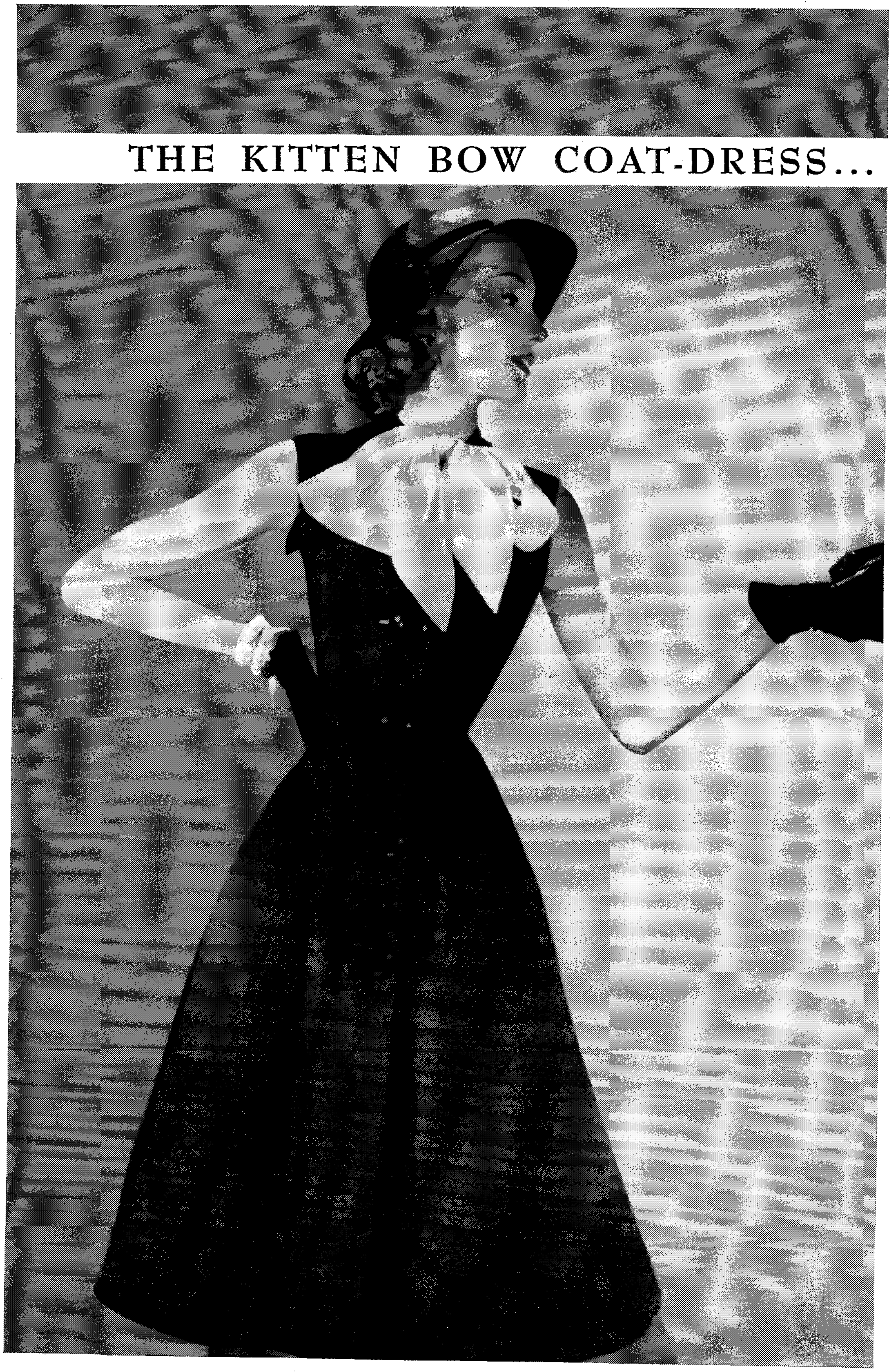

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

far better than the usual run of such works. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. Hy Kraft wrote the book, Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 3.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The effect a strong-willed English teacher (Gertrude Lawrence) has upon a royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Yes, indeed. George Britton is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hook 'n Ladder—Vicki Cummings in a comedy by Charles Horner and Henry Miles. Produced and staged by Al Moritz. Opens Tuesday, April 29. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—A revival of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, "The Male Animal," with Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Robert Preston, is the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the company. Opens Wednesday, April 30, and will run through Sunday, May 11. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Much Ado About Nothing—Claire Luce, Antony Eustrel, and Melville Cooper in the Shakespeare comedy. Produced by Luther Greene in association with Jerry Tishman, and directed by Mr. Eustrel. Opens Thursday, May 1. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Victim—A play by Leonard Lesley, based on a novel by Saul Bellow. The cast, under the direction of George Auerbach, includes Elliott Sullivan, Lloyd Gough, and Anne Hegira. Produced by David Heilweil and Robert N. Winter-Berger. Opens Friday, May 2. (President, 48th St., W. JU 2-1647. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Whatever happened to Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy? (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30; through Sunday, May 11. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

Martha Graham—With her company. For the benefit of the Dance Scholarship Fund of the Juilliard School of Music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Thursday through Sunday, April 24-27, at 8:15.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26, at 8:15.) . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, April 29, at 8:15.)

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Vaudeville—Betty Hutton, Herb Shriner, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:40 and 8:40. Through Sunday, May 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the placid Trianon Room, the orchestras of Harry Rosenthal and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper. William Adler turns his violin loose in the adjoining rotunda at cocktail time.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time, except Sundays, and in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's musicians, orphans of the storm that engulfed the Ritz's Oval Room, now tootle circumspectly in the restaurant here at dinnertime. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

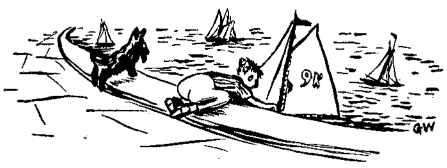
Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A skillful restoration of one of the halls of Montezuma. The curator is Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from nine on. A rumba band starts making agreeable noises at eight. In the opulent Plush Room, a European brand of piano music by George Feyer after eight. Thursday, April 24, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room show, industrious skaters shave the ice with abandon, letting the chips fall where they may, even into the laps of ringsiders. The Adrian Rollini Trio puts in a perky appearance between times. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Yma Sumac, leaping dizzily from octave to octave like a mountain chamois, and the dances of Mario and Floria. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Stanley Worth's quartet performs for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre, where Rino Senteri (through Saturday, April 26) sings an international repertoire in a fresh young voice.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, Mimi Benzell, a personable graduate of the Met, explores the middleweight classics, and the team of Alan and Blanche Lund prance. The scene is the Persian Room, where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte also hold forth. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is thoroughly devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.



Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Freddy Martin's band, which is large and not given to sudden lurches. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a firm but gracious stickler for the grand manner, pulsates all evening to the dance music of Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. Fernanda Montel, a Parisian *grande dame* with vocal inclinations, appears at both dinner and supper through Monday, April 28. Next evening, Annette Warren, a modest violet from the Coast, will start chirruping. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Beneath the entertainingly sardonic deers' heads in the Carnaval Room, Emil Coleman's band prattles away. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman's orchestra, whose instrumentation is well above average, plays during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A non-charitable institution for seemingly homeless, but undeniably well-turned-out, waifs. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—This venerable stage is full of fresh, shiny new faces. They belong to, among others, Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance, talk, or sing their small hearts out in musical comedy topped off by the vivid Spanish arias of Carmen Torres. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Dorothy Shay reports, in song, on the unlikely doings of Uncle Fud and other apocryphal mountaineers. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all evening. Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Michael Zarin's dance music from seven until one. Closed Sundays.

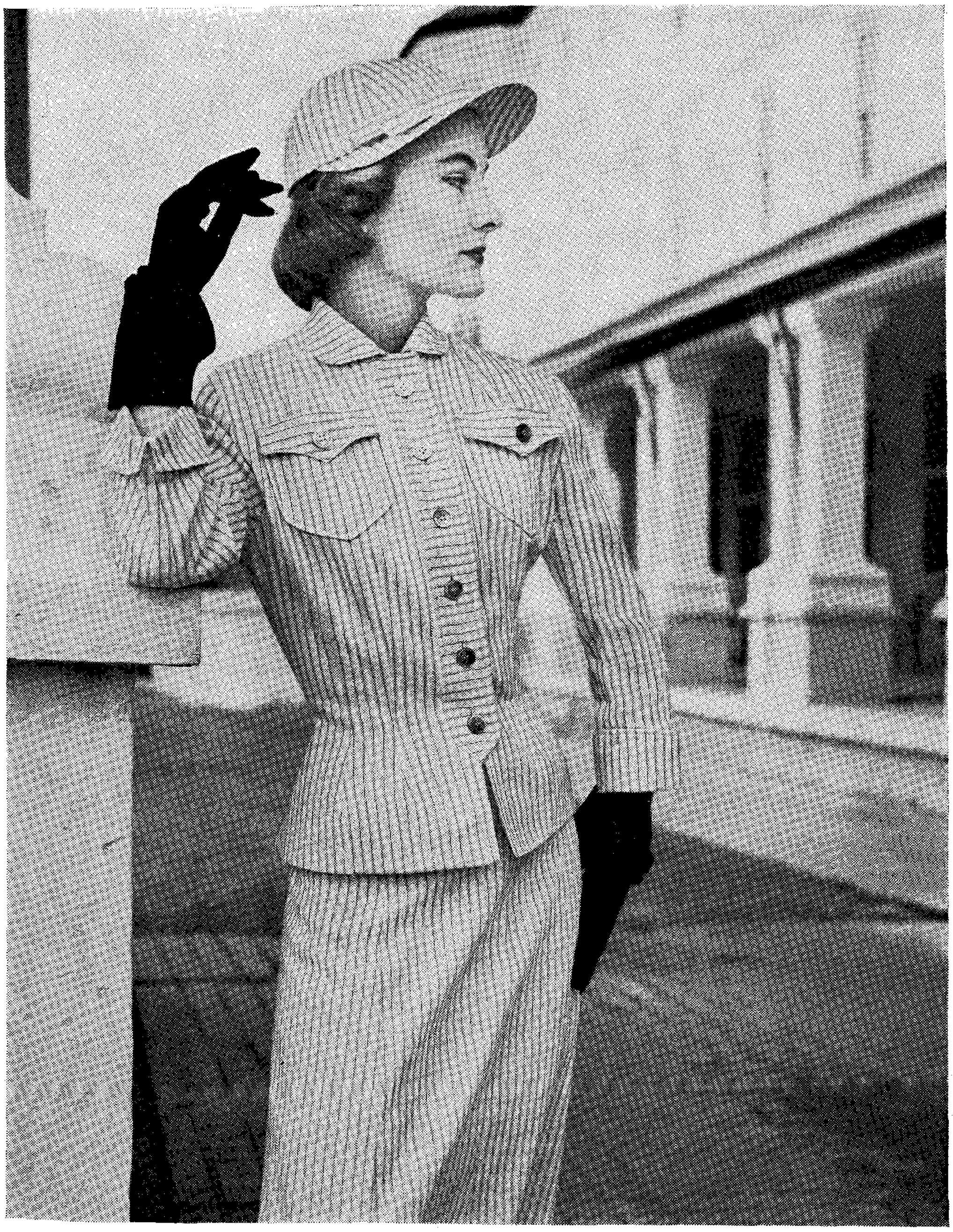
Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate aerie no larger than the Republic of Texas, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, where Louis Hawkins, a host in the very best Southern tradition, keeps the local piano and clientele in a fine state of resonance. He frisks about from six to nine, and again from eleven to sunup. Jo Hurt looks in after the theatre on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays to toss an effervescent thatch and some skylarking songs around. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one, except Sundays, Ralph Strain fills this starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle the whole week long. Above it all, you can hear, if you're determined, Cy Walter's brilliant nocturnes at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): A new venture by Daniel, the East Side caterer and restaurateur—cocktails, dinner, and supper to the piano of Lynn Mullinax, whose touch is quiet but happy, in a bright, good-natured

Peck and Peck



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stage set. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore group. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Some newcomers have just been added to the recipe, but it's still basically Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney is a storehouse of the best show tunes, to all of which he adds a special zest. He plays piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Conversation, song, dance, and guitar by Vicente Gomez, a fairly smart jack of all these trades, during dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this plush parlor at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the same during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **HABIBI,** 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): This showcase for Israeli culture affords (through Friday, April 25) the neatly sung and rather eerie folk music of Hillel and Aviva. Next evening, Shoshana Damari, a vivid nightingale, returns. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060) Countless thousands can be seen nightly switching from Hadacol to Johnnie Ray, whose revival-meeting shouting has the same exhilarating, if slightly medicinal, flavor. The rowdy humor of Betty and Jane Kean is more plausible. On Thursday, May 1, Billy Daniels, no mean revivalist himself, arrives at the head of a new show. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Jane Morgan, looking like a dream come true, toys with some joyful American and understandable French ballads, and Eddie South, one of the last of the jazz violinists, makes pretty music. His trio and Van Smith's play for dancing. On Friday, May 2, Charlie Farrell, a humorist off the Broadway-Miami circuit, checks in. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Jane Froman in person, not a Hollywood biography, and Phil Foster, whose frame of reference is Broadway. There's a view, too, of a river discovered by an out-of-towner named Hudson.

SUPPER CLUBS

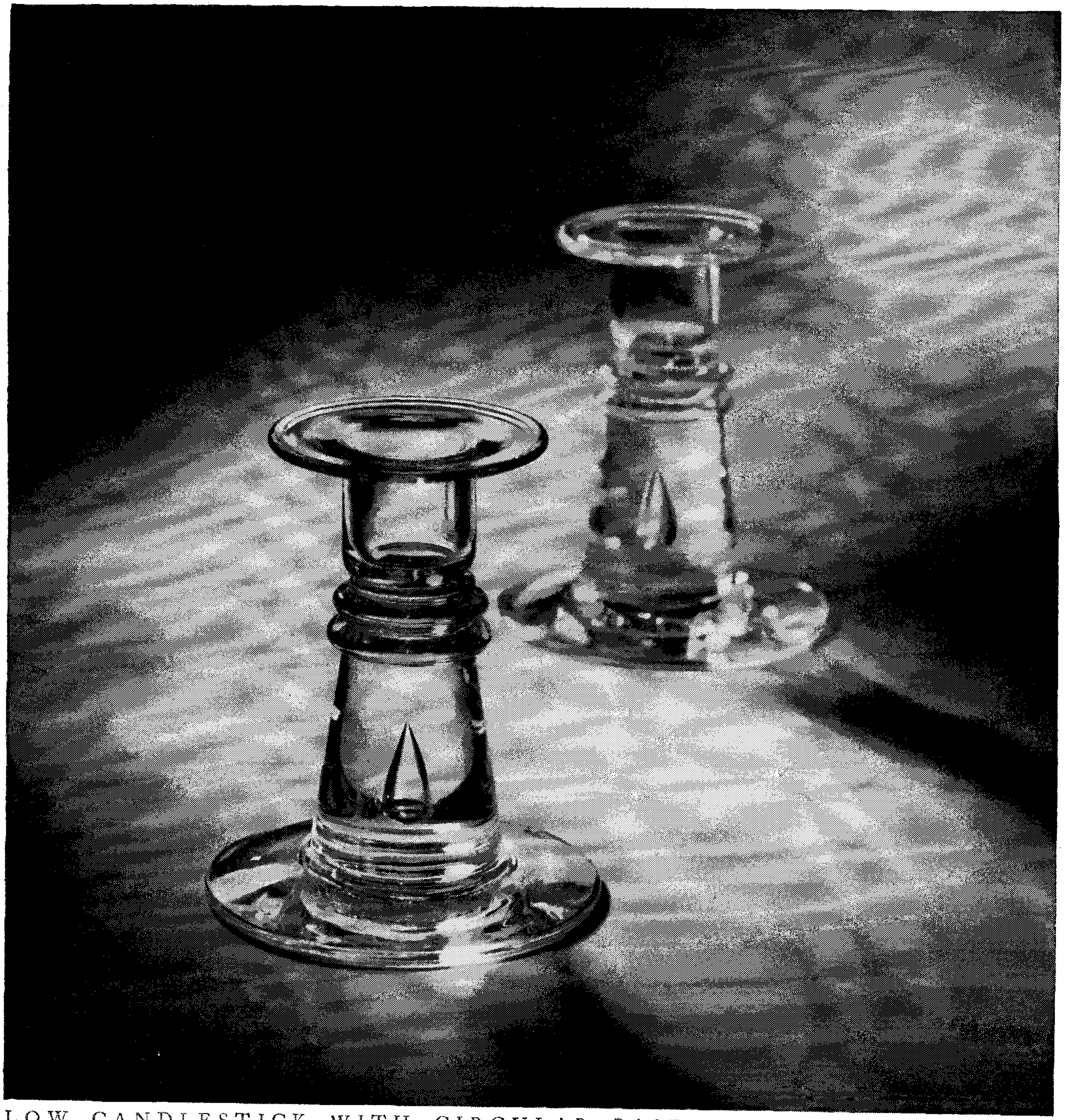
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Les Frères Jacques, whose work ranges from Existentialist nonsense rhymes to sad, sad songs, are sometimes very French, but their clowning is all in Esperanto. Kaye Ballard, whose wit has a playful schizoid quality, and Anita Ellis, whose dreamy voice should soothe any breast, are here, too. Behind them, the piano of Stuart Ross and the blithe sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. After two in the morning, except Saturdays, Portia Nelson sings her special paeans to the stuff that makes the world go round, and Billy Roy plays festive piano. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The Three Riffs, singers of homemade nonsense songs, and the just revived team of Fletcher and Sheidy, who are elfin as the night is long, are cracking jokes around here. Julius Monk's roster of divertissement also includes (through Saturday, April 26) Patricia Bright, a fork-tongued satirist, and Ellen Hanley, a willowy child with an extra-special voice. Monday, April 28, Mickey Deems, one of the funniest of the up-and-at-'em school of comedians, joins in. The eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Canada Lee is conducting a one-man little-theatre movement here with his dramatic recitations. Oscar Brand and Phil Raiguel, on loan from the air waves, get right down to earth with rowdy folk songs done to their own mountain music. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Louise Howard, who runs to caricature, swings a shining snickersnee on a few all too familiar types. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off their piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (MU 8-9762): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, sort of an institution for nostalgists, offers her special pleading in behalf of love. Sam Hamilton accompanies her and plays solo piano the rest of the time. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, where Sylvia Syms, a big girl with a big blue voice, booms away to the accompaniment of Ronnie Selby's group every night but Monday. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Well, there's Mae Barnes, whose singing sounds like the night the dam went out, and Kirkwood and Goodman, reading their famous riot act. The romantic ditties of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate get a contrasting background of double-jointed jive from the Three Flames, headed by the catalytic Tiger Haines. Garland Wilson plays Left Bank piano when the spirit moves him. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Unless noted, open late and no dancing.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this storied wind tunnel, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always raucous. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Johnny Windhurst, Buzzy Drootin, and sometimes Mr. Condon do the work. Ralph Sutton, boy wonder, is at the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Three interesting approaches to modern piano—Eddie Heywood's beautiful understatement of a theme, Cy Coleman's elaborate embroidering of it, and Joe Bushkin's head-on collision with it. The Bushkin quartet (Buck Clayton on trumpet, Jo Jones on drums, Milt Hinton on bass) and the Heywood trio play after nine except Sundays, and the Coleman trio plays until nine except Mondays. Sundays, Jimmy McPartland's Dixielanders help out. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is doing a rough-and-ready job of rafter-ringing. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore head a cast of devotees of jazz as it was in the good old days. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **MERMAID ROOM,** Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Barbara Carroll, her slim young face lit by an inner glow, plays progressive, introspective piano at the head of her trio until two every night but Sunday in the Mermaid Room. . . . **LE DOWNBEAT,** 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Such a spate of mopping and bopping as is rarely heard anywhere. The guilty parties: Billy Taylor, Oscar Pettiford, Bill Harris, Zoot Sims, Shadow Wilson, Terry Gibbs, Don Abney, and Don Elliot. Jam sessions, too, on Mondays, when this mob is off duty. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Piping-hot music, purveyed by Max Kaminsky and other right-minded men, such as Charlie Queener on piano and Ray Diehl on trombone, is served in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until one-thirty or so. Sundays, from 3 to 6 P.M., Mr. Kaminsky and guests make Dixieland jam. Dancing. . . . **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The jazz piano here is Scotch, of a by no means too smoky brand. It's provided by young Hamish Menzies, who now and then gives tongue to a raffish song. He's around after nine-thirty, except Mondays. The décor, by the way, has butterflies in its stomach. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a razzle-dazzle here every Friday. April 25, the principals are likely to include Georg Brunis, Oran Page, Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Frank Signorelli, and Ray McKinley. . . . **CENTRAL**



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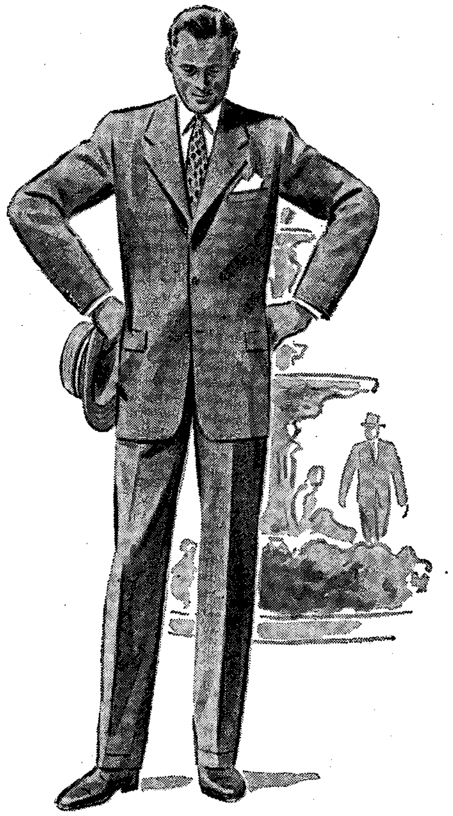

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A double-decker stand (Friday and Saturday evenings, April 25-26) by, it is reliably reported, the Conrad Janis band, Red Allen, Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, and (on Saturday only) Billy Butterfield. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS—More than a hundred etchings, principally on architectural subjects; through June 14. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 10.) . . . ¶ A gallery exhibition to complement the one at the Library; in it, along with etchings, there are some original sketches and copper plates; through April 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Another complementary exhibit, this one comprising pencil and pen-and-ink drawings, as well as a selection of etchings, and covering the years from 1912 to the present; through May 10. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Recent oils, chiefly of French and Andalusian restaurants and landscapes; through May 10. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.)

BYRON BROWNE—Abstract compositions in oil, in the twenty-second one-man show by this artist, who is a teacher at the Art Students League; through May 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Eighteen paintings, along with some drawings, done since his last solo show in New York, three years ago; through May 7. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

CHESSMEN—A large, varied, and highly interesting collection, ranging from around 2000 B.C. to the present, and containing some exquisitely handsome examples; through May 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave. at 56th St.)

CHINESE ART—Ceremonial vessels, figurines, and other objects of art, from the Late Eastern Chou period (650-220 B.C.); through May 7. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—Abstract sculptures in aluminum, several of them mounted on turntables, along with stainless-steel and copper bas-reliefs, in this sculptor's first show here since 1946; through April 26. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St.)

DEVELOPMENT OF A PAINTING—An instructive little show, featuring a painting apiece by Emlen Etting, Doris Rosenthal, Henry Koerner, and others, together with their preliminary sketches; through May 3. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Non-representational oils, painted during the past year, by this Italian-born artist; through May 3. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

FANTASY, REALITY, IMPRESSIONISM—An agreeable group of paintings, from the fifteenth-century Flemish to the nineteenth-century French, mainly stressing the changes in approach through the centuries; through May 31. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—A new set of handsome large woodcuts and drawings, many of them delicately Japanese in influence; through April 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

A. E. GALLATIN—A retrospective of twenty-eight oils, the earliest dated 1926; through April 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.)

EMIL GANSO—Water colors, gouaches, and small oils, generally of scenes around Woodstock; through May 7. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Sixteen abstract-Expressionist paintings by this teacher at the Carnegie Institute of Technology; through May 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57th St.: Sculptures by Dorothea Greenbaum, Sybil Kennedy, Barbara Lekberg, and other sculptor members of the National Association of Women Artists; through May

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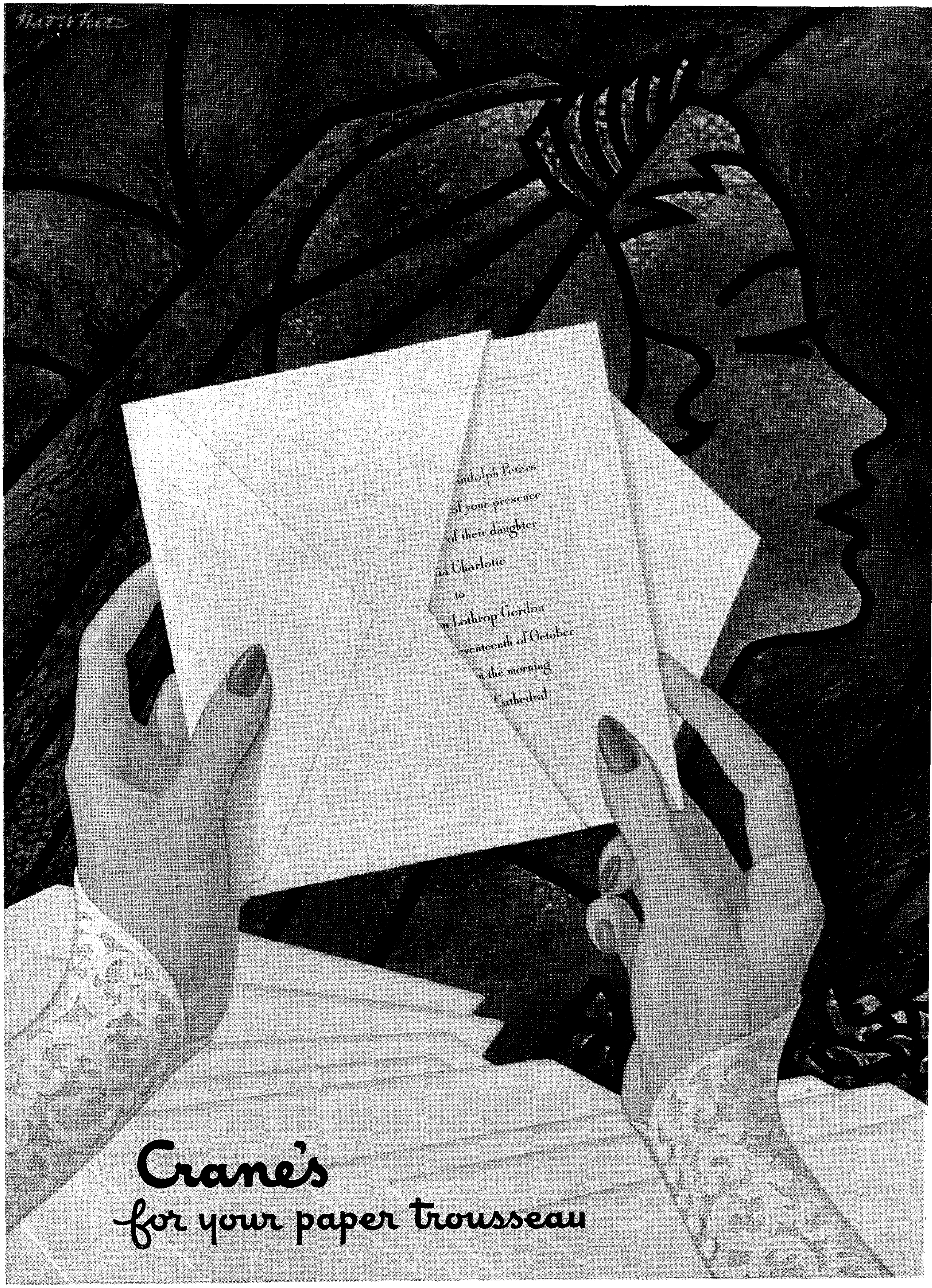
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3. Weekdays, 11 to 6. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A show called "A New Direction in American Art," with canvases by, among others, Priscilla Roberts, Channing Hare, and Jacques Maroger; through April 26. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of this gallery, with oils by Inness, Wyant, Homer, and others; through May 3. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a survey of French paintings, never shown here before, by Braque, Rouault, Picasso, and other modern masters; through May 10. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by such artists as Braque, Picasso, Monet, and Matisse; through May 3.

MALVINA HOFFMAN—Twenty-four portrait busts recently presented by the sculptress to the New-York Historical Society; among the subjects are Paderewski, Anna Pavlova, and Wendell Willkie. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

ERNST L. KIRCHNER—Oils, water colors, woodcuts, and a single sculpture, by this German artist who died in 1938; through May 10. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE—Thirty-seven works in various mediums, the earliest one done in 1914 and the latest in 1940, the year of his death; through May 31. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT LAURENT—Sculptured figures, mostly in bronze and alabaster, and all executed recently; through May 3. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Paintings, gouaches, pastels, and drawings, ranging from the large "Painting 1933" to three oils dated 1951; through May 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

NATURAL PAINTERS—Works by Grandma Moses, Abraham Levin, Streeter Blair, and other modern primitives; through April 30. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Fourteen paintings, dealing with, among other things, pigeons, crows, and channel bass; through April 26. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ROUAULT—Sixty-three original gouaches, painted some twenty years ago for a book, "Le Cirque de l'Etoile Filante," and now exhibited for the first time; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

KAY SAGE—Surrealist oils of the past three years, in her fifth solo show in New York; through May 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—A double showing of new abstract sculptures, about evenly divided between the Willard and Kleemann Galleries and containing some really impressive pieces; through April 26. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; and Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.)

TARASCAN SCULPTURES—A well-rounded showing of primitive sculptures, mainly in baked clay, from this little-known, pre-Columbian era; through April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN WHORF—Twenty-five water colors, painted in the past year, including marine, sporting, and winter scenes; through April 26. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY**, 122 E. 55th St.: Audrey Buller; through May 10. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Steve Munno; through May 15. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Nicolai Cikovsky; through May 10. . . . **BURLIUK**, 119 W. 57th St.: Amy Hartung; through May 3. Weekdays, noon to 6. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Arthur G. Dove; through May 10. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Jean Pougny; through May 10. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Maud Morgan; through May 10. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **PERIDOT**, 6 E. 12th St.; through May 17. **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.; through May 9. Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.

MUSEUMS

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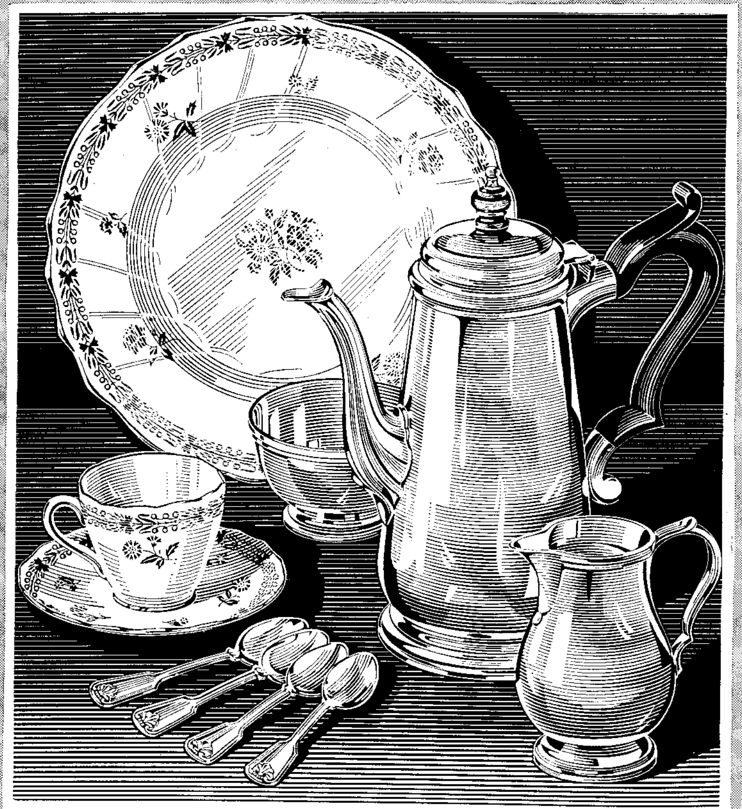

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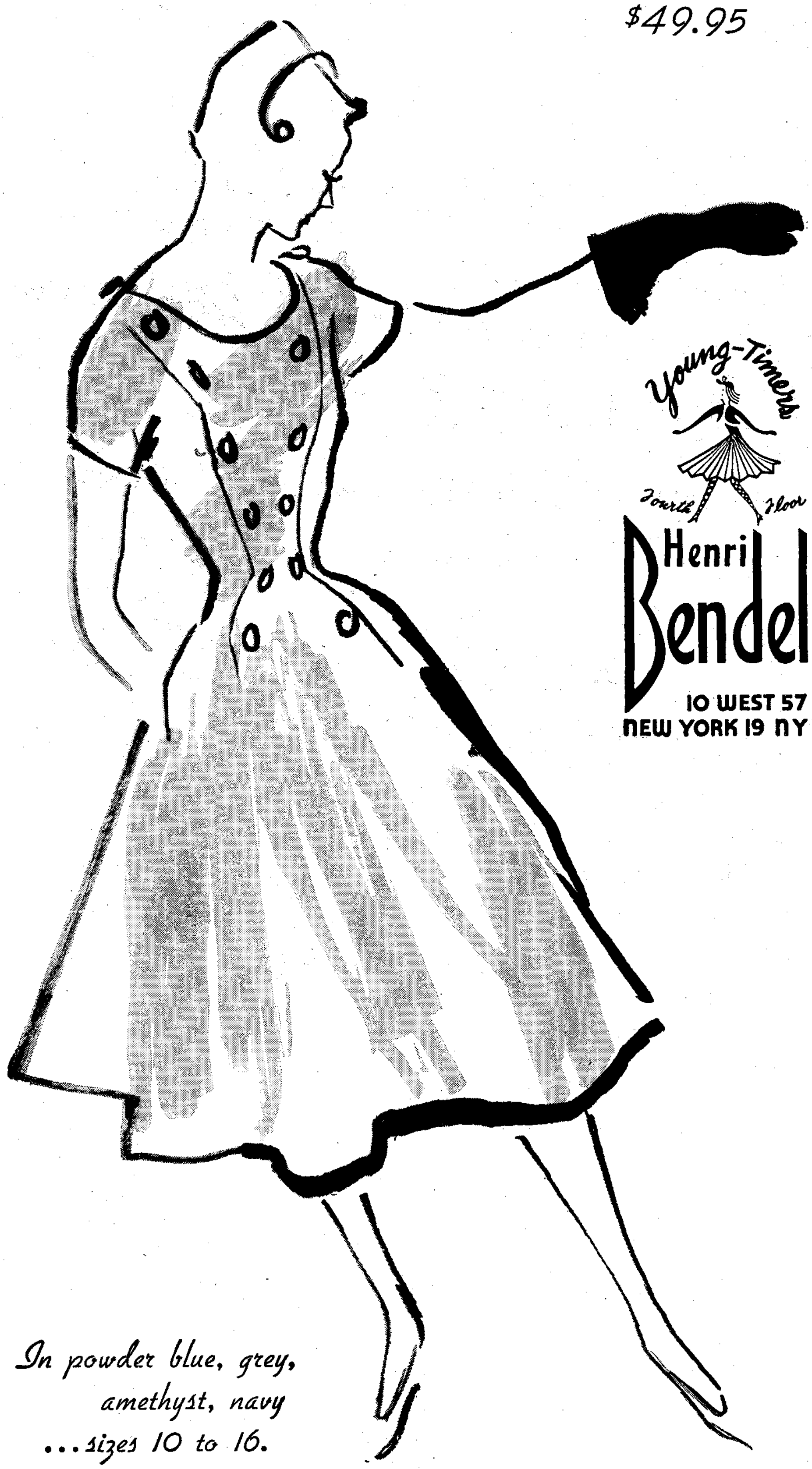


In powder blue, grey, amethyst, navy ...sizes 10 to 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan showing of about a hundred and thirty oils, water colors, and drawings by Paul Cézanne; through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.) . . . ¶ Approximately a hundred lithographs, wood engravings, etchings, and drawings, by Cézanne's contemporaries; through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Models, constructed from drawings, of the inventions of Leonardo da Vinci, along with several drawings by him from the Museum's collection; through May 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ "Americans on Land and Sea," lithographs by Currier & Ives from a large group recently presented to the Museum by Miss A. S. Colgate. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Water colors and color plates of spring flowers by such eighteenth-century European flower painters as Pierre Joseph Redouté, George Ehret, and John Edwards; through May 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by fifteen contemporary Americans, among them Pollock, Baziotes, and Lippold; through July 6. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The big annual exhibition of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, in an unusually animated collection; through May 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 24: "Andrea Chenier.". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 25: "Der Rosenkavalier.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 26: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 27: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 27: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Columbia University Contemporary American Music Festival—Leopold Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of music by Alexei Haieff and Roger Goeb, with Leo Smit, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 27, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, from 10 to 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

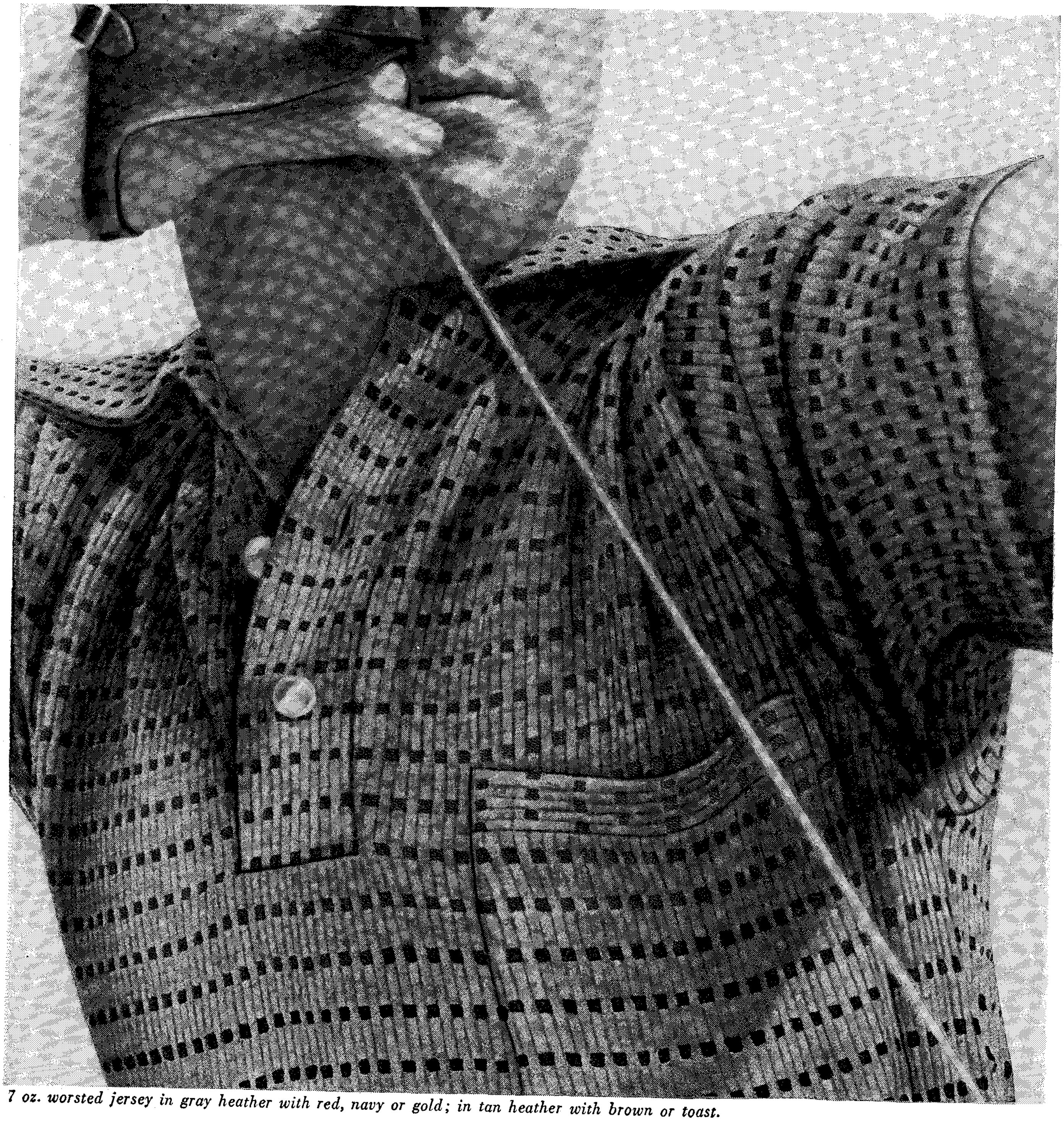
Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting—A program of eighteenth-century music, with Winifred Cecil, soprano, and Bartlett and Robertson, duo-piano. A benefit for the Dalcroze School of Music. (Astor Gallery, Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Monday, April 28, at 8:45. For tickets, call PL 5-1080.) . . . ¶ A concert performance of Bizet's opera "The Pearl Fishers," with the Westminster Choir; David Poleri, tenor; Martial Singher, baritone; and other soloists. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Victor Herbert Concert—J. Frank Cork directing an orchestra and a chorus, with Kirsten Kenyon, soprano, and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Gotham Orchestra—Milton Rosenstock conducting, with Doris Frerichs, piano, and Chloe Owen, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Orchestral Concert—Mishel Piastro conducting a concert orchestra, with Richard Kay, cello; John Garth III, baritone; and Hortense Love, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 28, at 8:30.)

New York Youth Concerts Association—Wheeler Beckett conducting a symphony orchestra, with Marcel Hubert, cello. (Carnegie



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Wednesday, April 30, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call Englewood 3-2776.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Carl Lambert directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Oratorio—Jacob Avshalomoff directing the American première of Michael Tippett's oratorio "A Child of Our Time," with the Columbia University Chorus and Chamber Orchestra; Hazell Gravell, soprano; and other vocal soloists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Centenary Singers and Lafayette College Choir—A joint concert, with C. Hammond Blatchford directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 3.)

Choral Masterwork Series—Robert Shaw directing the Robert Shaw Chorale and the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra, in the sixth of a series of seven programs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Branscombe Choral—Gena Branscombe directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Marymount College Glee Club—Hugh Ross directing, with Leslie Chabay, tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Schneider Quartet—The fifteenth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, April 28, at 8:40.)

Larry Adler—Harmonica, in a program of classical music, with an orchestra conducted by Daniel Saidenberg. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Boston, Thursday, April 24, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, April 25, at 8:30; Saturday, April 26, at 1:30; and Sunday, April 27, at 2:30. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, May 1, at 8:30; Friday, May 2, at 2:30; and Saturday, May 3, at 2.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 26.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 3.)

Horse Shows—Dutchess County Horse Show. (Millbrook. Saturday, May 3.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Paoli, Pa. Saturday, May 3.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 26.)

Indoor Polo—Final two matches of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, April 28. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, April 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Tuesday, April 29, through Monday, June 9. The Toboggan Handicap, Tuesday, April 29, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 3. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Jamaica.) . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2, from Tuesday, April 29, through Saturday, May 31. (A train will leave Penn Station for the track at 10:30.) . . . **laurel park,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, April 30. . . . **churchill downs:** The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3. (A train will leave Penn Station for Louisville on Thursday, May 1, at 6:05 P.M.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, May 24. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track

Mondays through Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

Merry-Go-Round Theatre—"The Sorcerer's Apprentice." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, April 26, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.)

Sue Hastings Marionettes—"The Perils of Peter Rabbit." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 26, at 3.)

Children's Zoo—Once again, this miniature affair is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, rabbits, hamsters, piglets, geese, a skunk, lambs, and an old friend, Deacon, the talking crow. (Bronx Park. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:45, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:45. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—A limited number of visitors are admitted to sessions of the Security Council, the Disarmament Commission, the Commission on Human Rights, and other commissions and committees, which meet periodically, Mondays through Fridays. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.) . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

American Silver—A loan exhibition of works from the Yale University collections, including pieces by Paul Revere, John Coney, and sixty-two other Early American silversmiths, for the benefit of the Associates in Fine Arts at Yale University; through May 10. (Knoedler Galleries, 14 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

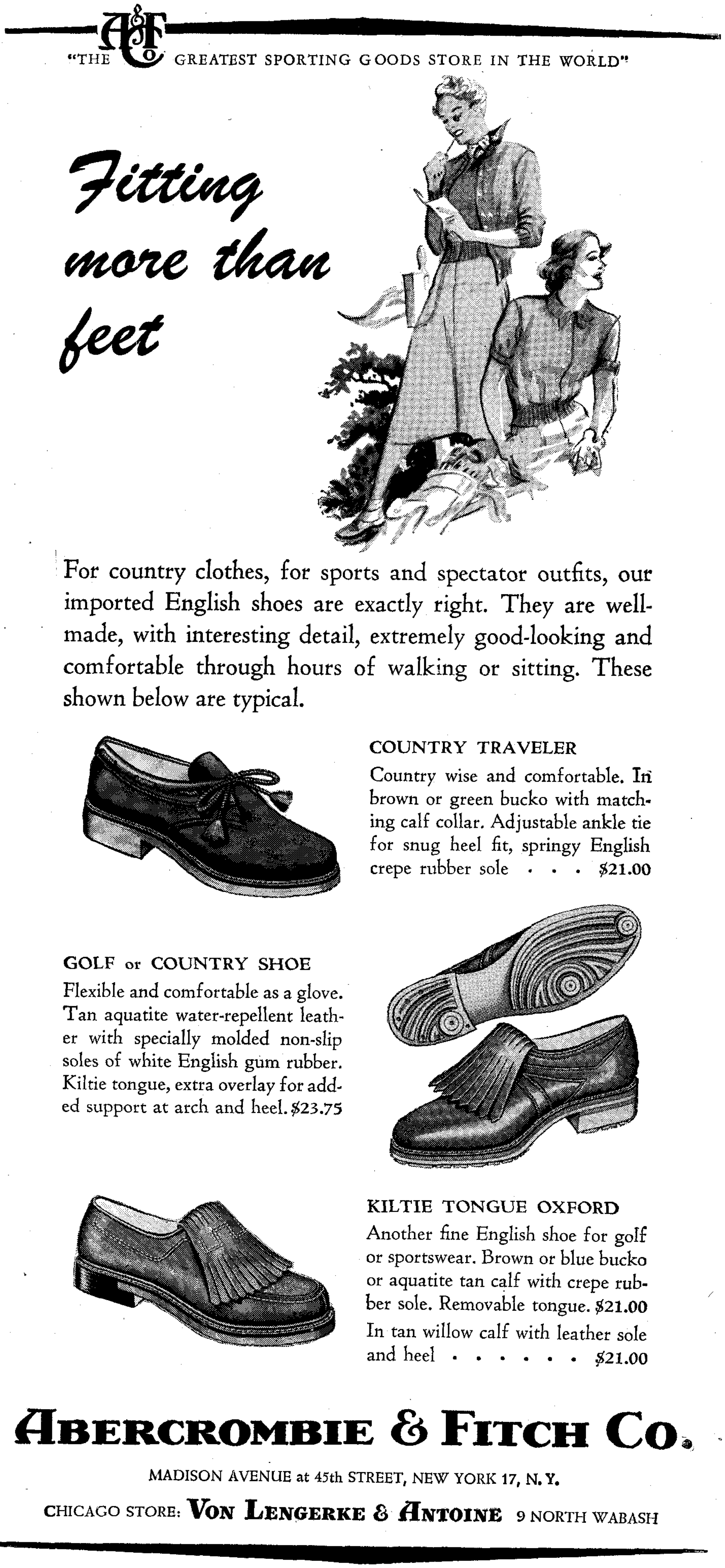
Spring and Summer Fashions, 1800-1900—Eight costumes worn by New Yorkers in the nineteenth century; also, two rooms with settings typical of the times—one showing a group at a mid-century tea party, the other a young girl home for the Easter holidays in about 1830. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Planets Along the Zodiac." In addition, at each showing the mechanical heavens are turned into an enormous Easter egg, and reflections of rabbits hop and dance about. Starting Thursday, May 1, there will be a new show, "Weather and the Stars." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 25, at 1:45: French Provincial furniture, tapestries, tôle ware, and other decorations, the property of A. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 1:45: English and American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture, together with such decorations as barometers, lamps, and prints, owned by William S. Wassell and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30, at 1:45 and 8: Color-plate bird, flower, and other books, plus a series of etchings by Jacques Callot, from the library of Moncure Biddle. . . . **house of duveen**, 148 E. 56th St. (Exhibition hours: Sunday, noon to 5, and daily thereafter, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 1, at 8: French and American modern paintings by Renoir, Utrillo, Matisse, Weber, and others, along with drawings, prints, African primitive sculpture, and Siamese bronzes, belonging to an anonymous Swiss collector and others. Exhibition starts Sunday, April 27.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts on Sunday, April 27, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 27: "Metropolis" (1926), directed by Fritz Lang, with Alfred Abel. . . . ¶ Starting April 28: "Nosferatu" (1922), directed by F. W. Murnau. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The African Queen—A first-rate interpretation of C. S. Forester's novel. Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart are fine as the missionary lady and the dishevelled river-boat captain. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting April 26.)

Cry, the Beloved Country—Alan Paton has made a moving adaptation of his novel about interracial problems in South Africa. Canada Lee is just right as a colored preacher sorely beset by the sins both of his own family and of society at large. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 30.)

Encore—Another movie sampling of the short stories of Somerset Maugham, and a fairly satisfactory one, too, although a cut below the first of the lot, "Quartet." Figuring in this English mixture are Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Five Fingers—James Mason as an Albanian who steals British secrets for the Germans during the Second World War. Highly improbable but quite active. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 25-27. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; April 27-30.)

Jour de Fête—A French film dealing with the effect American example has on a rural French postal system consisting of one man (Jacques Tati) on a bicycle. Funny in the manner of the old Mack Sennett comedies. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 27.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A sunny English film with Alec Guinness happily cast as a mousy employee of the Bank of England who manages to swipe a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Man in the White Suit—Mr. Guinness again, this time as an eccentric textile inventor whose masterwork is a fabric that won't wear out and is so tough it has to be tailored with a blowtorch. Very comical. Mr. Guinness is assisted in this English film by Cecil Parker, Ernest Thesiger, and Joan Greenwood. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Miracle in Milan—An Italian fantasy about a boy who not only sees good in practically everything but has a very funny time establishing virtue as a way of life in a Milanese shantytown. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through April 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 26. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 28.)

A Place in the Sun—Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in George Stevens' engrossing interpretation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 30.)

Quo Vadis—Seven million dollars' worth of first-century guff. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others participate. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; through April 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 27-29. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 29.)

The River—A brilliant adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 30.)

Viva Zapata!—Revolution in Mexico. A film that gets in its best licks when it forgets about being deeply significant and proceeds along the lines of a standard Western. With Marlon Brando and Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; April 26-29. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 30.)

The Young and the Damned—A Mexican film, directed by Luis Buñuel, that details the horrendous cruelties of some delinquents around Mexico City but skims a little too lightly over the causes of their dereliction. The cast consists of amateurs. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of a patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through April 26, tentative. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 27-29. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; April 29-30.)

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting April 25.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 29. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 29, tentative.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico. With Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 24.)

Bright Victory (1951)—How one blinded soldier finds peace in a sightless world. Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; April 24. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through April 27. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting April 30.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; April 25-26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 28-29.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 27-29.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets play. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting April 25.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 24.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—The Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 24.)

The Mudlark (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about the late Albert. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 26.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 24.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 30, tentative.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 28-29.)

Show Boat (1951)—The old stern-wheeler. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; April 28-29.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 27-29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Green Glove," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
April 24: "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," Alan Young, Dinah Shore, Robert Merrill.
From April 25: "Red Mountain," Alan Ladd, Lizabeth Scott.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through April 30 (tentative): "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through April 29: "Bend of the River," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy.
From April 30: "Macao," Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Valley of the Eagles," Jack Warner, Nadia Gray.

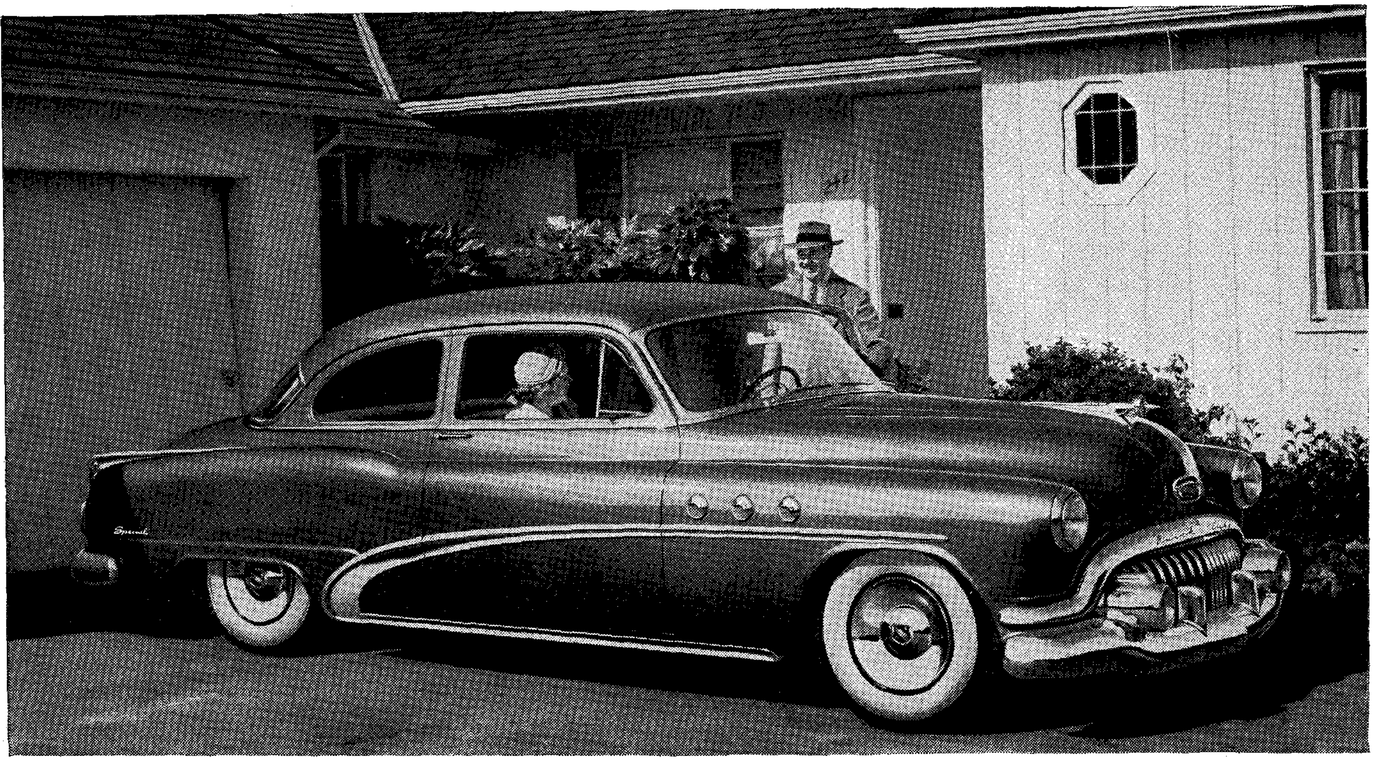
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through April 30 (tentative): "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (in Italian), Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Mara Maru," Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman. (Between showings the Ballet Theatre will present "Rodeo" and a short version of "Princess Aurora.")

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Miss Julie" (in Swedish).



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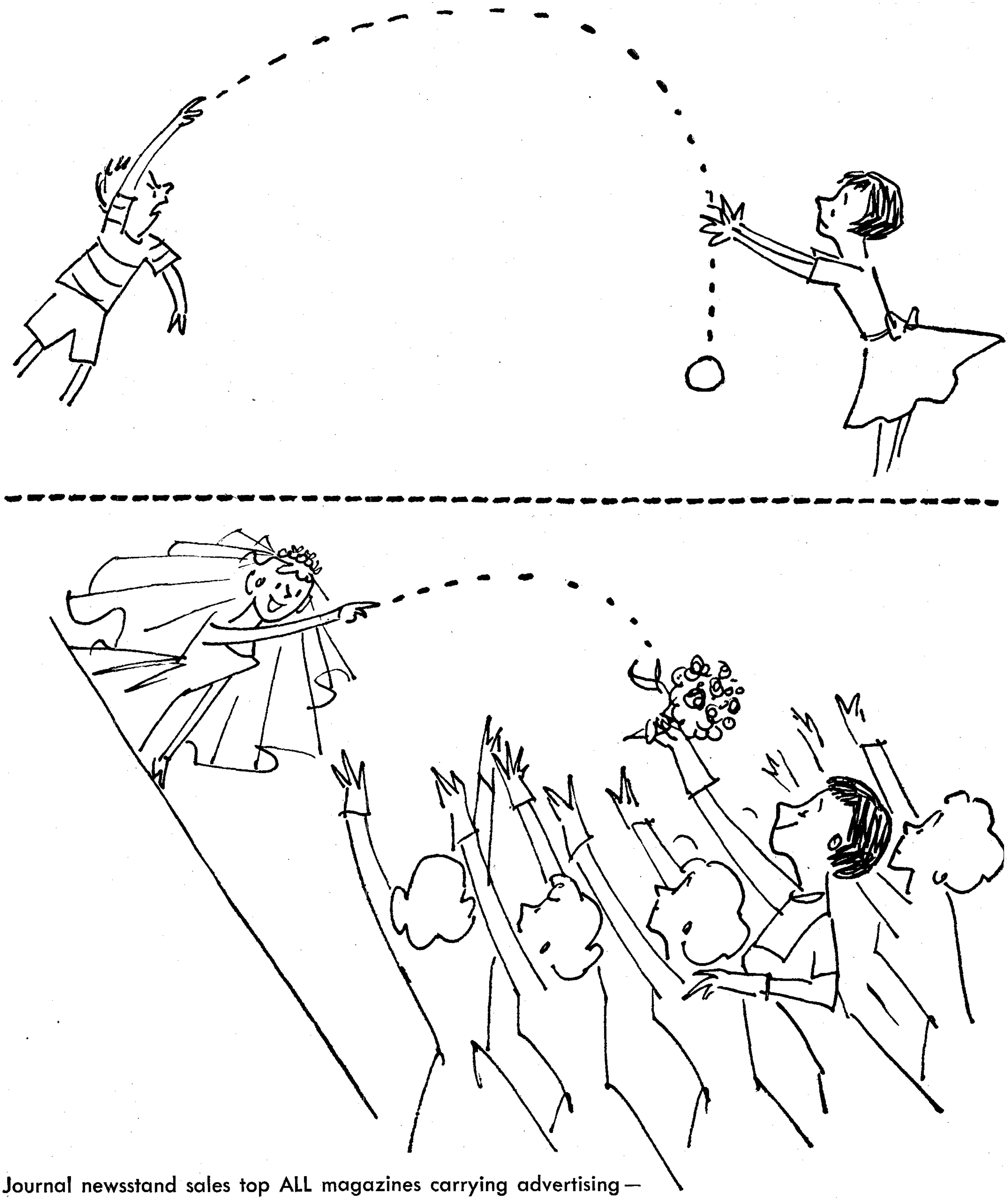

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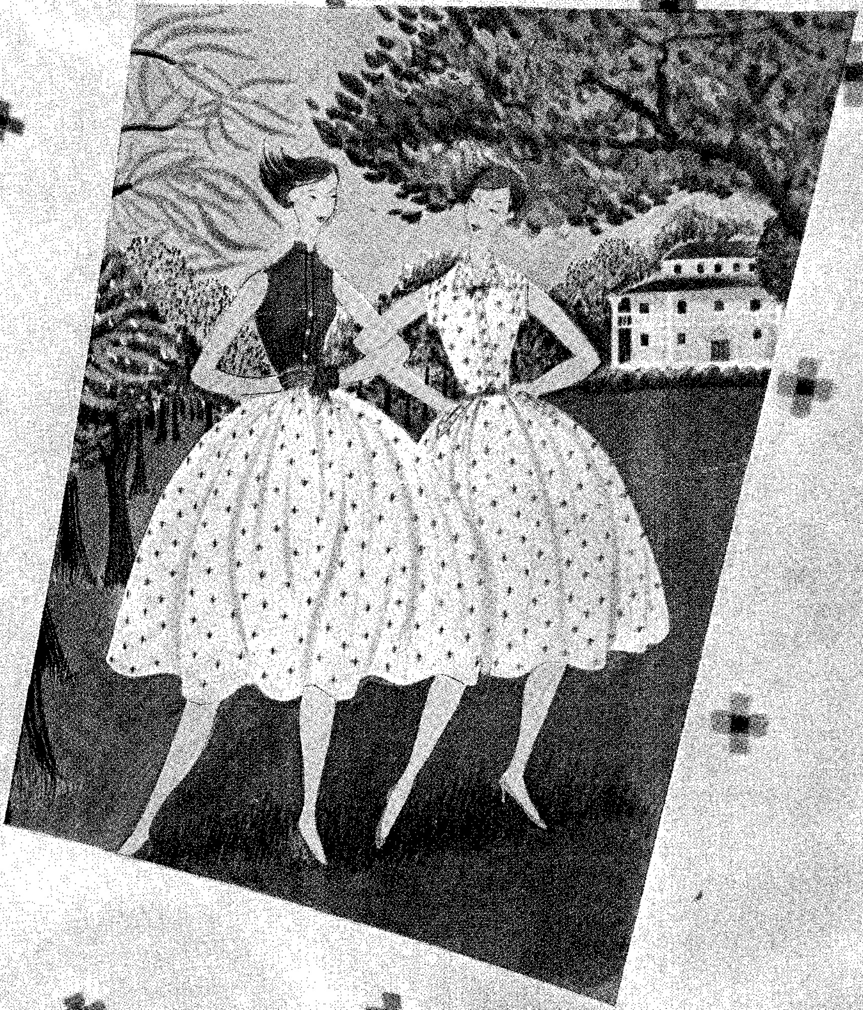

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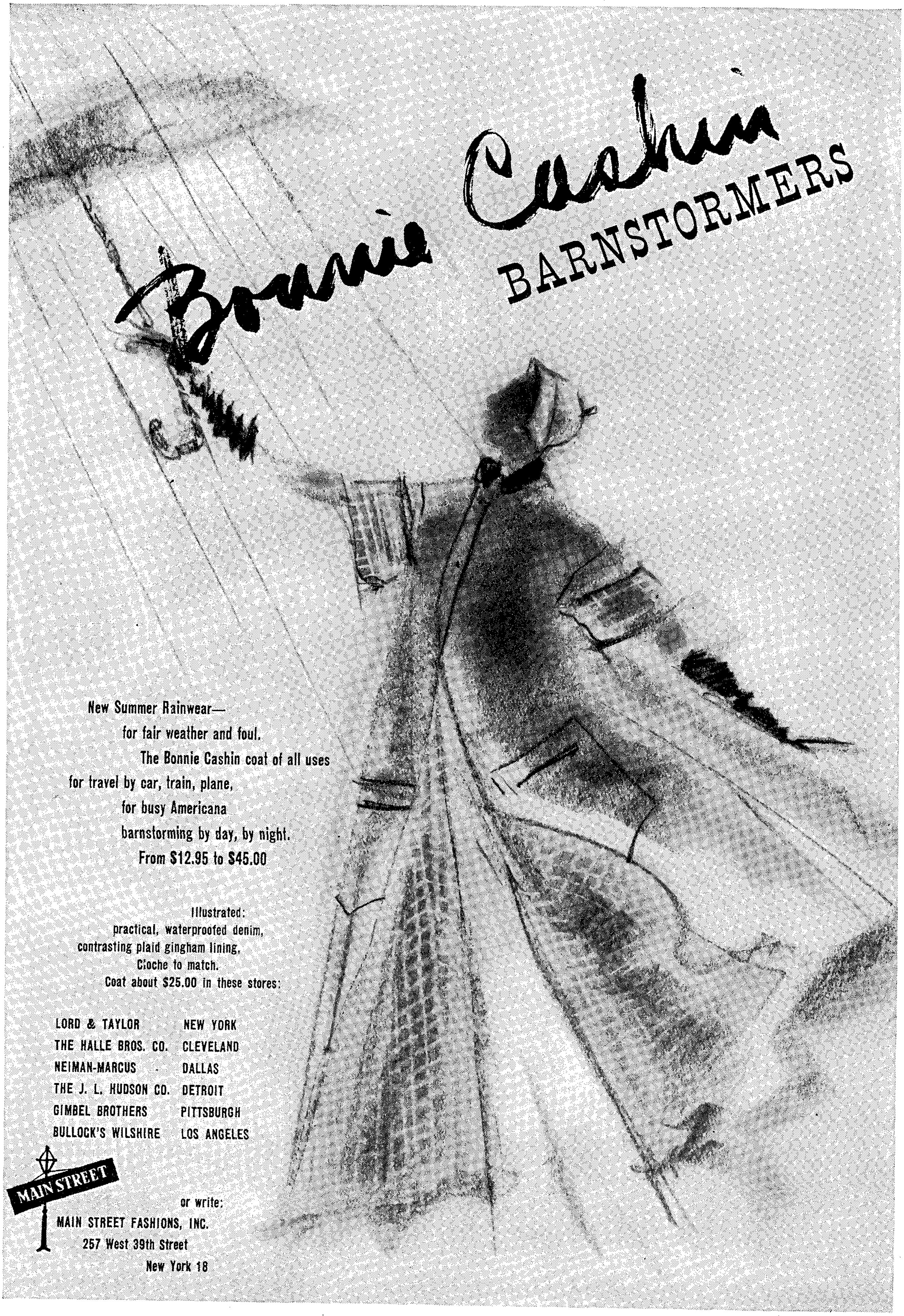

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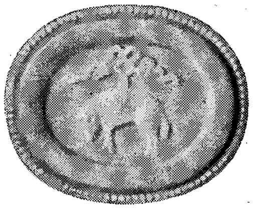

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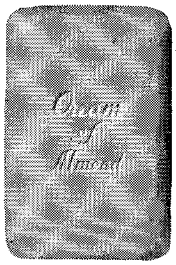

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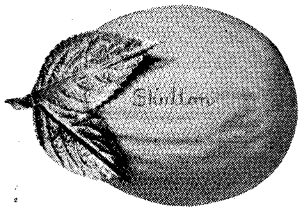

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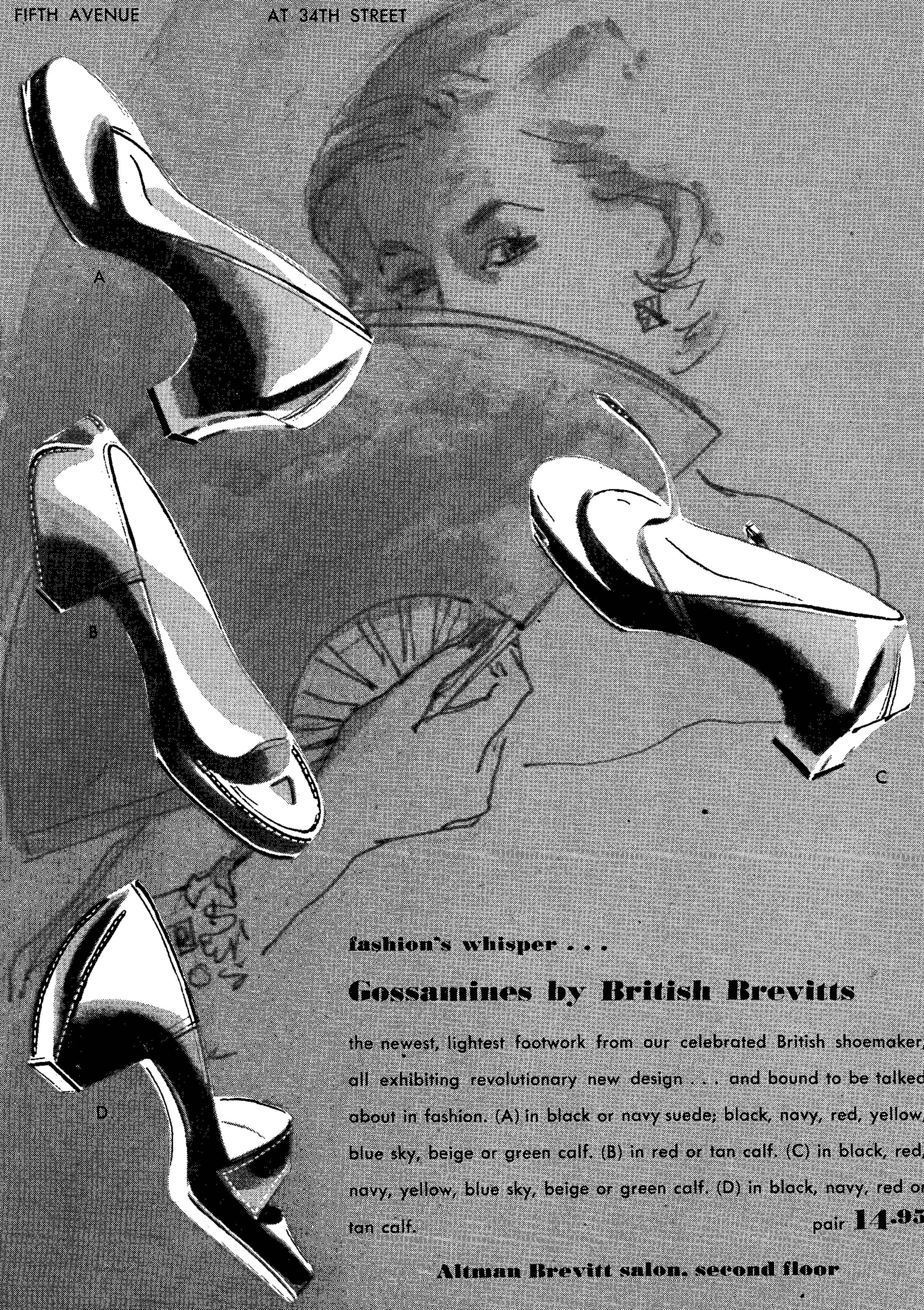

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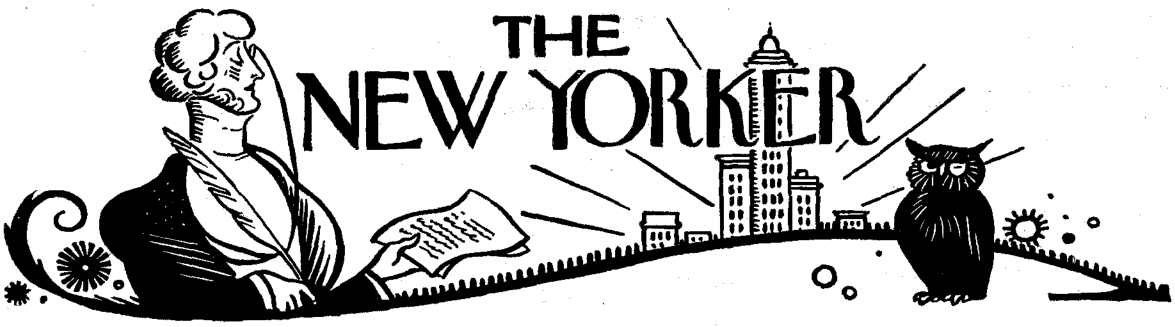
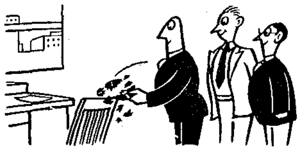


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

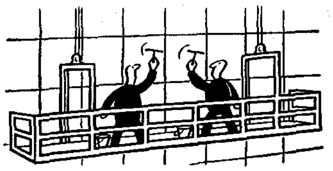
THE receptionist on our floor, a girl who likes to think of her college days as over and done with, walked briskly into our office just now and told us that a couple of fellows from Yale wanted us to break a record for them—a phonograph record. "You don't want to do it, do you?" she asked, not in the least doubtful. We told her that, on the contrary, we certainly did want to do it, and she brought them in—a tall one, who introduced himself as A. Oscar Kris, and a medium-tall one, who said that he was Reeves H. Van Hettinga and that they were both of the class of '55. "I presume you would like to know the reason we want this record broken," said Mr. Kris, and we nodded, although mainly we just wanted to break the record. "Well, you see," he went on, "we feel that the older generation is responsible for the last war and for the threat of the next one, and we've been going around, as a kind of two-man committee representing our own generation, trying to get some member of the older generation to break this record. We figure that if a man can't even break a phonograph record, he—well, it indicates indecisiveness. We've asked a banker and a cop and a taxi-driver, and they all refused." We took the record and slammed it over the top of a chair. It broke fine. "Thanks a lot," said the Yale men, and left.



They may think we belong to the older generation, and we guess we do, but to us our generation will always be distinguished as the one that broke phonograph records, all through the twenties and thirties, without giving the matter a second thought and without hooking it up with the condition of the world. We even know a man of our generation who broke a phonograph. This man, having just returned from his honeymoon, was living at the Algonquin with his bride, and while we were calling on them, they had their first quarrel. Among their possessions was a portable Victrola, with a few new records, and in the course of having cocktails the husband put on "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" and then ran it over twice more. The wife shut off the machine during the third rendition, explaining that she was tired of that tune. The husband said he wasn't tired of it at all, and put it on again. The wife then stopped the machine, broke the record over her knee, and threw the pieces out the window, which happened to open onto a court. The husband thought this over for a moment, then picked up the phonograph and threw *it* out the window. This settled the whole matter. The three of us went on having cocktails and, furthermore, the two of them went on being married and now have a son at Princeton.

Clean

COME Tuesday, Lever Brothers, makers of, among other things, Pepsodent, Shadow Wave Home Permanent, Good Luck Margarine, Harriet Hubbard Ayer cosmetics, and Lux, Swan, Surf, Breeze, and Spry, will be formally in residence at Lever House, their glittering green-glass-and-stainless-steel pleasure dome on Park Avenue. We say "pleasure" advisedly, because most of the staff of Lever Brothers have been working in the building for several weeks now and their opinion is, we're told, that it's fun, *fun*, FUN to be in quarters that are not only new and beautiful but so sudsy clean, so washday bright. A few days before the official opening, we were taken on a spanking tour of the premises by a representative of the Brothers, a man who had done his homework well and was fit to burst with facts about wonders already visible and wonders yet to be. Aside from the building itself, which seems to float over one's head as if tethered in air, not anchored on rock, the most conspicuous of the first order of wonders is, of course, the electrically operated window-and-wall-washing apparatus, about which we did an article some months ago and which has recently begun tooling smartly up, down, and along the lucent sides of the tower, with two men, two squeegees, and two buckets of Surf-and-water snugly aboard.



Having led us to the roof of the building to inspect this enormous gadget (it weighs ten and a half tons, and the crane car that supports the ascending and descending gondola scoots about inside the parapet on standard-gauge railroad tracks), our guide informed us that its invention helped to realize one of Lever Brothers' two fondest hopes, as expressed to the architects, Messrs. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. "We're in the soap business, and we wanted our building to be a symbol of everlasting cleanliness," he said. "That meant a building where not just the windows but every inch of the surface could be washed regularly. Well, glass is far simpler and quicker to clean than brick or stone. Look at the walls of Rockefeller Center! Horrible! And so the architects arranged for all of the building that isn't windows or stainless-steel trim to be filled with opaque-glass spandrels. Thanks to this gadget here, the windows could be permanently sealed shut, and that gave us a building that stays cleaner inside and is easier and cheaper to heat and air-condition than ordinary buildings. And we've found that two men can wash the whole exterior in six days."

On our way down from the roof, through a three-story-high, stiffly branching jungle of ducts, steampipes, and fans, we asked what Lever Brothers' second fond hope had been. "To put up a building that women would enjoy working in," said our guide. "After all, most of our twelve hundred employees are women, as are most of our customers. Raymond Loewy did the interior design, and the girls are crazy about it." He opened a door off a stairway, and we stepped into an immense room with windows on three sides and a bank of elevators on the fourth. The room was full of pale spring sunlight, and desks, and girls typing; far below was the avenue and to the east a green hint of Queens. The girls were pretty, and as we stood watching— "Note the gray-beige color of the floor," said the voice of duty, hard beside us. "Loewy has named it Lever House beige. The desks are ditto, with linoleum tops. Ceiling of acoustical tile, color ditto. Nine main color schemes have been used in the building. The executive offices are individually styled. Four with fireplaces. Care to see the cafeteria? Kitchens? Lounge? Terrace?"

We saw them all, and reached the lobby in a happy daze. "Under us is a garage, with room for fifty-five cars," said our guide. "Outside, in the court, we are putting in a weeping willow, flowers, and benches. We want this whole area to have the feeling of a park, with people free to come and go as they please. And we're fitting up a model kitchen, for research and to demonstrate our products—the strength of Breeze, the purity of Spry." We said we were sorry to be crass, but what had prompted Lever Brothers to sacrifice the rentals they would have gained by dividing their block front into shops? "The trees and flowers were more important," said our guide. Then, in a slightly lower tone, he went on, "The fact is shops don't rent for much on Park Avenue. People buy on Fifth and Madison. All they do on Park is walk."

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Incidental Intelligence: At a recent race at Laurel, Maryland, a horse named Inyureye was beaten by one named Cinda.

The Samar Food Shop, an Eighth Avenue delicatessen, has installed a television set for the benefit of waiting customers.

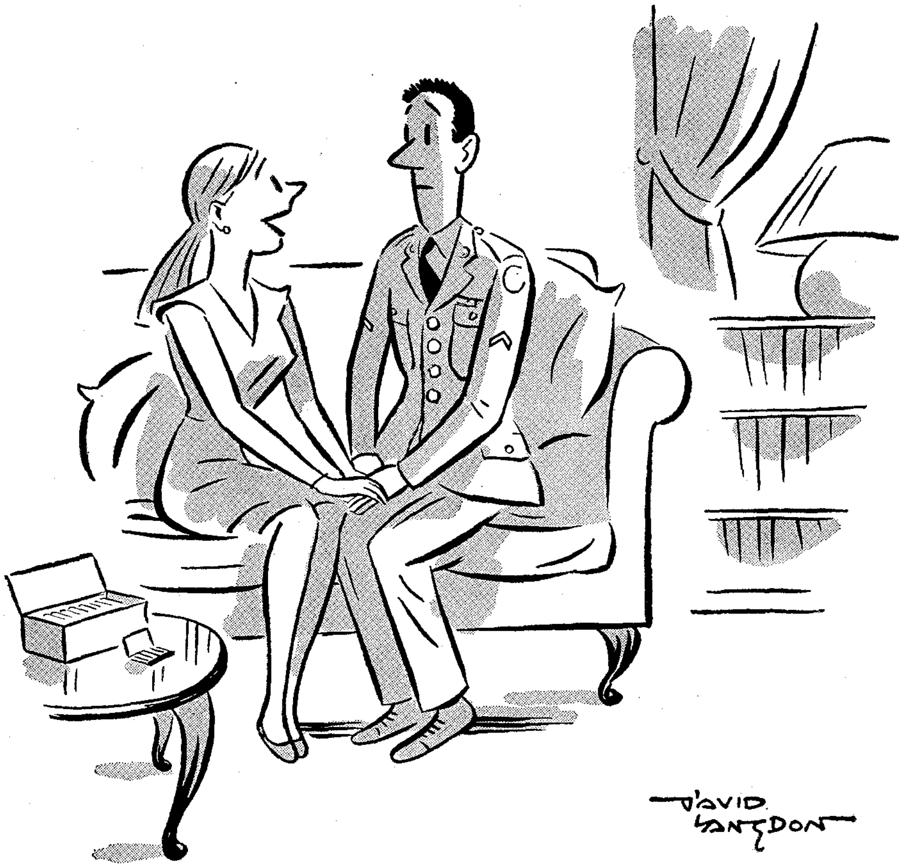
There's a public-relations firm at 500 Fifth Avenue that calls itself the Group Attitudes Development Corporation.

Non-Aggressor

Brooks Mendell, a stocky, hardy-looking man of forty-seven, who majored in psychology at Syracuse, studied the psychology of law at Yale, and took a Bachelor of Laws degree at St. John's University back in 1932, is widely considered to be the world's most expert hand-to-hand combatant, and in that capacity has been teaching I-Do—a system of self-protection that, he asserts, is the answer to judo and jujitsu—to the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force off and on since 1941, and to occasional private individuals. Private lessons are a hundred dollars an hour. At our request, Mr. Mendell dropped by our office the other afternoon, so that we might chat with him about I-Do and the benefits to be derived from it. We learned that Mr. Mendell regards the system as a non-aggressive method of survival in the face of armed and unarmed attack, that an I-Do man uses his hands in eight ways without making a fist (Mr. Mendell is against making fists), that he taught Arturo Godoy, the prizefighter, how to parry a knife attack, that his two books, "Protect Yourself" and "Your Hands—Secret Weapons," are the official armed-forces texts on unarmed combat, that he's trained himself to be ambidextrous, that he doesn't smoke at all and seldom drinks, and that the armed forces have repeatedly challenged Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Ezzard Charles, Gene Stanlee, Man Mountain Dean, and other boxers and wrestlers to mix it up with him but they won't.

Mr. Mendell was born in New York City, lives at the Yale Club, and is a man of action as well as theories; he asked us to stand up and throw a left hook at him. In our tentative way, we did. He blocked it by putting up his right hand. "Harder," he ordered. We complied, and when he blocked it again, we felt a numbness envelop our arm from the wrist on up. "That's what would happen to Rocky Marciano," he said, with a cheery smile. "Only it would be worse, because he has a better left hook than you. Against Walcott, who's a cutie, I'd use my legs. The main principle of I-Do, which I discovered about ten years ago, is that it's bad to be the aggressor. Aggressiveness and hostility are symptoms of insecurity. I used to be aggressive. I'd purposely bump into people on the sidewalk. If they wanted to fight, O.K. But an I-Do man takes things easy. He knows he doesn't have to injure people to justify his existence. Prizefighting is bad because its roots are hostility and frustration. Judo is bad because it's based on the apothegm 'Kill or be killed.' What kind of citizen does *that* make a young man, for goodness' sake? I'm against it. Get a headlock on me." Warily, we wrapped an arm around Mr. Mendell's head as he bent over, and then we not only quickly released it but leaped wildly into the air, as Mr. Mendell pinched our leg. "That's the Mendell pincer," he explained, moving his thumb and forefinger together several times. "I also invented the Mendell inside forefinger clip. They're two of the eight ways you can use your hands. When I go to an armed-forces base, I ask to have the toughest man in the outfit sent up and let him attack me. There was a colonel at Lexington, Virginia—a former wrestling coach—whose pet hold was a front strangle. I let him get it on me and told him to kill me if he could—you have to be dramatic—and used the Mendell pincer on him, and, by golly, I'd made a convert of every one of those soldiers watching. Scientists who've tested me electrically, metabolically, and every other way have called me the man without fear. At Syracuse, I did a paper on basic conditioned reflexes and I learned to control my own reflexes. If you poke toward my eye, I don't blink, and if you poke my eye, it doesn't water. In New York, it's handy to have your eye water, but in hand-to-hand fighting in the jungle, if you're momentarily blinded, you might be dead."

At Syracuse, Mr. Mendell boxed, played football and basketball, threw the javelin, and hurled the discus. Now he plays squash racquets and squash tennis at the Yale Club, when he gets the chance. He picked up an informal education in judo and jujitsu at the age of fourteen, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, where his father had taken him and his sister and brother to live. It kept him from being bullied, he told us. After taking graduate courses in psychology at Yale, he had the choice of going into business as a salesman for



"Now that General Eisenhower has resigned, I suppose you'll all move up a notch."

a silverware company or becoming a professional prizefighter. He chose the former. "Bow Tie Jimmy Bronson, who handled Tunney, wanted to manage me," Mr. Mendell said, "but I was beginning to dislike boxing. It's the only sport where your primary objective is to maim your opponent. And, from a practical standpoint, it's no good as a means of protection. Before I discovered I-Do, I had a fight in a bar with a bouncer. He threw a punch at me, and I blocked it and countered. My counter broke all his front teeth and his nose and jaw and gave him a concussion when he hit the floor, but I cut my finger very badly. So now I never use my fists, and it's reflected in my teaching." Mr. Mendell told us he got tired of being a salesman and picked up his law degree and began applying his knowledge of psychology to rehabilitating insecure people in downtown New York. "Sometimes I got paid and sometimes I didn't," he said. "My drive seemed to be to try to instill confidence in my clients. After the war broke out, I saw the need for instilling confidence in our troops when they ran into unusual situations, and I started the first Commando-Ranger training in the Army and wrote my books. The thing about I-Do is you assume every problem can be met with a ready solution. It's an inner feeling you build up. Choke me."

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SIGN in the Modernage Book Shop, Eighty-eighth and Lexington: "Book Sale. Overstock of Books—Reduced 60% to 100%."

Nee, Nee, Nee

IN case you've been wondering about the local Chinese-music situation, it thrives. Several tearooms in Chinatown serve a mixture of Chinese and American records on their juke boxes, and Station WHOM-FM broadcasts Chinese music from 8 to 9:30 P.M. every Monday through Friday. One of the sponsors of these broadcasts is the Acme appliance shop, at 55 Bayard Street, in Chinatown, to which we repaired not long ago for information. We found the Acme racked by a high-pitched storm of sound, all of it emanating from a single powerfully amplified phonograph; the basic ingredients of the sound seemed to be stringed instruments, alternately screeching and twanging, and voices that first sobbed like infants and then howled like cats. Hoping for a hint as to the amount of pleasure we were expected to derive from this, we watched four or five elderly Chinese gentlemen, who appeared to be following the music with the help of square sheets of paper bearing Chinese characters. They showed neither pleasure nor pain, only attentiveness, and as the music shrilled on and on, we turned to one of the proprietors of the Acme, a Chinese named Kim Eng. He told us that the record being played was an operatic one, featuring a well-known Hong Kong girl singer, Eng Lai-shon, and a male singer, Lee Hoi-chon. He then drew us into a comparatively quiet corner of the shop and outlined the plot, which proved thick. "Poor girl married to caldron repairman," Eng explained. "Every day, she waits for him to come home, so she can get money to buy rice. Some days, business no good. Other days, when business good, he buy liquor, expensive food. His wife scold him. He say living day by day best philosophy. One day, poor repairman come home with no money, is surprised to find wife but no dinner. Is told no rice in house. He laugh. Say he will go out and get rice. Wife say, 'Where will you get rice?' Husband say he pawn wife's trousers." After a further exchange, in which the wife's reasons for not wishing to surrender her precious garment are disposed of one by one, the repairman takes her trousers and heads for the pawnshop.

As Eng was concluding his explanation, the opera ended, and the old gentlemen put down their papers and shuffled out of the shop with impassive faces and scarcely a word of farewell to the proprietor. Eng said that he carries two types of records—South China operas, sung in Cantonese, and North China songs, sung in Mandarin, the official language of China. The composers of North China, according to Eng, were greatly influenced by American jazz during the recent war, and to prove his point he played a Mandarin record made by a vocalist and an orchestra consisting of drum, piano, trumpet, clarinet, violin, and saxophone. The song had a Western beat and sounded a little as if it might have originated in a second-rate Broadway musical comedy. The lyrics, sung by a girl with a very high voice, came through to us as an endlessly repeated "Nee, nee, nee." Eng translated them as

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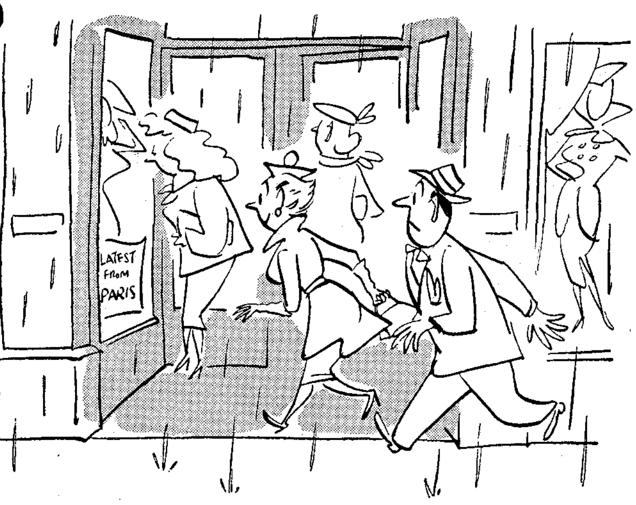


"You-you-you-you-you-you-you-you are beautiful. I-I-I-I-I-I-I could be so happy," and added, "Love is a big thing in China."

There are sizable colonies of Chinese-music fans here and in San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Miami, but no Chinese music is recorded in this country. Practically all Chinese records are made in Hong Kong or in India. Nearly ninety per cent of Eng's records are in Cantonese (most of the Chinese in the United States came from South China), but the youngsters are showing a preference for North China hot licks. Cantonese songs are usually in narrative, or opera, form and are sung by a man and a woman. The predominant instrument is a dulcimerlike affair called a *yung kum*, which is played with bamboo sticks. "Also temple blocks and gong," Eng said. "Listen! I play opera called 'The Lightning.' " He put a record on the phonograph, and we were favored with a fresh burst of screeching and twanging. "About boy and girl born of same mother but different father," Eng said. "They fall in love. She begin to have baby. He learn of her condition, ask her to go away with him. She say no, his father too old. How can he give up his parents for her? Finally, she agree to elope. She struck by lightning. Boy decide to kill self. Big hit, this song."

1952 Munchausen

PREP-SCHOOL boy who had been regaling his mates with a slightly swollen description of his family's home in New York came to town for Easter vacation and was accompanied on the train by a Middle Western contemporary whose imagination he had fired. "Could I just take a look at your place before I go to my hotel?" this lad asked. Thinking fast, his friend took him to the Frick Collection, nodded to the guards, conducted a brief tour, showed his guest to the door, and said, "Sorry I can't ask you to stay for lunch. It's a nice setup, isn't it?" "Best I've ever seen," said the other, and went off modestly to the St. Regis.

Charley's Day

LAST Thursday, owing to the concurrent absence from the city of Mayor Impellitteri (Palm Beach, Florida), Council President Halley (Lewiston, Maine), and Vice-Chairman and Majority Leader of the Council Sharkey (Miami Beach, Florida), the responsibility of being Acting Mayor of New York fell, according to the established practice of succession at City Hall, upon Charles E. Keegan, who has been either an alderman or councilman for seventeen consecutive years. (The Deputy Mayor of New York, Charles Horowitz, doesn't enter into this picture, because the City Charter prohibits him from performing several big mayoral functions. He may not appoint or remove jobholders, approve or disapprove legislation, act as a magistrate, or hold hearings.) We wandered down to City Hall shortly before ten o'clock Thursday morning to see how things were going, and outside the Council Chambers found a cluster of five clerks awaiting His Acting Honor.

"Everybody's asking, 'Where's Charley?' " one of them said to us gaily. "Get it?"

Before we could reply, a young man rushed up. "Where's Charley?" he asked.

"You mean the Acting Mayor?" said one of the five. "Nobody knows."

"And nobody cares?" piped up another, frivolously.

"Tell Charley the boys in Room Nine want to see him," said the young man importantly, and rushed off.

We stepped into an adjoining room, occupied by a switchboard operator, who was taking telephone messages for Mr. Keegan. She didn't know where he was. "He's a whirling dervish," she said.

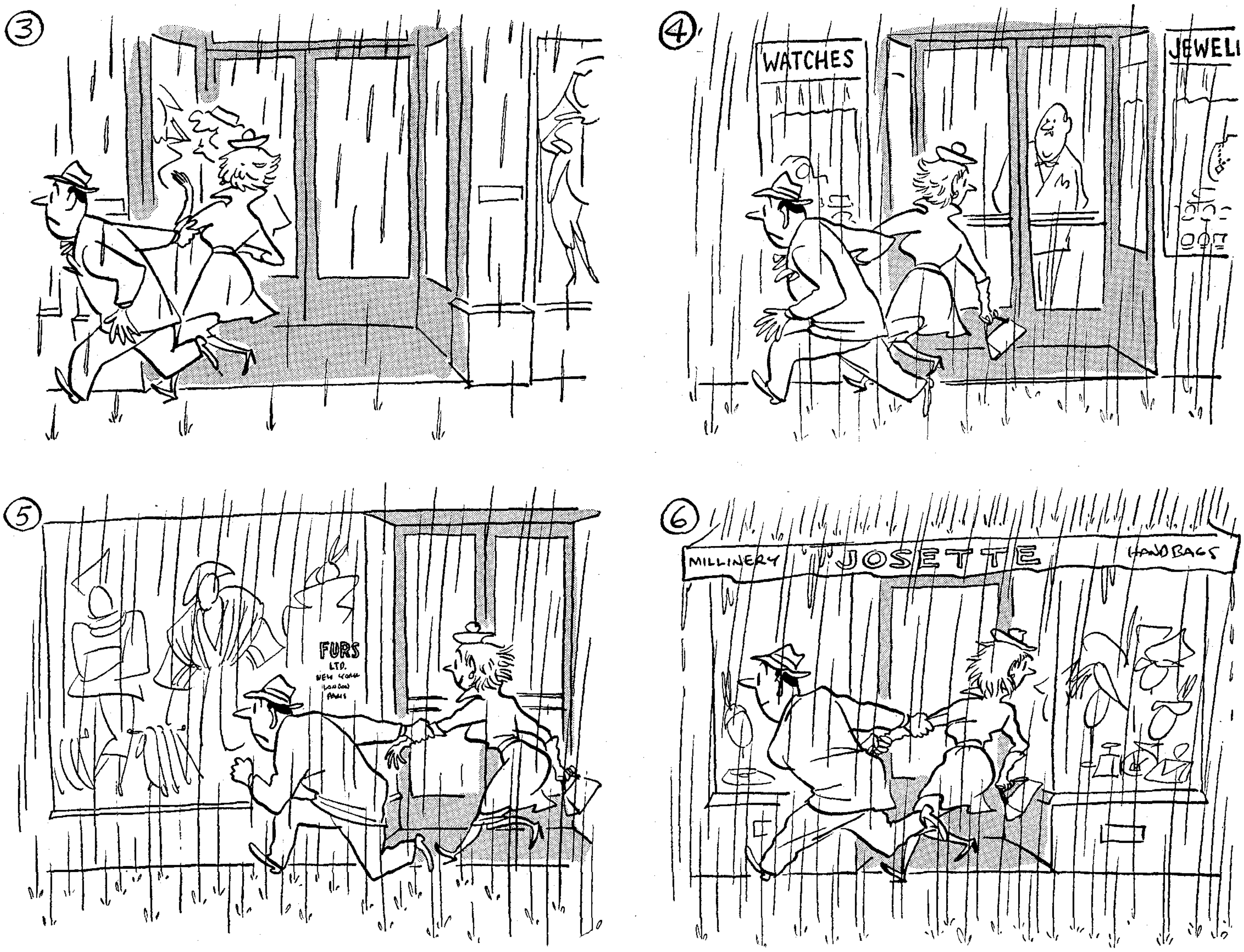
Another operator came in, a girl who told us she worked in Mr. Halley's office. "Where's Charley?" cried the Halley girl, nearly knocking herself out.

"Wish I knew," sighed the other girl. "All the real-estate boards in town are after me to reach him."

"He might be trying out the Mayor's chair to see if it fits," said the Halley girl. Her companion looked shocked. "Charley would be the first to laugh at that," the Halley girl added hastily. "Charley is a great kidder."

In a couple of hours, the Acting Mayor did turn up, and soon gave us an audience. He was using his own office, rather than Impellitteri's. At our entrance, Mr. Keegan was winding up a conference with two portly men, who were both sitting with hats on heads, hands on knees, and cigars in mouths. "All right, you got the opportunity, Charley," one of them said. "The rest is up to you."

Mr. Keegan, a pink-faced, hoarse-voiced man with silver hair parted in the middle, told them they'd be hearing from him, bade us welcome, and called to a secretary to let Police Headquarters know where he was. "Got to keep them informed where I am," he explained to us. "That's about all that's required of the Acting Mayor. I'm Acting President of the City Council, too, today, you know. And I'm Acting Majority Leader. But I'm Chairman of the City Council Finance Committee, not acting. Being Acting Mayor isn't new to me. I got to be it once before under Impellitteri, and three times under

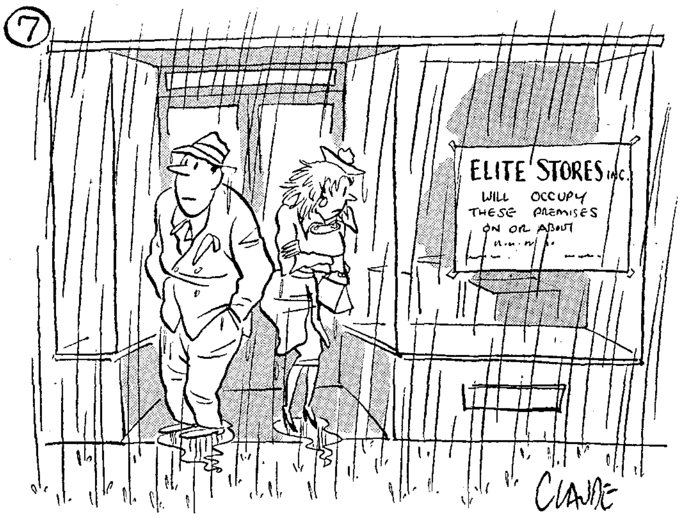


O'Dwyer. I've never yet been required to do anything, though. If some Channel swimmer dropped in, I'd go out and greet her, but nobody like that ever drops in when I'm Acting Mayor. If I attempted to issue an order, I suppose it would be ignored. Gee, I was hoping this might be the day they'd be locking up the one that shot that poor Schuster boy, and then I'd have got my picture in the papers. But nothing ever happens. Eight million people and half a million visitors in the city, but all is quiet."

A man appeared in the doorway. "Hey, Charley—" he began, and then, halting abruptly, went into a deep bow and said, "Pardon me. I forgot you were the Mayor."

"Heh-heh," said Mr. Keegan. "I have to take a lot of kidding. I've always been kidded about this or that. I have a lot of clothes, and the *Sun* once referred to me, years ago, as 'the Beau Brummell of the Board of Aldermen who was never found improperly spatted or improperly hatted.' "

We excused ourself then, after noting with a discreet glance that his ankles were unspatted and after learning that he was kind of busy because he had a lot of last-minute arrangements to make for an imminent trip to Europe. If he had left before last Thursday, we have since calculated, the Acting Mayor would have been Leo Durocher.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ELITE STORES INC.
WILL OCCUPY THESE PREMISES ON OR ABOUT
CLAUDE

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Baker's Ordeal

THE owner of a brand-new telephone, a Mr. Baker, celebrated its installation by calling Information on it to see if his number was listed. "Mr. Baker's phone is not connected yet," said the operator. "But Mr. Baker told me it was," said Mr. Baker. "You can inform your friend that he is mistaken," said the girl. "His phone is *not* connected." Well, Baker hung up, and as he was pondering this, his phone rang. It was the same operator again. "A friend of yours is trying to get in touch with you," she said. "I couldn't give him your number and I forgot to get his, but I thought you might want to call him."

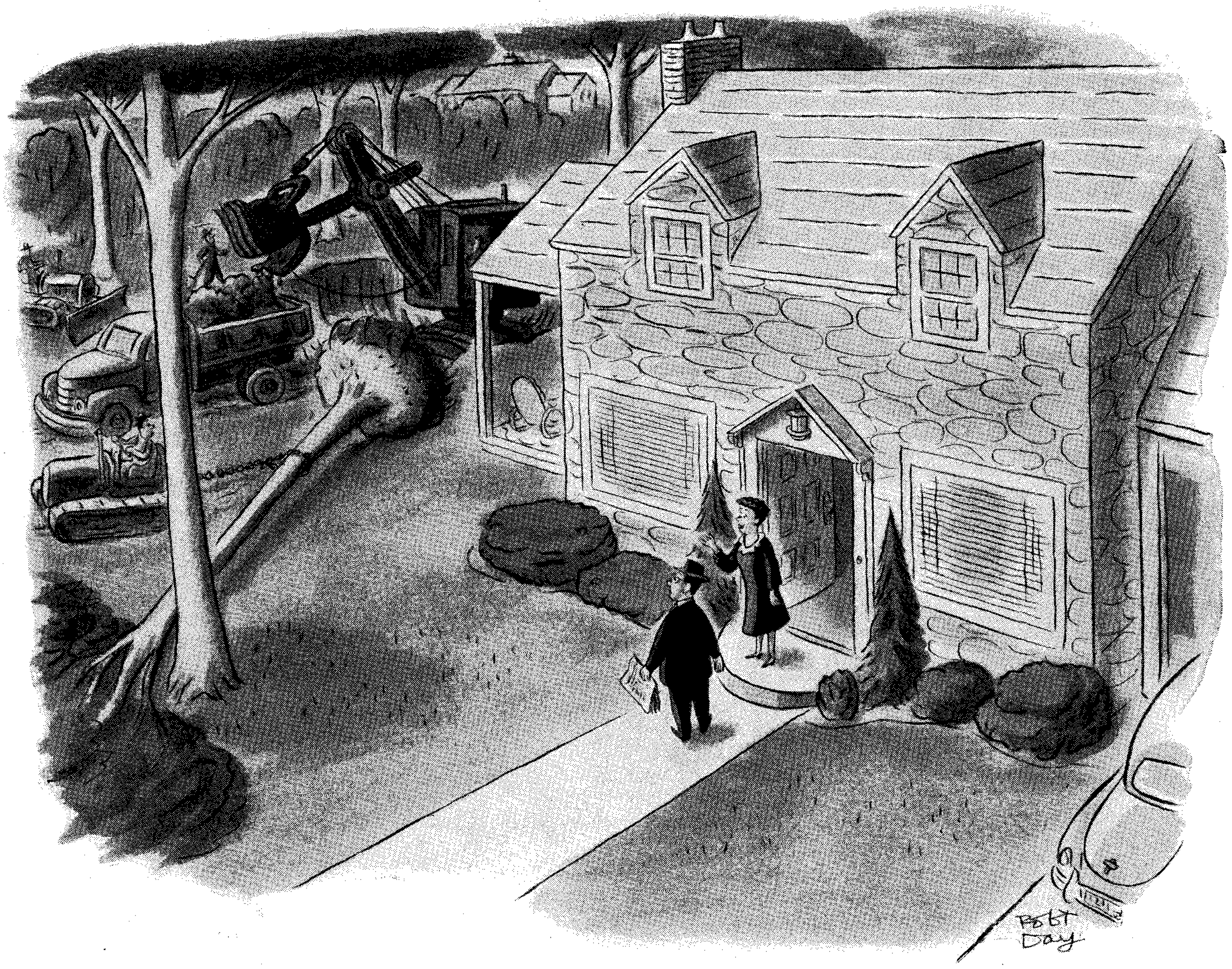
THE DOLL'S NOT FOR FRYING

(SUPPOSING CHRISTOPHER FRY, AND NOT ABE BURROWS, HAD ADAPTED DAMON RUNYON TO THE STAGE)

Scene: *The apartment of Legs, a moth of the night and to some extent of the day. She is curled up with a book, at which she frowns and which she tries reading, after giving it a quarter turn. The door buzzer sounds seven times, to the rhythm of "Shave and a haircut, two bits," and the door opens. Enter Nags, a small, wiry man in a grove of chalk stripes. He wears a shirt with a tab collar, out of which he keeps shooting his neck in an intellectual tension.*

Legs (*not turning around*). Nags.
Nags. Legs.
Legs. Have you come for a nip and a nap, or a *fine* and a fin,
Or to talk of Love and bump into an occasional table?
Nags. There's coppers in the street below, and a mob of citizens,
Motley in the sense that one or two have tartan caps,
Are milling, or almost. The rumor is you've turned a guy into a pig.
Legs. And by what witchery more nifty than is pinned on me
Did the Mayor's minions ascertain it?
Nags. He, leave us put it, squealed.
Legs (*inspecting a snicked fingernail*).
Leave us put it that he turned into
A chicken on his own, and squawked.
(*She unfolds her legs and screws a cigarette into a holder some eight inches long.*)
Nags. Put away the bean blower and let's get down to cases. I want to fry for you.
Legs. What ever for?
Nags (*galvanized into rhetoric*). To snuff this plague of consciousness. Oh,
That would be nothing more than if a horse named Weltschmerz were
Translated into glue. What can a man believe except "My head aches,
Ergo it is"? A variation of Descartes, who put Descartes before de horse.
Could I but think you rose, my rose, like Venus on the half shell,
Somewhere from the sea! Or that sometime you plucked and spat the pulps of Paradise.
All I see is Darkness, and that old progenitive ooze.
Legs. Cut it out.
About that old progenitive ooze.
Nags (*he takes a match book out of his pocket and strikes a succession of matches for her cigarette, but each goes out in the gale of his eloquence*).
Two sets of bones oppress me: these that my
Afflicted flesh upholsters, and those that gallop (*snapping his fingers in the dicer's gesture*) to no more avail, for me, than all the steeds from which
They prob'ly were derived. And as vainly as the cubes, the spheres roll.
Oh, why, merely to plow the pestilence of Space until the mind is numbed
In mystic boredom, did they burst the pod of Time!
Legs. What did you say?
Nags (*twirling a pocket chain on his forefinger as he strides obliquely down*).
I don't chew my cabbage twice.
Legs. Cigarette?
Nags. No, thanks. When next I smoke, I want it should be in the Purgatorial flame.
Tell me where the gun that perforated Pinky is. I'll tell the cops
And prove my guilt, or seem to.
Legs. What have you got your hair curled
Into those horns for?
Nags. The more to symbolize, to dense aut'orities,
My Satan's role.
Legs. Well, comb them out. You look like the devil.
Nags. Your floozy's flippancy becomes you ill—tomayto.
(*She bristles at the epithet and starts to rise.*)
Tom*ah*to.
(*She accepts the amendment and subsides. He kneels impulsively on one knee.*)
This life is but a mug of beer grown flat to me.
Church bells are scullions beating skillets in the stableyard.
Sequins are fish scales. Orchards blowing in the winsomest of mont's—

(*He tries again with her cigarette, lights it, repockets the match book.*)
Orchards blowing in the winsomest of mont's are but a pageant of
Delusive substance on its way to being swill. I want out!
Give me— Damnation. . . . What do you say?
Legs. Go to Hell.
(*She rises, puffing on her length of smoking gear. He gets to his feet, too.*)
Nags (*excitedly dusting off the wrong knee*). You're sore because you're jealous—
You can't talk like I jist did.
Legs (*whirling around*). Oh, no? Then get a load of this.
Since Truth slid like an ice cube down my front or back,
I flit between the flies of boredom and the bees of lust.
Happiness has haunted, but it never has inhabited, this
House of flesh. But, ah, the tenant must endure the ghost.
You see, there's ample disenchantment for the both of us.
I lack a motive to dispatch a bookie but none to fight
False accusations, either. O Death, you analgesic,
Sodium acetylsalicylate! Come free us from Essential Nothingness,
The pall of Perpetuity.
Nags (*giving a long, low whistle of appreciation*).
But still, you got it all from me.
Legs. Thanks—for Nothing.
(*There is a knock on the door. Nags darts her a look, then goes to answer it. In the doorway stands a Salvation Army girl with a tambourine.*)
Nags. Nell! I asked you not to follow me.
Nell (*entering*). I couldn't help overhearing.
The Essential Nothingness, the pall of Perpetuity—
Nags (*quickly*). No, no, kid. There *is* Something. You keep your illusions.
Nell. You're just lying for my sake. It's true what they say about the Universe.
Legs. Yes, it is, kid. You might as well know. The old Primeval Flaw—
Nags (*ominously*). Cut it out about the old Primeval Flaw.
Legs. —the intertidal slime—
Nags. Cut it out about the intertidal slime.



"It's for the swimming pool. You said 'Go ahead,' didn't you?"

* * *

You've flapped your lip enough.
Legs. You flapped yours first. A minute ago you were taking credit for everything I know.
Nags. She's different. I don't want her to know.
(*The last in an undertone. Then, in a normal tone, to Nell*)
Come here to the window, Nell. Could such a nocturne
Come about by happenstance? He launched the world in Space, which He was right.
He sent the constellations rocking through the Void, which He was right.
Now see the full moon, see how it floats like an onion in the dry Martini of the night.
Nell (*setting down her tambourine*).
It's too late. And I'll have you mixing cocktails
Better than you do your metaphors.
Martinis take an olive, Gibsons your onion.
I've seen them served in taverns I could not redeem.
Nags. You're a Gibson Girl—the Gibson Girl of the Lord.
Take your tambourine and beat it.
Nell. I'll beat it, but without conviction.
(*She picks it up and raps it with her knuckles, singing a blues song.*)
Legs. You're in love with her. I see it all now. You're in love
With her, and the more you are, the more you hate yourself
For what you've done to her.
Nags. I don't want love because
I don't want life. One's a trap for the other. Trap! Trap! It's all a trap!
(*Above even him and the sound of the tambourine is that of the police breaking in.*)
Legs. Thank God they're here, and I've my out at least: to take the rap
For what I never did.
(*To Nags*)
Think of me sometimes, you who set
Thought to humming in this walnut hull, who taught these rosy lips to talk.
I doom you both to live: two flies entangled in the honey of desire. . . .
All right, coppers, pin what you can on me—I'll wear it like a rose.
Nags. A trap! It's all a trap!
Legs (*pausing, with an infinite yearning, a moment before the police lead her off*). But how much less a one it all would seem
If you could shut your own, you intellectuals!

Curtain

—Peter De Vries

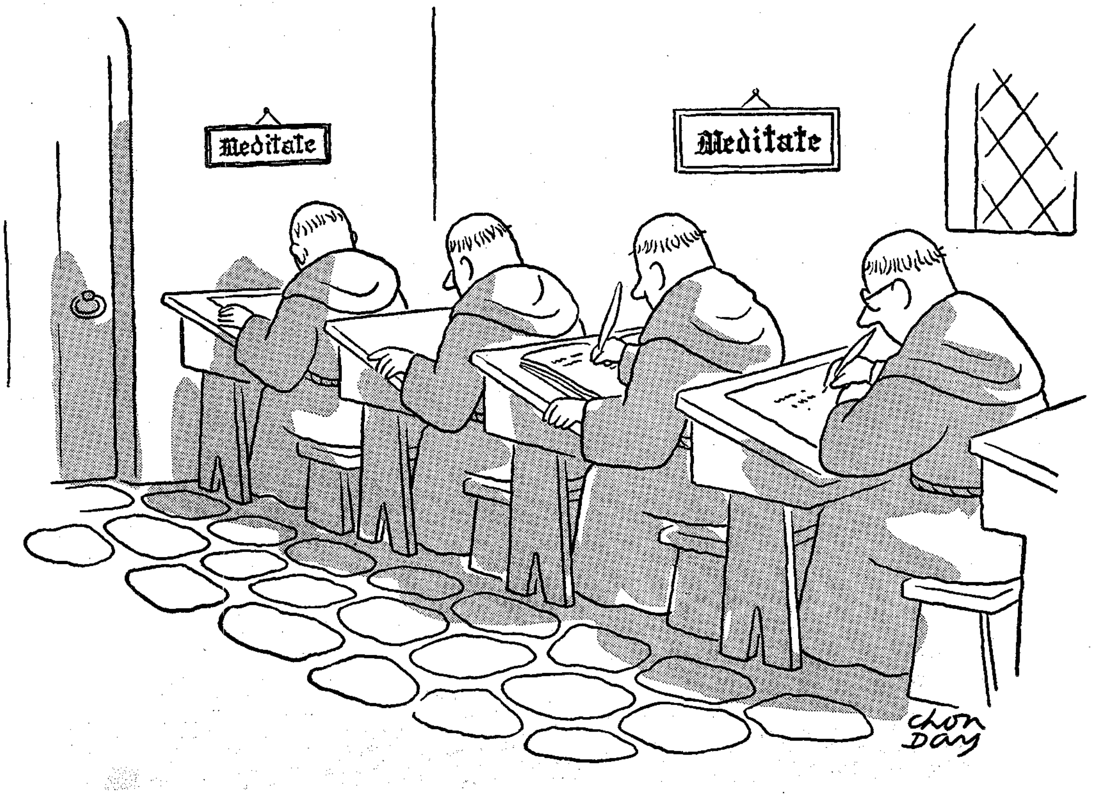
THE VIOLET ROCK

ONE day in the early spring when I was eight and my sister Emily was twelve, we went together up into the foothills to look for pasqueflowers. These were the earliest flowers to bloom after our stern Colorado winters, and a reward of a Fabrikoid pencil box with ten pencils in it was given each year to the child who brought the first of them to school. It was as much to have the subtle hints of spring confirmed as it was to win the pencil box that we hunted so hard all afternoon, combing the mesa, rummaging through the gulches, seeking in the greening dell below the beaver dam. We were alternately assiduous and absent-minded in our search, and we were the more impatient since everything indicated that the pasqueflowers must be out by now: In the canyons, the waterfalls, released from the ice, were engorged by the thaw, and they roared and frothed with violent life; on the prairies yonder below us, volunteer timothy was beginning to show in patches in the dun sage; the chokecherries had commenced to bud out rustily; and in the secret forests, where the last of the snows were perishing even in the deepest shadows, we heard the tentative songs of birds just up from the South. More than any of these things, the light and the air of the newborn season animated us, and we were occasionally so headlong that we turned cartwheels and did not even care that the harsh ground skinned the heels of our hands. Emily, an emotional and literary girl, recited "I wandered lonely as a cloud" in a natural amphitheatre nearby the red rocks, and I was profoundly impressed by her loud, heartbroken voice and her tragic gestures. We sang sometimes, and sometimes, in a sheltered place, we screamed and listened to the walls of rock cast back to us a thin and tremulous mimicry.

But we found no pasqueflowers, although we did not give up until after the sun had set and the sky was marble and the light had gone yellow on the far glacier. Nor did we have any adventure to take the edge from our disappointment. We had found no objects to invite our speculation—no empty whiskey bottles, no deer shot out of season, no prospector's warped and rusted pan, no torn-up letters dropped by spurned lovers at their wits' end. Though this was the time of year the sheep started coming up from the plains, heading for the mountain meadows, we had seen no half-cracked Mexicans gibbering to their herds. There had not been a sign of Willy Lathrop, the handsome and swashbuckling forest ranger on his cross black horse; there had not even been a patient from the sanitarium to sneak up on and scare as he smoked a forbidden cigarette.

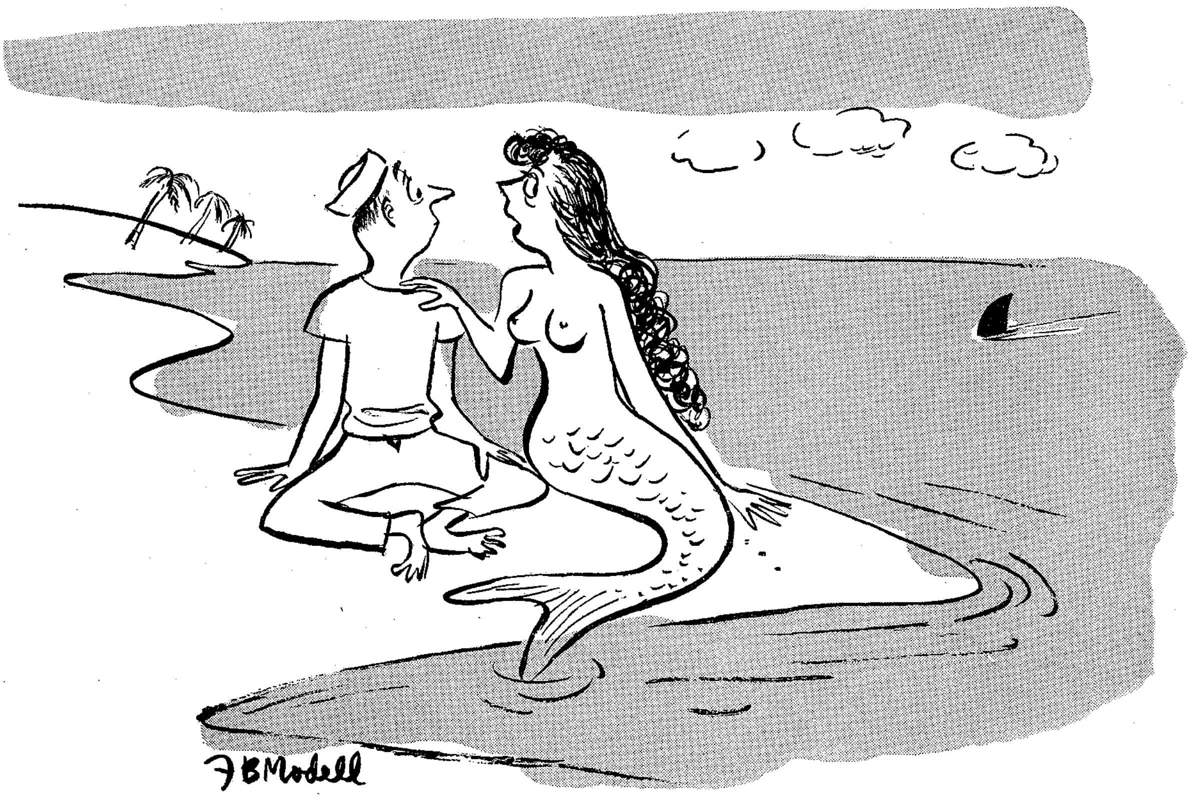
In fact, we had seen no one at all, and this was odd, for on a fair day like this the mesa was a favorite place for the town's invalids and sweethearts to stroll. Once, I asked myself why there were no other children prowling, like ourselves, upon the broad tableland so high above the town; the announcement of the prize had been made that day in general assembly, and I remembered that in other years my schoolfellows had come up in droves and we had teased and pushed each other and giggled and squabbled, as we would all do a few weeks later on Easter Sunday, when there was a community egg hunt in the park. I nearly spoke to Emily of our unusual solitude, but I held my tongue because I knew that Emily, volatile and clever, would either give me some practical and belittling explanation that would dispel my half-pleasant uneasiness or seize upon the circumstance and magnify it so hugely and embellish it so intricately that she would frighten me half to death and cause me, very probably, to walk in my sleep that night. A part of me wanted to be frightened by Emily, but another part knew that it would be unwise now, when we were still so far from home and the night was coming on. And I certainly did not want to walk in my sleep again—not after the last time, when I had gone right out of the house and down the street to the widowed Mrs. Bradford's, and had, as she said, "petrified" her when she saw me on the front porch, barefooted and in my pajamas and still sound asleep. A fear of bad dreams and a fear of fear began slowly to invade me and to generate hypotheses as dire and as imaginative as Emily's would have been: the mesa that we were traversing now, on our homeward journey, was deserted because everyone in town was dead except the two of us, who had escaped the plague (or the pirates, or the dangerous runaways from the penitentiary in Canon City) purely by accident and who were now returning to a settlement of charnel houses about whose chimneys the scavenger birds were circling already. Or this whole day had been nothing more than a long, logical dream and there really had not been any assembly and I was walking in my sleep right now.

I said nothing, though, lest, by giving voice to these fearful possibilities, they become reality, and I scuffed along quickly, looking neither to the right nor to the left.



While I was nervous in the cooling air (behind us, the evening wind was keening in the lodgepole pines), Emily was first bored and then angry. In her frustration, she had suddenly remembered that she despised me because I was a child.

She had come with me this afternoon chiefly because she had nothing better to do (of course, she did want the pencil box, though she would never admit to that, for she pretended that she was above such things—a ridiculous pose, since there had never been a girl so greedy for public distinction), having quarrelled this week with all her friends and most bitterly with our older sister, Stella. Now, grumpy with anger, Emily persuaded herself that she had had a thousand urgent things to do, and she accused me of leading her on a wild-goose chase because I was a scaredy cat, afraid of going up to the mesa alone. I started to remind her that she had *offered*—had very amiably said, as she saw me going through the back yard, "Do you want company, Tess-girl?" Actually, she had sounded rather plaintive—actually, I had been doing *her* the favor—but if I had said so, she would have told me that I was lying like a rug, and anyhow she did not give me a chance to get a word in edgewise. If it had not been for me, she nagged noisily, she could have spent the afternoon doing some collateral reading, for which she would eventually get a school letter to wear on her sweater, like an athlete; or she could have memorized "John Gilpin's Ride," or worked on a raffia basket for which she expected to win a Campcraft merit badge (I happened to know, though I was not at liberty to tell, that there had been some talk of expelling her from the Big Horn Patrol, because of the way she ceaselessly took the Lord's name in vain); or she could have finished making her crossword puzzle, or made divinity. And she knew for a fact, she said, because she knew me and my scurvy ways, that if she had found a pasqueflower, I would have claimed the credit and hogged the pencil box. She called me a cad and a nitwit, a Hottentot and a crook, and she told me that I had been adopted from a home for feeble-minded children whose parents were all in the pen. I had known positively for a year and a half that I was not adopted, but the habit of believing Emily was so ingrained and strong that I shivered with self-pity, and, feeling so lonely anyhow, I nearly cried.



"You'd better go. Here comes Father."

Abruptly, my sister stopped in the middle of the path and doubled up, clutching her stomach and groaning, "I'm starving! I'll be dead before we get home, thanks to you and your damn dumb flowers."

Emily's temper tantrums, like her ghost stories and her tales of mutilation and kidnapping, entranced while they horrified me. They came on with as little warning as an electric storm, and they were as dramatic and incomprehensible. Her whole being participated in them—not just her oratorical big eyes and her lopsided mouth and her rich, wide-ranged voice but her hands and her elbows and her knees and her feet, which articulated just as clearly as any vile words could the fury that had bedevilled her since she was born. (According to our parents, when she was in her cradle she had alternately yelled at the top of her lungs and held her breath till she turned blue, and Mother said that for the first four years of "that girl's" life she had not had a decent night's sleep.) She would do a kind of writhing witch dance, shrieking out the most appalling imprecations against everyone she had ever known or heard about; if she ran out of friends and relatives, teachers and other professional people she personally knew, and still had spleen and energy to spare, she would excoriate the President of the United States. Sometimes, when the rage was spent, she turned grayly pale, and not infrequently she vomited and had to be put to bed in a dark room with a wet washrag over her feverish and aching head. Docile and pathetic then, she would lie there moaning like a dove, but she was never penitent; on the contrary, blaming us all, she'd be forgiving. Her favorite speech after she had upset the whole family was "I forgive you, for you know not what you do." One thrilling night, she was really sick and the doctor had to be sent for; and he took her to the hospital, where her exploded appendix was taken out. Our mother quite seriously thought that now this actual poison was out of her system, her disposition would improve. But it seemed, if anything, to worsen, and our bamboozled, bullied parents enjoined Jack and Stella and me never to cross her and never to bait her and never to disagree; Emily might die of apoplexy,

REPORT FROM THE CAROLINAS

It's a debatable land. The winds are variable,
Especially winds of doctrine, though the one
Prevailing breeze is mild, we say, and southerly.
We have a good deal of sun,

And our peach trees bloom too early. The first light promise
Is lightly kept in a Carolina spring
(It blows both hot and cold). Yet by February
There is the flowering

Of yellow jasmine and sudden gold forsythia,
And mockingbirds; at night the threat of snow.
Northerners passing on their way to Florida
Say it's not Florida, though,

This in-between land. There's the coastal region,
For instance, next a calm sea. Yet too near
Are the dangerous shoals, outlying and inhospitable.
One cape is called Cape Fear.

There's the Piedmont, where I live—the plateau uprising
Between high Appalachians and the sea.
It would seem a temperate world. We take our siestas;
Our ways are leisurely;

And people tend to speak to one another,
Observing the civilities. Seldom heard
Is bitter rebel talk now, seldom "Damnyankee"—
At least not as one word.

And everyone is a Democrat, almost,
Though argumentative. Not a few incline
Toward oratory still, being Southern orators.
Our grapes are muscadine;

Our works are amiable. We grow camellias
In Charleston gardens; we raise azalea flowers.
Both the Carolina wren and Whistler's mother
Are specialties of ours.

We have quail in the yard, and dogwood in the woodlands,
A skyful of buzzards, the wisteria trees,
Pines and magnolias. Also, we have, lately,
Certain uncertainties—

I speak as a country person—for winds are variable,
Especially of opinion. Watching the land,
We naturally watch the weather, with misgiving.
We fear for the cotton and

The tobacco crops, for the peach trees worth the saving
From blasting summer drought and freezing springs.
And, being thus concerned with fluctuations,
We fear for other things.

The chances are one becomes a little provincial,
Too quick to see as a microcosm this
Mid-country where one is: a red-clay country,
An odd antithesis,

Where the apricots flower too soon and the mimosas
Flower endlessly, where now, in the sun-strewn days,
The H-bomb is to flower, in all the seasons—
Another crop to raise.

And nobody says, of the region down by Ellenton,
That winds are gathering there, or that, on the whole,
They threaten ill. Yet, in the imagination,
Fear is another shoal.

—Helen Bevington

• •

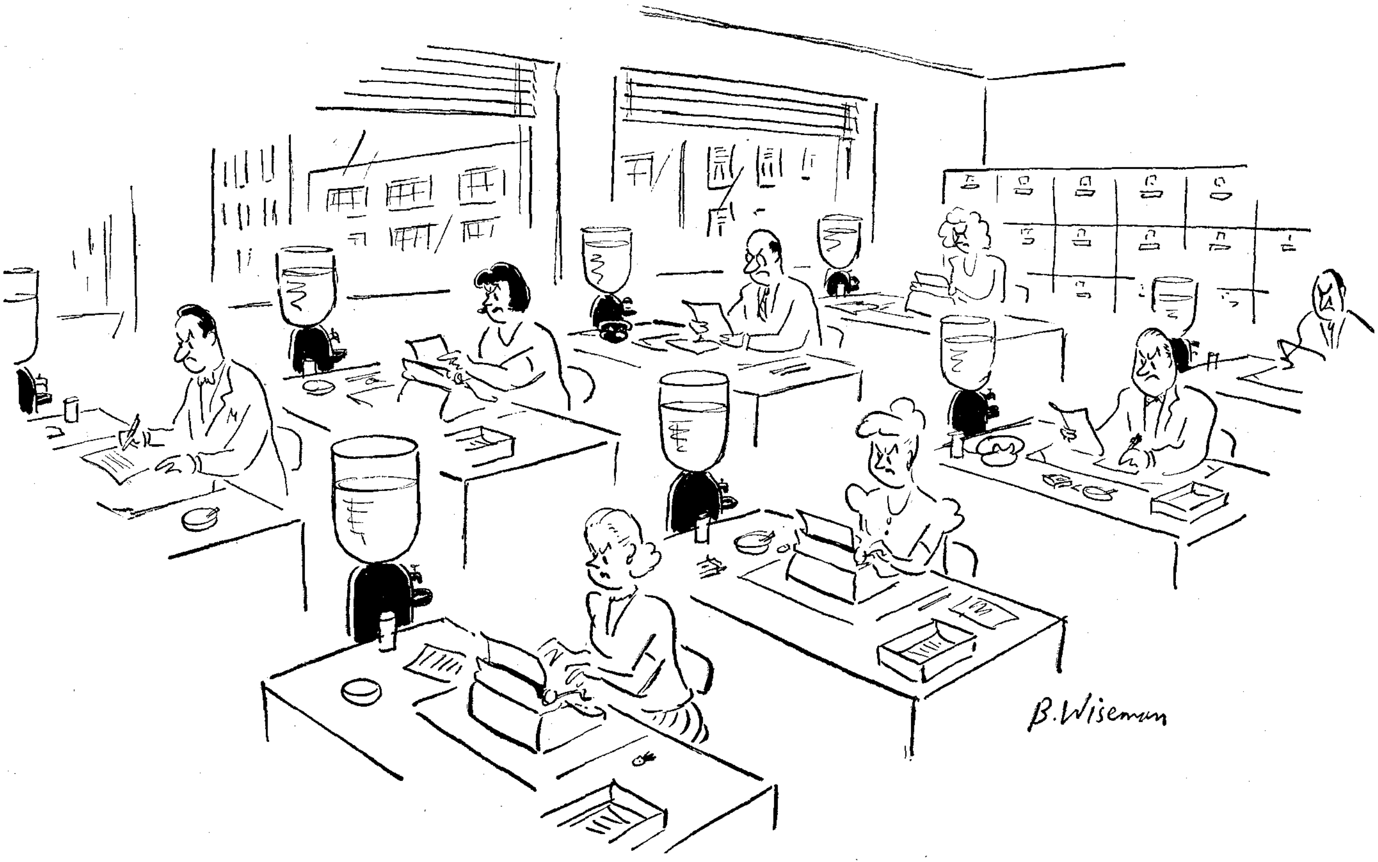
they said. Jack and Stella would not be a party to such contemptible blackmail, and they would tell her to dry up or go peddle her papers. But I did what I was told, because I had a yellow streak, and consequently I was the target of her worst broadsides.

Emily needed only the most tenuous materials with which to build her towering rages—as now, when she had fashioned a passion out of nothing more than her normal suppertime appetite and the tardiness of the pasqueflowers. Her long, skinny arms were flailing in their blue serge middy-blouse sleeves, her pigtails thrashed, her feet stomped out a war-path in the red dust, which rose in clouds to powder her knee socks, and her mouth was a livid cave from which spewed out, like rats and reptiles, the declarations of her hatred of everyone and of her intentions to murder with an axe, to burn up schoolhouses and churches, to blow up the bank, to strangle the cat and poison the dog, to puncture the tires on the cars that belonged to the fathers of the girls with whom she was not on speaking terms. She even, parenthetically, maligned the pasqueflowers and bellowed that their hideous, hairy stems were enough to make a decent person sick.

I HAD moved out of reach of her dangerous gesticulations, and my view of her, from a few yards down the path, was oblique and weird. Silhouetted against the darkening vast sky toward which the blue teeth of the mountains rose, she was like some huge injured bird of prey, a little fictitious and a little farcical but exciting and resplendent. (Once, Jack had been sincerely carried away by her performance and had cried "Bravo!," and Emily had thrown a lump of coal at him.) She warned me not to move one step toward her or she would beat me within an inch of my life. "You and your foul, goddam, obnoxious pencil box!" she snarled. "You filthy, rotten, dirty, lousy cur!" She never paused for breath, she seldom repeated herself, and her tone ranged from the iciest sarcasm to the fieriest venom.

We were at the entrance to a beggarly public park into which the lower canyon debouched—a rocky tract of land that got its title "park" from nothing but a couple of disreputable picnic tables and a small pavilion where, in summer, Jack and I operated the popcorn machine for the concessionaire and where bottles of pop were kept in a barrel with a block of ice, presided over by Jack's patrol leader. I knew every inch of the park by heart—each tree and turning, each boulder and minuscule plot of grass—for it was here that we played run sheep run and hunted caddis worms in the amber pools of the creek. But this evening, as I glanced away from Emily, the whole place looked altogether unfamiliar to me, unnaturally dark, the cottonwoods immense, and the springtime voice of the creek that bifurcated it was strange; it clattered over its rocks with a bony sound, and from time to time I heard a watery chiming that I could neither identify nor situate.

It was a queer evening, and when I



scanned the sky and saw Venus, huge and single over Blanchard's Peak, I shuddered and felt the gooseflesh leap out along my arms. From here, at this declivity, we could not see the lights of the town (If there were any tonight! If the man in the substation hadn't died before he turned the switch!), and it seemed to me that everything human and understandable was far, far off, and that here at hand and surrounding me were nothing but threats of cold-blooded murder from the scornful old earth and from this crazy girl; it would not have surprised me very much if Emily had taken a gun out of her pocket and shot me through the heart, nor would it have surprised me to see the evening star sail across the sky and drop down on top of me. And as the last of the afterglow began to ebb away behind the range, I thought again of the buzzards that might well be feeding on the citizenry. We would have a better chance against them, I thought, if we were in a house with the doors and windows locked and the damper of the fireplace closed, and I was at last so panicky that I interrupted Emily, who was fiercely denouncing the principal, whose hash she meant to settle, whose goose to cook to a cinder. I said, "Come on, Emily. Please come on. I think something's wrong."

"Bushwa!" she roared. "Bushwa, I say, ten thousand times!"

But then, all of a sudden, she was absolutely still; it was really as if she had been paralyzed and struck dumb. Her face, in which the causeless anger was already obsolescent, took on an expression that warned me she was going to scare me. For this was the look she wore in the middle of the night when she crept out onto the sleeping porch and woke me to whisper that the coyotes were closing in upon our house and would not be satisfied with anything to eat but me, or that the Germans were coming to cut off my hands, or that she was no sister, she was no girl—she was a maniac named Jack the Ripper.

After a heavy moment, in which we stared at each other (Emily's talent as Svengali was actually less than mine as Trilby, for I was instantaneously responsive and obedient to all her moods), she spoke. "I'll *say* there's something wrong! Here, Tess. Here, Tess," she said, wheedling as if she were calling a dog, and, holding her hands outstretched, she inched toward me in her soft sneakers. "Don't be scared, Tessgirl," she said. "Just keep cool but move away from it. Don't jump and don't make any noise but move *away*."

"What from?" I cried. I knew it was far too early in the year for snakes, but, even so, I quickly scanned the ground and bounded away at the sight of a long, thin stick. "What *is* it?"

"The Violet Rock," said Emily, in a stage whisper. "It's right behind you. For Pete's sake, *do* move before it's too late."

I wheeled and faced a tall and well-known (and until now nameless) boulder, lichen-covered, girdled rankly with poison ivy in the summer—a convenient promontory on which Jack and I stood when we were reconnoitring as Indian scouts or were giving orders to our troops to go and decimate the Hessians.

"Watch out! Don't even *look* at it!" my sister called, and involuntarily I ran up the path toward her, but, like Orpheus, I could not resist looking back, and as I did so, I saw a massive shadow loom against the face of the rock. It was my own shadow, as I knew, but I was now bewitched, and when Emily put her arms around me and tensely asked if I was hurt, I burst into tears of terror, which became a sort of fit when this bad girl reminded me of the long way we still had to go, with no sun and no moon to light our twisted path through the park ("What's wrong with the crick?" she said, her voice hushed. "It sounds as if something were damming it, up by the bridge. We'd better get out of here—it may be a corpse") and through the outskirts of the town where the miners lived, ready to carve up a girl into pieces if they took a mind to. And past a haunted house, set in a snarled field where, in a long-dead, weed-ravaged garden, there were three flat stones, marking the graves of three horses, whose ghosts were heard trotting through Main Street invariably on a night when someone met a violent death.

"But let's just get past the Violet Rock first," said Emily. "And then we can run." She linked her arm through mine, and with her other arm she fended off the enemies and vampires that I believed were skulking in the rifts of the rock, and as we passed safely by, my sister sighed and said, "Good grief! Was *that* a narrow escape! In another minute, I swear it would have started, and it would have been goodbye Tess."

"Do you mean poison ivy, Emily?" I asked her hopefully, leaning hard against her and remembering a time when my eyes had been swollen shut with poison-ivy blisters. "Do you, Em?"

"No, dear heart," she said sadly. "I wish it were nothing more than that."

My huge heart was in my sandy throat. "What's the Violet Rock?" I bleated.

We had not, as Emily had promised, begun to run. Holding me tight in her stalwart grasp, she made me accommodate my pace to hers, and as we went slowly down through the park, past the bridge where the dead body was turning spongy, past hunchbacked bushes and hiding places for cutthroats and laughing hyenas, she told me, freezing my blood and my bones, the dooming story of the Violet Rock and why it was that I, and I alone, must never go near it after the sun had set. The facts, she said, were known only to herself—never mind how she had found them out. And I must never, never breathe a word of them to a living soul, or something too terrible even to describe would happen to me. Something a thousand times worse than the guillotine.

The rock, Emily said, belonged to Mr. Norman Ferris, the multimillionaire owner of the Gold Palace Hotel, which stood on a high hill at the northern end of our town. Mr. Ferris, I knew, was richer by far than Croesus; he would buy a whole mountain if he liked the looks of it, and build a luxurious shelter house on the summit, which he would then forget about and leave to the pack rats and the tramps; though he himself was a freethinker, he had built a Catholic church for his aunt to worship in when she came to visit him for two weeks each August; he had bought an elephant for the children of his employees to ride; the floor of his bedroom was paved with twenty-dollar gold pieces. He had the reputation of being philanthropic and democratic, but no one in the town had first-hand knowledge of him, because he and his guests and his employees were a world apart from us; they all came from the East, and, with our Western and small-town xenophobia, we tended to mistrust them and to give them a wide berth. Emily, however, who had ways of finding things out and who was, besides, clairvoyant, happened to know that there were things about Mr. Ferris that did not meet the eye, and the one that was to endanger my whole life was the fact that he bore grudges.

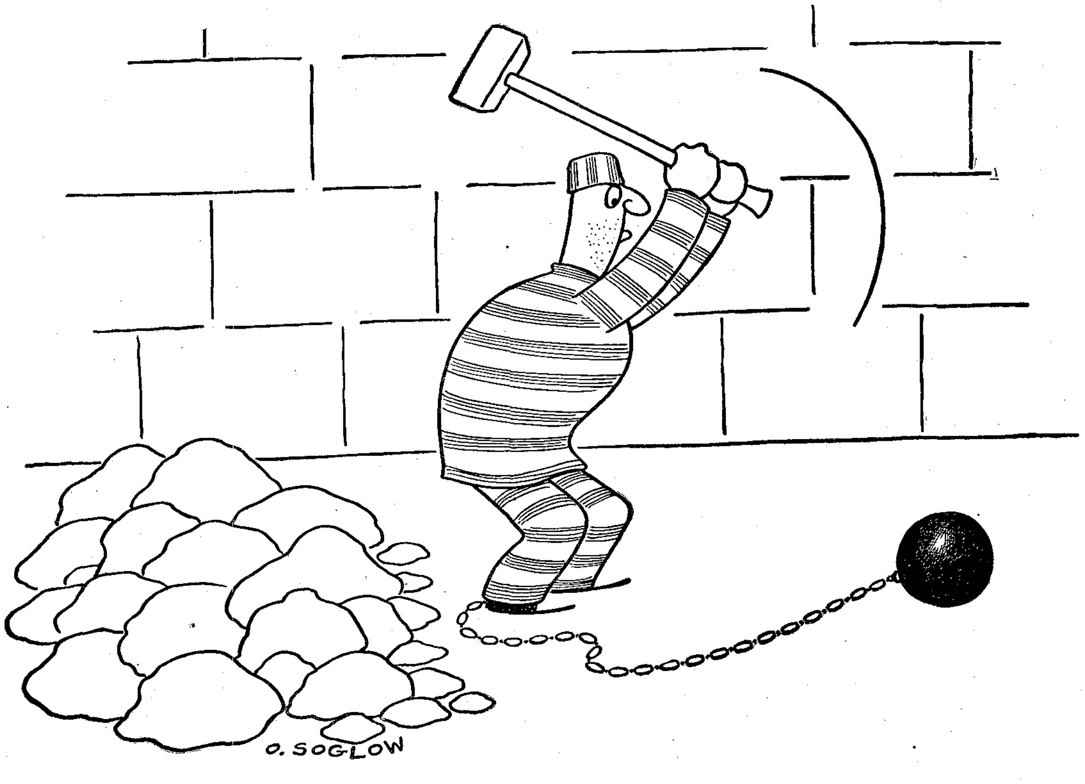
"You remember the day you sassed him?" said Emily.

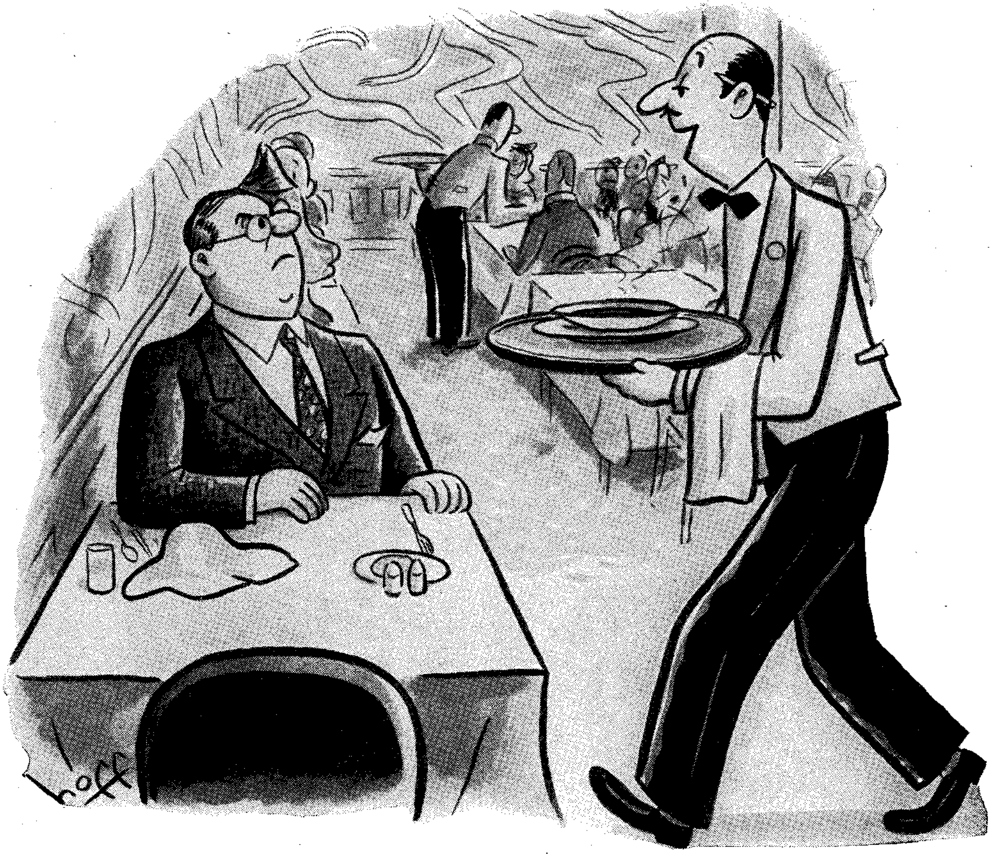
"I never!" I exclaimed, aghast. "I never did sass Mr. Ferris!"

Well, Emily would help me to remember. I did remember, did I not, that Sunday last September when, hearing that Mr. Ferris and his friends were to play polo on his private polo field, Jack and I, thinking there might be a big crowd there to watch the rich men at their sport, had got permission from the owner of the popcorn stand to wheel it down from the park, through the town, and up the other hill to the grassy grounds beside the hotel?

DID I remember! Jack and I, dreaming of hundreds of dimes, had got up at five o'clock that morning to start our laborious trip, so that we would not be seen and criticized by people going to church. We had no way to brake the machine, and a couple of times, in steep places, it had almost got away from us. There had been times when we thought we would have to abandon it in the middle of the street and get our father to take it back to the pavilion in his pickup, and we were on the verge of collapse from thirst and pain by the time we got to the courthouse and drank from the public fountain there and lay down for a while on the lawn. But we were strong and we needed the money, and though it took us four full hours, we made it, with pounding hearts and blistered hands and aching legs, long before even the Sunday schools began. We were eyed curiously by people reading the *Rocky Mountain News* on their front porches, but no one questioned our right to do so outlandish a thing on a Sunday morning, and the only person who spoke to us was the deputy fire marshal, who warned us to make sure the stoppers for our kerosene cans were in tight and then smiled at us and said, "I hope you strike it rich, you kids."

We were accompanied by our dog, Reddy, half collie and half Saint Bernard, a companionable and fatuous animal, who had been given us, when he was a puppy, by a paroled convict who ran a diner on the road to Canon City. A few weeks earlier, Reddy had come home from a two-day vacation in the mountains so encrusted with burrs and ticks that our father had barbered him like a





"You were right, sir. It was dishwater. The chef regrets the error."

poodle, leaving only his great, tawny ruff and his foxy tail. Jack and I thought he looked like a lion, but Emily said he looked like a fool and she, personally, was ashamed to be seen with him in public.

We stationed our popcorn stand under a cottonwood tree behind the spectators' bleachers, and then Jack and Reddy and I sat down in the shade to wait for Mr. Ferris and his friends to bring their horses out. The rich people in the hotel must all be late sleepers, we guessed, for we did not see a soul in the patios or on the verandas, or even any of the help, except a couple of grooms by the door of the stable, sitting on their heels for all the world as if they were Westerners. We had read about the polo game in the society column of the paper, and we knew that it was going to start at noon, for the snobbish woman who wrote the column had said that "Mr. Ferris and his socially prominent friends will disport themselves at high noon, after which they will join their ladies at a gala luncheon to close the summer season." So when we heard the bell in Mr. Ferris's aunt's church ring half past eleven, we started our kerosene burners and began to pop the corn and melt the Nucoa.

The day was so pretty, so red-and-gold crisp, and the smell of the popcorn was so delicious, and we were so happy to think of the money we were going to make, so happy to think of school beginning, so pleased with our flattering dog, that it never once occurred to Jack and me that Mr. Ferris might not like our coming here without asking leave. Consequently, we were utterly flabbergasted when a skinny, red-haired man in imitation Levis walked briskly over to us from the stable, where we had seen him talking to the grooms, and shouted, "Clear out, and step on it!"

Reddy wagged his tail, for Reddy was the kind of dog who would help the burglar find the spoons. But Jack looked this tall Yankee man coolly in the eye and said, "Why should we? It's a free country."

"Not this polo field, it isn't, Buster," said the man, whose bloodshot eyes looked as dry as if he had not been to sleep for a week. "Now, you take the ozone before the big shot finds you here."

"Who said?" asked Jack, his voice still cocky, although I could tell that he was beginning to lose his nerve.

"*I* said," replied the man. "You get this junk off Mr. Ferris's property, starting now."

"Hell's bells," said Jack to me, and we both looked sadly at the glass box where the popcorn was snowily piled up like countless tiny clouds. To the man he said, in a more conciliatory voice, "How do you know the people won't want popcorn while they're watching the game?"

"Look, Skeezix," said the man as he reached in through the glass door of the machine and took a handful of our own popcorn, "somebody must of given you a bum steer. Did you think this game was for the hoi polloi? Did you think Mr. Ferris and his big-shot friends want a lot of local yokels rubbernecking around here eating five-cent popcorn?"

"It costs ten cents," I said.

"The paper said—" Jack began, and then, seeing the man deliberately pour melted margarine over a handful of popcorn, he got sore again. He slammed and latched the door, and he said, "Who are you calling a local yokel? You cheesy dudes, you think you're Mr. God. Whyn't you go back to New York City if you're so stuckup?"

"Like you said, it's a free country." The man was smiling now, with an odious look of superiority on his face, and, glancing down at Reddy, who was still trying to make friends with him, he burst into laughter. "What kind of a dog is that?" he said. "Is that a Colorado lion hound? There's one dog that don't take any pride in his personal appearance."

Our doormat of a dog just stood there, grinning and taking the slander as his just due. I knew that Jack was boiling, but we both knew we were defeated, and, scowling, our lower lips thrust out, we started to roll the machine back the way we had come. Jack growled, "Outa my way, you sissy horse wrangler."

The man chuckled and turned away. At the door of the stable, he rejoined the two grooms and he pointed to Reddy and we heard him say, "It's called a Rocky Mountain stagecoach dog," and all of them laughed. When we got to the end of the hotel driveway and the popcorn stand was on the town road, Jack stopped and ran back a little way, and he shook his fists and yelled, "The only good dude is a dead dude!"

Now that we were almost out of that hostile region, I grew courageous and I piped shrilly, "Dudes! Dudes! You dudes go back to New York City!"

Just then, I saw the sportsmen come around the corner of the stable, Mr. Ferris, a tall, dark man, in the lead. They were all dressed in spotless riding trousers and expensive boots, short-sleeved white shirts, and rakish polo helmets. They looked at Jack and me with a kind of scientific curiosity, and one of them shaded his eyes against the sun to get a better view. Reddy, who would kiss the foot of his worst enemy, ran up to the group of men, and when the horse wrangler repeated his snide joke, they all burst into peals of laughter.

I called to our dumb dog. I cried, "Here, Reddy! Get away from those dudes!" Reddy came running, and the men laughed even harder as Jack and I, our faces burning, started our humiliating retreat.

SO in a sense it was true that I had sassed Mr. Ferris, but how did Emily know? Jack and I had been too ashamed and sick at heart to tell anyone what had happened. Had Emily been lurking around somewhere, spying and eavesdropping? For a second, my alarm gave way to indignation. How had Mr. Ferris found out who I was? From that distance, I must have looked like any old town kid; you couldn't even tell, except up close, whether I was a boy or a girl, because my hair was cut short and I wore overalls and one of Jack's outgrown shirts. And why had he taken a scunner to me and not to Jack?

I did not ask Emily any of these questions. When I had admitted that I did remember all about that day, she told me that Mr. Ferris, immediately after the polo game was over, had started laying his nefarious plans. He had set a bunch of private detectives on my trail, and in short order they found that I spent a great deal of time in the vicinity of this particular boulder. "Did you know that simply troops of plainclothesmen have been following you around for months?" asked Emily, and my knees shook so that I would have fallen into the creek if she hadn't been holding me. So then Mr. Ferris bought the rock, and he had his scientists imbue it with gentian violet ("You see now why it's called the Violet Rock?"), which was a special kind of lethal gas that was released only at twilight and would kill only me. The reason for this last was that one of the scientists had come onto the sleeping porch one night and taken a drop of blood out of my finger and had mixed it up with the poisonous things in their laboratory, and the gas, with some sort of magic intelligence, had known thereafter (and would know forever, said Emily) when I was in the neighborhood. It was only by the grace of God that I had not been felled like a rat tonight, she said, and she was, as a matter of fact, quite perplexed (though very *glad*, she assured me, giving me a spuriously loving hug), and imagined that it had something to do with my having just got over chicken pox.

When we got out of the park, I started to cry again, this time with relief at seeing the street lights on and lights in the houses all down through the valley. But I still had many eggs to walk on, for Emily told me that Mr. Ferris had also had the horse tombstones treated in the same way, and actually even more virulently, so that I must hold my breath and keep my eyes closed as we walked the long block where stood the haunted house and its spook-thronged garden.

Oh, I can tell you I was glad to see the smoke of our chimney and the bright windows of our house! My father was reading the paper, and my mother was cooking supper, and Jack and Stella were playing mah-jongg in the living room. "Remember, not a word to anyone," whispered Emily as we came up on the porch and I could see these comforting, humdrum sights through the windows. "And also remember, Tessdoll, don't ever go near the Violet Rock at sundown. As a matter of fact, if I were you, I'd never go near it at any time, because you can't tell what a true-blue scalawag like Mr. Ferris may plan to do next."

The minute I entered the house and fully took in the fact that Jack and Stella were playing a game instead of doing homework, I realized why no other children had been out on the mesa, for today was Friday and no one would want to bring to school pasqueflowers that had been wilting all weekend. And the other people we might have encountered had, I deduced, been occupied downtown, for the headline in the evening paper said, "BIG TURNOUT FOR NATIONAL GUARD PARADE TODAY." But this was thin consolation to me, who had upon my shoulders a terrible worry; all through supper and all through the evening, Emily would catch my eye and put her finger to her lips and solemnly shake her head.

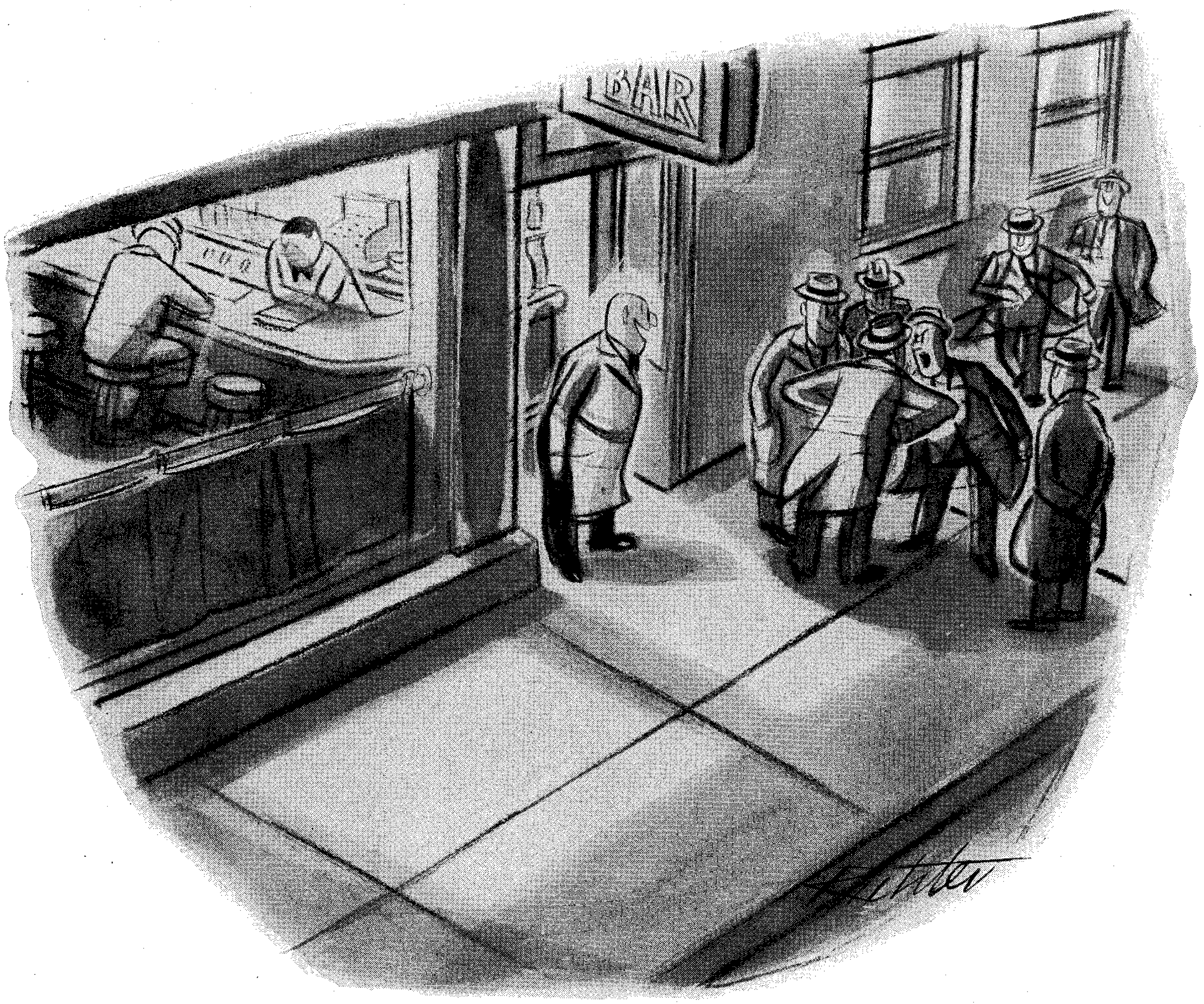
For a week, I did not go near the park, and this abstention was hard to explain to my friends, for the season of outdoor games was in full swing. They were skeptical and then annoyed, feeling that I was giving myself airs when I would not join them after school and said I would rather stay at home and read. My mother, who liked to have the house to herself and who warmly welcomed spring, when we stayed out-of-doors, tried to shoo me off the window seat, but I would not go. I would sit there with a moony look on my face, and whenever she came into the room, I would pretend to be so absorbed in my book that I did not even hear her. I could no longer use the short cut to school through the grounds of the haunted house, and I got three tardy marks on my otherwise perfect attendance record. Two nights in a row, I walked in my sleep. I wanted to consult with Emily, but she had made up with her friends and with Stella again, and they were busy rehearsing for a play that Emily had written and in which she played the role of a gypsy queen. And there was, of course, no one else that I dared talk to, since if I did, that even more hideous thing than the guillotine would happen to me.

My dilemma became desperate, for my parents and Jack and Stella began speaking of my queer behavior. My mother feared that I was sick; the others less charitably suspected that I had stolen something or had cheated in a spelling test.

ONE night, just a week after I had learned about the curse upon me, I heard my father saying to my mother, "I'm going to get to the bottom of this." I knew from experience that if he set his mind to it, he would worm the whole thing out of me, and then my life would not be worth a red cent.

So I decided that the only thing to do was to go directly to Mr. Ferris, abase myself, and apologize for calling him a dude. I had a restless night that night, dreaming fantastically, and dreaming that I dreamed, and when I finally got up, at the first light, my bed looked as if a dozen people had slept in it. Noiselessly I dressed, not in my blue jeans but in a red tissue-gingham dress trimmed with rickrack, and noiselessly I let myself out of the house, so stealthily that not even Reddy heard me. It was the loveliest morning imaginable, which even I, with my heavy heart, could see. The mountain range was ruby in the sunrise, and the summit snows were the color of pale-pink petals; I knew that by now the pasqueflowers were thick in the foothills (a boy in Stella's grade had won the pencil box two days before); Jack had already had a wood tick; and it had said in the paper that the snowdrops were up in the sanitarium grounds. Soon now, spring housecleaning would begin all over town and everywhere there would be the sound of rug beaters.

As I went up the drive of the Gold



"Would you gentlemen care to settle your argument inside?"

Palace Hotel, I heard a meadow lark and I stopped to look around for him. As I did so, I saw a man leading a palomino out of the stable, and the beauties of this spring day receded to give way to the maiming details of that other day in the fall. For the first time, it occurred to me to wonder how on earth I, a girl in the third grade, could ever get through his phalanxes of servants to Mr. Ferris. On the other hand, I was clearly important to him, since he had gone to so much trouble to put the hex on me. I looked at the Spanish façade of the hotel, and tried to guess which were the windows of the laboratory where the scientists had made the gentian-violet gas; it was possible that at this very moment they were watching me through spyglasses, and at the thought I started to turn away. I would write Mr. Ferris a letter instead.

But I did not want to be cross-examined by my father, and, besides, the Brownies were having a wiener roast in the park that day and I wanted to go. I walked on up the drive slowly, and as I went over toward the polo field, I was barely moving; I meant to give the man with the horse a message to take to Mr. Ferris, to say that I would like to speak to him about an urgent matter.

I was concentrating so closely on my speech that I did not notice until I was upon him that the man was watching my approach, one hand resting lightly on the saddle, the other fondling an unlighted pipe. When I did look up and did focus on him, I saw that the smiling face belonged to Mr. Ferris himself, and I stubbed my toe on a rock and lunged forward so sharply that the blond mare shied a little.

"Well, good morning," said Mr. Ferris pleasantly. I knew that his manner was hypocritical and that I would have to watch my step. "Since we seem to be the only two early birds around, we'd better introduce ourselves. My name is Ferris, Norman Ferris. What's yours?"

He perfectly well knew my name, but I saw at once that it would be wise to humor him, and so I said, "Tess Vanderpool."

"Vanderpool?" he repeated. "Do we have guests named Vanderpool? Or did you just arrive?"

"I'm not no guest," I said, and blushed hotly at my double negative. "My father runs the Safeway."

"He runs the safe way? Well, there's a prudent man for you!" He laughed out loud, and I could tell, although I did not understand what he meant, that he was ridiculing me. But I swallowed my pride and said nothing. "Doesn't that mean that your father misses much of the richness of life? Doesn't he ever kick over the traces and take a side trip on the dangerous way?"

I was baffled and ready to take to

my heels, but I was irritated, too, by his teasing. "Mr. Ferris," I said, licking my papery lips, "I came to apologize."

Mr. Ferris was extremely handsome, I had to admit, much as I hated him. And he was a consummate actor, for now, just after he had so meanly made fun of me with obscure, grown-up words, his face became serious, as if he were an honest man. He took his hand off the saddle and slapped the horse on the rump, sending her away, and then he squatted down on his heels, and as he began to fill his pipe, he looked at me solicitously and he said, "Why, Tess, I really didn't give it a second thought. It *is* to me you want to apologize, isn't it?"

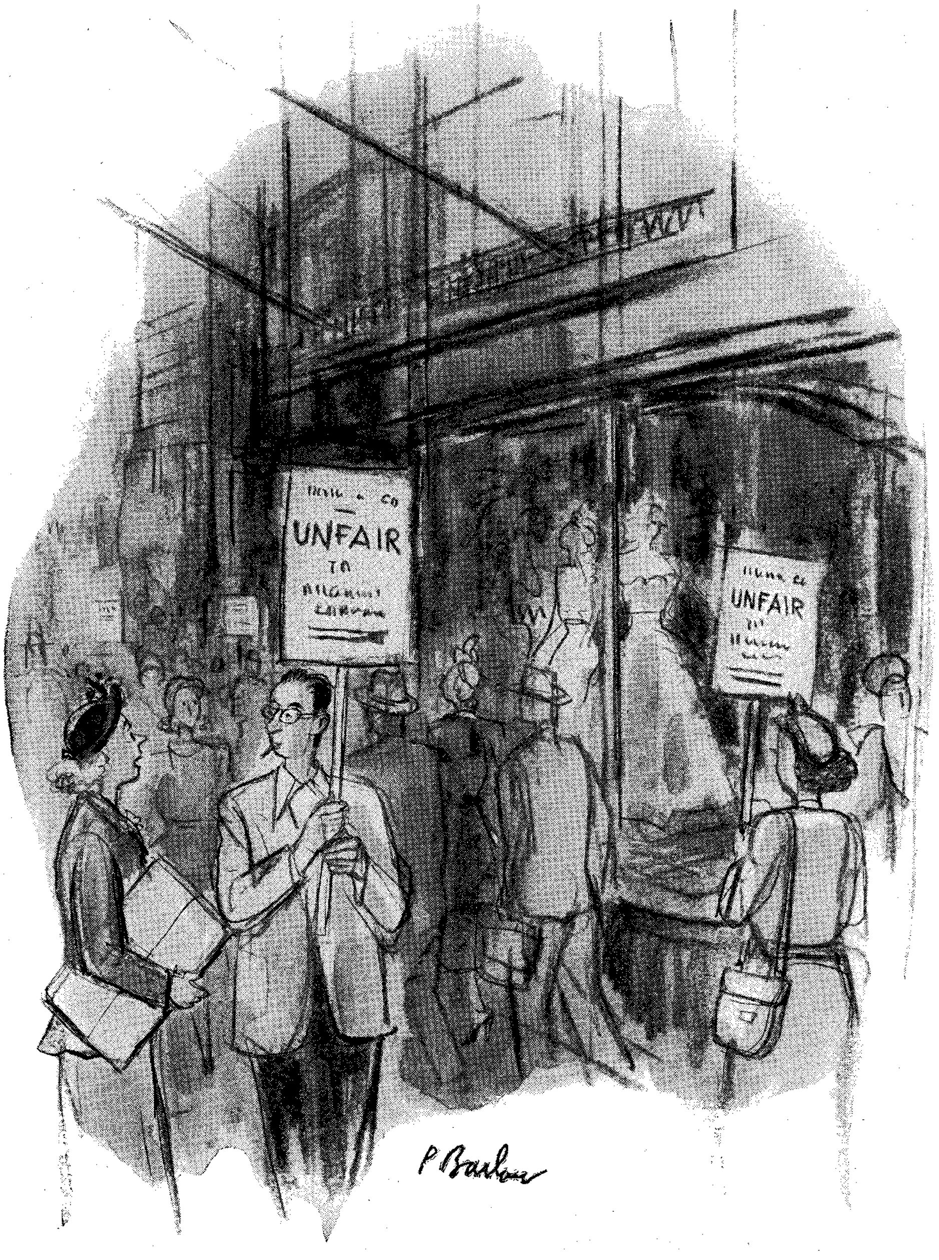
"Oh, yes, Mr. Ferris," I said. I could feel the tears gathering into a clod in my throat. "I wouldn't have called you a dude if you hadn't made fun of Reddy."

"That was pretty low, I admit," said Mr. Ferris, bending intently over his pipe. "How long ago was it that all this happened? I seem to forget."

"It was in September. The Sunday before Labor Day."

"So long ago as that? Good Lord, time flies! Well, Tess, I think it's about time we buried the hatchet, don't you?" He looked me straight in the eye, with such sincerity and friendliness that it was hard to believe he had wanted to asphyxiate me. "I'm sorry I laughed at what-you-may-call-it, and now that you're sorry you called me a dude, we can be friends—what?" He put his pipe in his mouth and stretched out his hand for me to shake.

But he was not going to pull the wool over my eyes with his becks and smiles.



"Is it all right if I just go in to get my money back?"

"Yes, but will you take the spell off me?"

"Hold on a minute, Tess," said Mr. Ferris. He tried to put his arm around my shoulder, but I slipped away from him. "Who told you about the spell?"

"Emily. My sister Emily Vanderpool."

"Did she have her facts right? I think that to have the record straight you'd better tell me what she said."

I told him. From time to time, he nodded, and occasionally he said, "Right," or "Check." And frequently he coughed, making me wonder if Mr. Ferris, like so many Easterners (not even privately did I use the word "dude" now), had tuberculosis.

When I had finished, he said, "You've been pretty convincing, young lady. I think that in your case I went to extremes out of all proportion to your misdemeanor, and I am going to put a stop to the spell right now. I'm going up to the laboratories and tell my head sorcerer to switch off the gas both at the Violet Rock and at those tombstones."

Now I would shake hands with him and, for a moment, even let him put his arm around me. He gave me a quick hug and then stood up. "I'll just have a ten-minute canter on Pearl, here, and then go in and give the order. O.K.?" He knocked out his pipe, and put his fingers in the corners of his mouth and whistled for the mare, who came as obediently as a dog. "We ought to put a seal on this truce," said Mr. Ferris, and he took a silver dollar out of his pocket. "You keep this as your lucky piece," he told me. "But don't you tell Emily you have it. This is the sign that the Violet Rock is now the safe way for you."

I took the dollar, and Mr. Ferris and I exchanged a warm, new-friends look; then, as he turned to mount his horse, he said, "I'll be interested to know what ever becomes of Emily."

I did not know what he meant and I did not have a chance to ask him, for, waving to me and smiling broadly, he ran the horse into the paddock; under the fresh sun, her golden hide and her silvery mane and tail gleamed like metal, as bright, nearly, as the dollar that already was making the palm of my hand wet.

—Jean Stafford

•

THE OLD PRELATE

God's House such decades has been his
To tend, through fortune or disaster,
He half forgets now which he is—
Custodian or Master.

—Phyllis McGinley

PROFILES

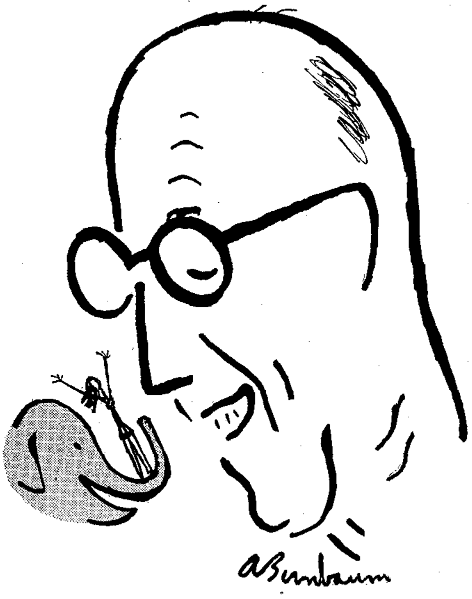
BOSS OF THE KINKERS—II

IN his job as boss of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus personnel, Pat Valdo gives particular counsel to the clowns. He was a famous clown himself, and he knows what he's talking about. The Big Show carries an average of a hundred clowns, of all the standard varieties, and the business of keeping them spotted and moving is perhaps more complicated than any other phase of circus production. Contrary to popular belief, as fostered by fictioneers, clowns are not addicted to tears, are far from melancholy, and do not live in thick makeup in order to protect some guilty secret of their past. Rather, the reverse is true. Most clowns are fun-loving, happy in their work, and anxious to be recognizable both in motley and in mufti. It is hard to keep them from continuing to clown in their dressing tents, and of late years the noise of collapsing furniture and separating canvas has aged Valdo appreciably. A favorite recreation is making a sort of basketball out of Prince Paul, a dwarf clown, who enjoys roughhousing but prefers a form wherein he strikes the larger clowns with lumber.

When Valdo thinks that the big-top clowning is dull and wishes to build a new act, he confers with his head "producing clown," Paul Jung, and together they begin a game of shuttlecock with comedy ideas. A producing clown is one who has the knack of dreaming up absurd situations, and the props with which to implement them. Maybe the result of their conference will be a two-clown "skin act"—joining the front end of a giraffe, say, to the hindquarters of a camel—or a variation on some other old and tried gag. (Valdo enjoys placing camels, or any part thereof, in ignominious positions, because they treated him so shabbily when he was clowning in his youth. For years, he was obliged to ride camels in the "spec," or grand spectacle, and they not only bucked him off and kicked him but spat on him with great accuracy. He seldom got the same mount twice, and he felt that, in accordance with some mysterious code of the East, each new camel tried to outbuck, outkick, and outspit the one that had preceded it.) The elaboration of the good old gags never stops; however, to take one case, Valdo believes that by now nearly every conceivable twist has been given to the well-known fire-department act, which is one of many that he himself invented long ago. "We stuck a mule in it one year, and last season we had a bride and groom," he says. "But, to tell you the truth, I don't think people much care. They like the flames and the dingdonging and the running around, and I think they'd raise Cain if we took it out of the program."

When a new idea comes up for consideration, Valdo calls a clown meeting, much as newspapers hold editorial meetings. The pro and con opinions are heard, and usually some compromise or evolution of the gag is accepted. When fully assembled, the Ringling group offers an extraordinary collection of skills. A good many clowns are talented acrobats; others are acrobats of limited ability, having chosen clowning after an incapacitating accident during the performance of a physical specialty. As in the case of Valdo, a lot of clowns have also done juggling and wire walking, and additional staple exercises of circus or vaudeville life. Otto Griebling, for example, while adept at nearly everything clownish, is an expert at falls taken in such a way as to provoke laughter. It is difficult for people to deny that a man aiming a tremendous kick at somebody, missing, and landing flat on his back after a lift of about four feet is funny and enjoyable. It cheers an audience up, and reminds it that things could be worse.

Ringling's two hundred and fifty performers represent twenty-seven nationalities, but nearly all the clowns are American-born, perhaps because humor is less international than some of the other elements of the circus. An important part of Valdo's job is to fan the spark of genius that he may detect in some youngster with dreams of circus glory. In 1942, a clown with novel makeup and notions, who had been working with Ringling subsidiaries and in vaudeville, sent Valdo a wire blandly declaring that he was ripe for the big time. Having watched him carefully for several years, Valdo agreed, and hired him instantly. The sender of the telegram, Emmett Kelly, had created as a young cartoonist in Kansas a clown character so infectiously downtrodden that he was unable to drive it out of his mind. Encouraged by his mother, Kelly made a series of neighborhood-club appearances, which included "chalk talks," and then, in a display of rashness foreign to his section of Kansas, joined the Lackman Dog & Pony Show. In the years before he was taken up by Valdo, he progressed through Howe's Great London Circus (a well-known American outfit) and the John Robinson show to Sells-Floto, and, with the clown's customary penchant for branching out, began to double on the trapeze. Valdo, who spends a good deal of his time just outside the performers' entrance to the big top, seldom watches performances, but he stepped inside on the night of Kelly's first appearance with Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey. Kelly was dressed, as he is with the Big Show today, in a baggy brown suit of infinite tatters, large and leaky shoes, and a derby irretrievably lost to the world of fashion. His principal departure was his facial arrangement, which revolved around an expression so bedraggled and hopeless as to wring sympathy from a Hottentot. The line between horror and humor is immeasurably thin and mysterious. Kelly's condition, though *in extremis* in a worldly way, conveyed a faint awareness of financial improvements just around the corner, and the audience looked on with delight. He was carrying a board, a snaggle-tooth saw, and a greasy blueprint, and he seemed to have landed some interim work as a carpenter. However, the odds were quite plainly against him. Sitting down on a ring rim, he studied the blueprint; then he got up and tackled the board with his saw. The job didn't go. Kelly's baffled and lachrymose inspec-

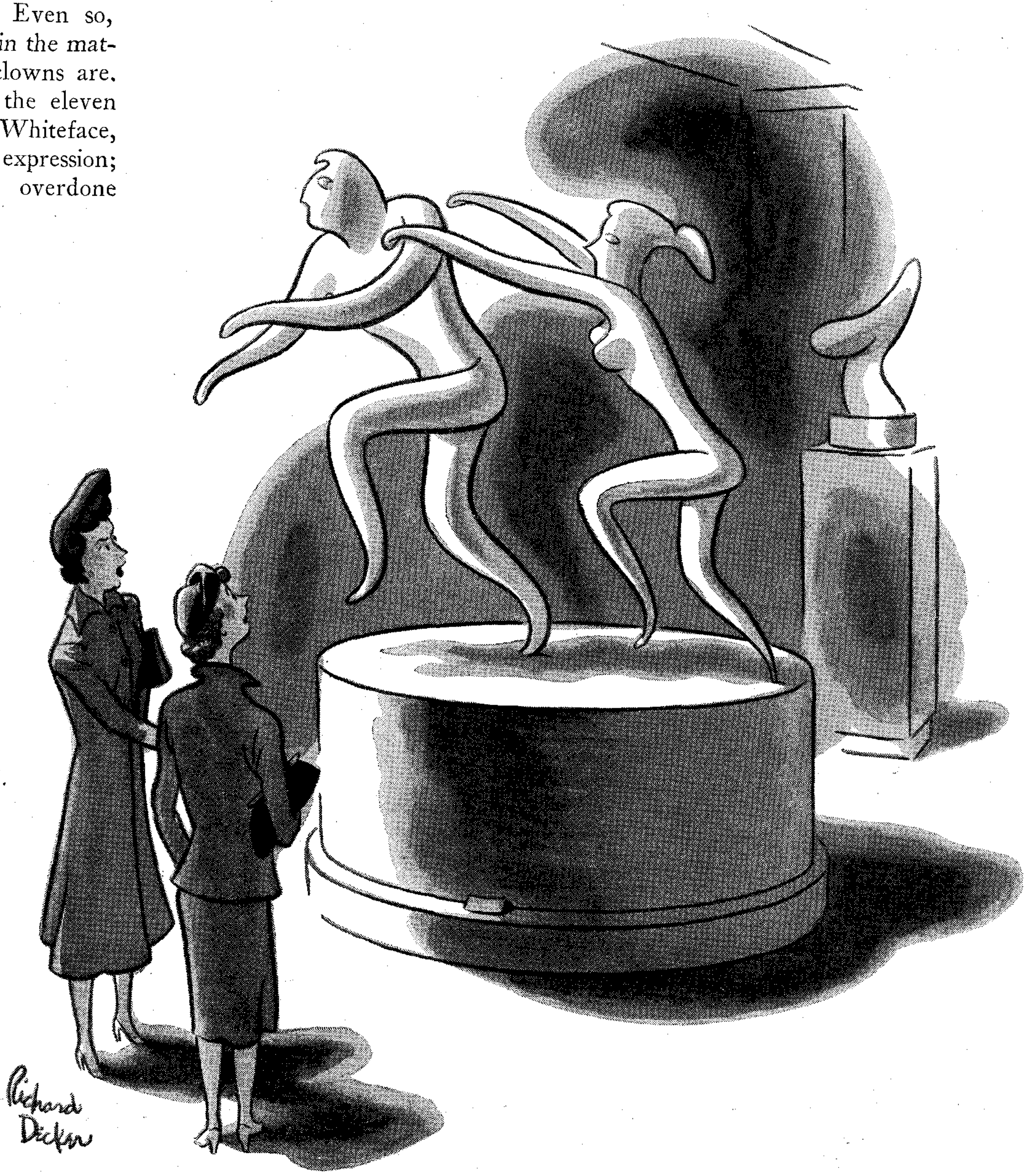


Pat Valdo

tion of the blade, which had upward of twelve teeth intact, convinced Valdo that he had selected a winner. From the start, Ringling crowds found Kelly's intimation of having been yanked down from a lofty position through circumstances beyond his control a rich source of nourishment. A high point of their pleasure came when he himself took nourishment, during what was apparently the lunch hour of his job, on which he had accomplished absolutely nothing. He sneaked a rusty cabbage out of the folds of his wretched coat, tucked a napkin under his chin with great finesse, and began to nibble in the anemic style of an inbred peer.

Like other artists, most clowns find it difficult to explain what they are doing, or trying to do. Both Valdo and Kelly are articulate on the subject of their craft and spend a lot of time in their off hours discussing its past, present, and probable future. Even so, they are not quite in accord in the matter of categories; no two clowns are. However, they agree that the eleven basic clown types are: (1) Whiteface, usually with a big, laughing expression; (2) Grotesque, with an overdone mouth, and splashes of makeup for eyebrows; (3) Tramp Clown; (4) Clown Policeman; (5) Slugger, such as an emphatically Irish clown; (6) Rube, usually a thin-faced fellow with chin whiskers; (7) Potbellied Clown; (8) Auguste, featuring a facial makeup of several contrasting colors; (9) Lady Clown; (10) Midget Clown; and (11) European Straight Clown, dressed in knee pants and a halter and playing the part of straight man in a two-clown act. In fixing on a roster of types, practically any clown is apt to add a new classification for some makeup eccentricity of his own. A survey of the Ringling clown stable once netted the following arresting list, which obviously defies detailed amplification: Funny Rustic, Female, Wit, Double Face, Motley Fool, Hot One, Grimaldi, Leon, Merry Andrew, Crackerjack, French Comique, Pierrot, Auguste or Silly Auguste, Harlequin, Bumpkin, Musical Clown, Elegant, Sunny Jim, Tumbling Pantaloon, Grimacer, Fat Boy, Odd Zany, Joker, Rooster Man, Character, Tramp, Neat, Punchinello, Riding Clown, Jim Crow, and Cascadeur.

Not very surprisingly, clowns feel fiercely protective about their makeup and costume inventions. The circus code forbids any plagiarism of these properties but is somewhat more lenient in the matter of gags. Clowns have been known to leave their "faces" to their families, in the manner of a business firm listing good will among its capital assets. The name of at least one classification—that of Auguste—was taken directly from the surname of a clown who was sufficiently novel to be honored without argument. The fellow himself, a European, flourished back in some indeterminate generation succeeding the Elizabethans, the jesters in whose dramas were supposedly the spiritual parents of today's circus clowns. Auguste was identified not so much by his garb as by his actions, which established the foundation for a familiar, still current brand of clowning. It was his inspiration to make himself helpful in the erection or removal of rigging for some act or other. Like dozens of clowns who have copied him, he sprinted into the melee of roustabouts with a look of terrible coöperation. Nodding his head, making signals of agreement with nobody, shouting advice, and lending a hand where it would do the least good, he was able so to complicate trivial jobs that the audience was enjoying the scene-changing more than any other part of the show. A good Auguste at work is a refreshing sight. Should a pair of roustabouts elect to shift an elephant tub, an Auguste not only will carry one side cheerfully but will stumble, trip up



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the roustabouts, impede the progress of a nearby horse act, and wind up *under* the tub. It was such a clown who originated the esteemed American trick of walking with a flat plank on the head and then suddenly reversing direction without reversing the plank. This particular clowning-juggling gem has been brought to its ultimate fruition by the vaudeville act called Willy, West & McGinty—three carpenters who swarm over a half-built-house set with dedicated lunacy. They manage to step into water buckets, sling putty down each other's trousers, keep the air dangerously filled with flying tools, and generally destroy the residence while never altering their pace even slightly. All is in pantomime, and always, somewhere on the set, one carpenter is hurrying across the stage with a head-borne plank, only to change his mind and perform a beautiful about-face, a genuinely thrilling piece of comedy timing. "The Augustes seem to be doing everything at once and are actually doing nothing," says Valdo. "It's busybody stuff—all fake."

When Kelly joins his fellow-clowns to "bust out" in the "walkaround"—the first mass entrance of clowns during a performance—he follows a studied pattern. First, he slouches here and there, getting the feel of the crowd. "I try to find a section that seems affectionate," he says. "For some reason, the various parts of a big circus audience have different reactions on the same night. Maybe it's something to do with there being three rings; each act probably leaves its watchers in a special frame of mind." Kelly's method of spotting interest is not listening for laughter but scanning faces for signs of attention. When people are looking at him, and nothing else, he begins to work, using whatever props he feels are suitable. Sometimes he can fix his following just by reaching in through an aged vent in a trouser leg and scratching his knee; again, he may be dragging a short, rickety ladder and decide to prop it up against the spectators' wall (if he is indoors), or (if the show is under canvas) against a horse, after which he will sweep off the horse with a broom. Ascending to the top, he ordinarily needs to do no more than look around helplessly—perhaps at his toothless saw, if he has it—and then at the nearby spectators. "You have to be very careful not to touch anybody—especially women," he says. "Even when they know you're only clowning, they may take a notion to stand on their rights and complain." When children become frightened, Kelly's panacea, and that of nearly all clowns, is to "work away from them." "Kids often dislike to have attention focussed on them," he says, "and they seem to be unusually sensitive in the midst of all the circus noise. Many are seeing it for the first time. Naturally, they're a little jumpy. Just work slowly *away*, and before you know it, a scared youngster will start to laugh again. It's like having somebody tell you a joke with his face right in yours, trying to force out a response. Nobody can relax and laugh in that condition."

Clowns alter their routines to fit factors like weather, geography, and current events. As the circus rolls on through the summer, the hot days plague the crowds. Both Kelly and Valdo think people are subconsciously resentful that clowns, or anyone else, can be engrossed in antics that have nothing to do with the critical subject of the weather. Kelly, in consequence, has two or three gags that reduce the bad situation to an absurdity. On *medium*-hot days, he will haul out a cake of ice and sit on it, with good results from his audience. On *very* hot days, oddly enough, he finds that building a little bonfire and warming his hands makes everybody loosen up and become genial. He features his saw and board more in New York and Boston than during the long subsequent tour of the nation. "The idea of construction, even ridiculous construction, seems to make more sense to people sitting in a building," he says. "Under canvas, I stress other gags." Out West, where the spaces are extensive, according to musical advices about the area, he finds that some commentary on riding—any kind of riding—strikes a responsive chord. In the spec, if an ornate wagon full of diamond-studded grandees swings around a curve to reveal the ragged Kelly perched in mournful anxiety on some projection of the back end, the spectators are pleased that he's managed to steal a lift. They also appreciate his facial suggestion that he knew all along he would never rise any farther up in the world than this.

"I'm always fishing, always fishing," Kelly says. "You never know. For example, the crowd acts funny if the stands are only partly filled. You select and discard. For most of the boys, the two standbys are probably surprise and destruction. The ten thousand variations on pulling a rabbit out of a hat will go over fine as long as there's clowning, and wanting to tear up something is as natural in the human breast

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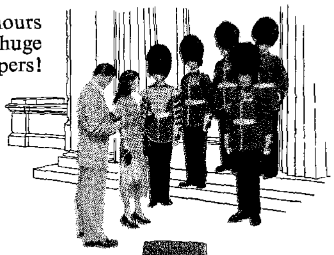

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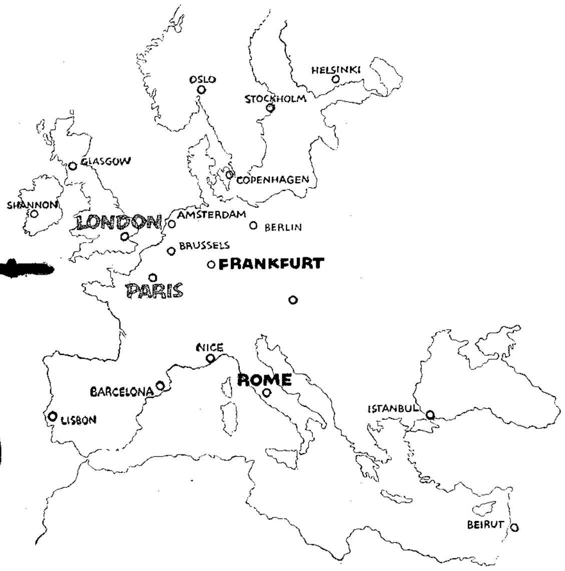

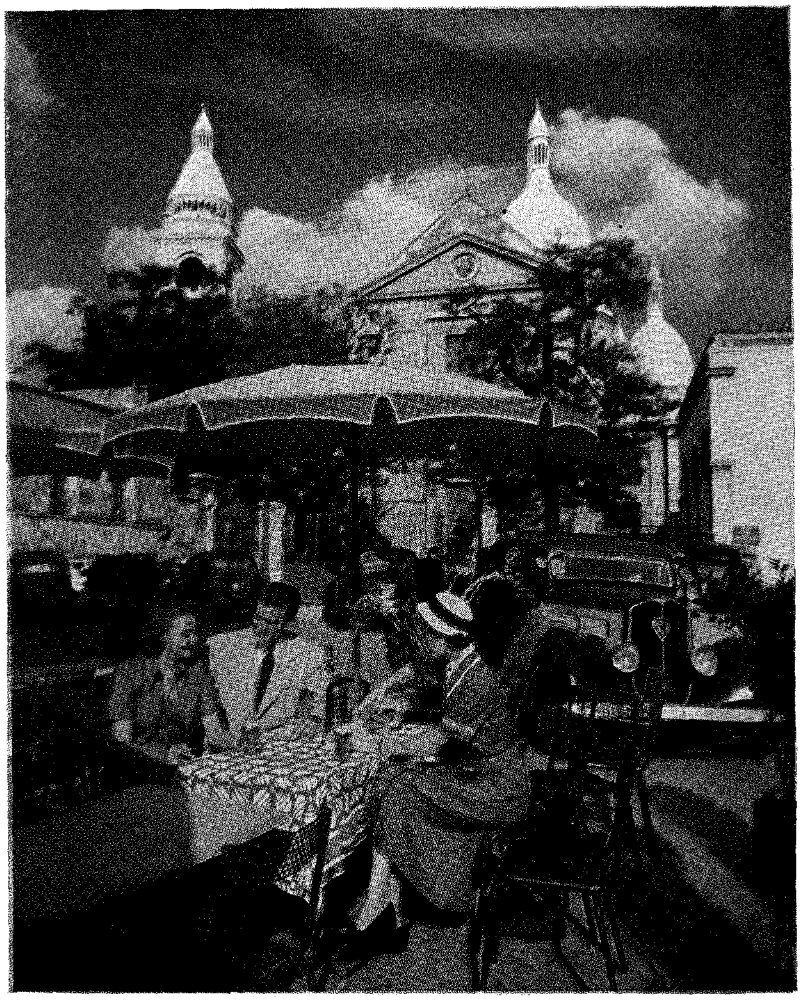

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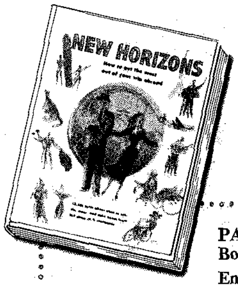

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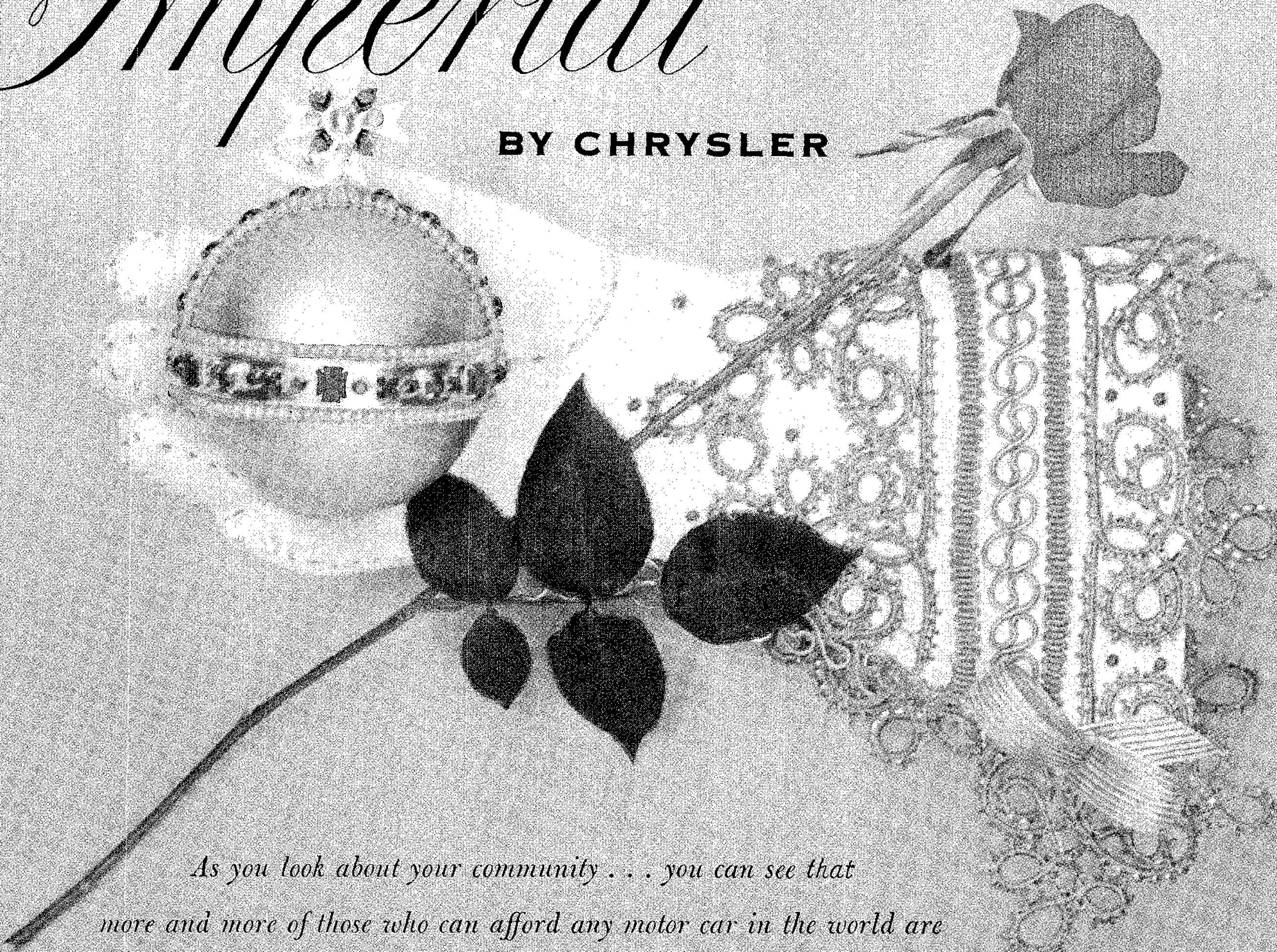

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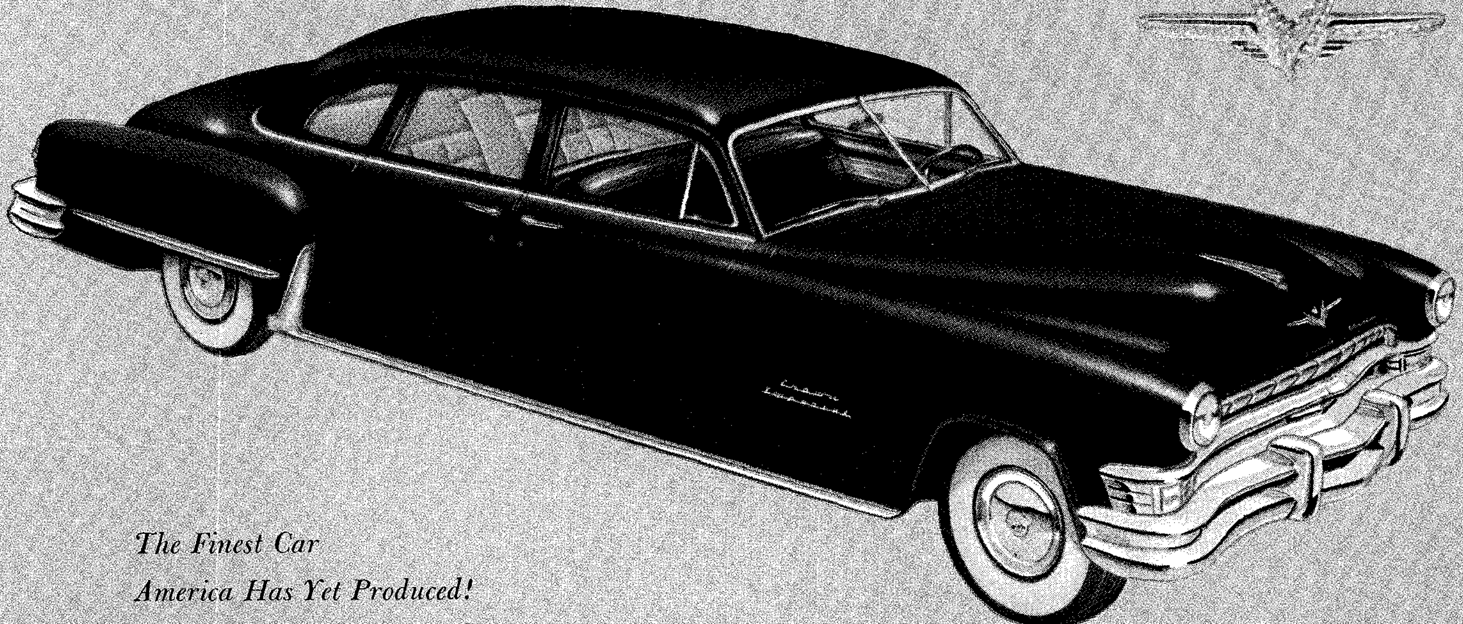

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as hunger. Destruction isn't exactly my line—fact is, I can't quite get anything *con*structed—but it's a big winner, just the same." Valdo and Paul Jung, the producing clown, keep destruction uppermost in mind when creating new acts. Years ago, while Valdo was working in a drugstore, he sacrificed his salary to the breakage of large bottles; he wonders today if the accidents were not influenced by some atavistic urge to rend and claw. He may have been, he believes, broken-bottle prone, as the psychiatrists have labelled this bypath of human behavior. "What's your first instinct when you see one of those big, glittering greenhouses?" he asks. "Very simple—you start looking around for a handy pile of rocks. Well, when we fix up a destruction act, we're providing an outlet for all those poor people who want to knock out greenhouse windows but don't. It's healthy. In a way, you might say we're practicing medicine."

A curious twist of clowning is that its practitioners take on permanent marks of the characters they've devised. Perhaps in fear of allowing his standards to sag, a rube clown may continue to act the part offstage, clinging to slightly rustic dress, a clodhopper stare, and hay-strewn speech. Clown policemen occasionally become so officious in later years that their neighbors avoid them as if shadowed by the M.V.D. At the Sarasota Hotel, where Kelly lives during the weeks he spends at Ringling's winter quarters, he is often to be seen sitting in a chair in the lobby and wearing a look of such empty desolation that aged visitors from the North point him out pityingly and talk about lending him money. Under the big top, his makeup is sufficiently grief-stricken not to require aids, but he nevertheless finds his mouth settling into the familiar beaten-up droop. He may well be stuck with the expression for life. "Emmett's a hell of a mournful-looking man anyplace you see him," Valdo says. "I think he's forgotten by now what his actual self is."

WHEN Valdo was a clown, he was perpetually busy with his hands, both making props and using them, and his hands are in constant motion today—riffling papers, searching through drawers, performing little feats of magic, and smoothing his clothes. He is as fidgety, circus people point out, as his wife, Laura, a former wire walker, is calm. Of the two, Mrs. Valdo has perhaps less right to an intact nervous system. Anyone who has spent the better part of twenty-five years walking a tight

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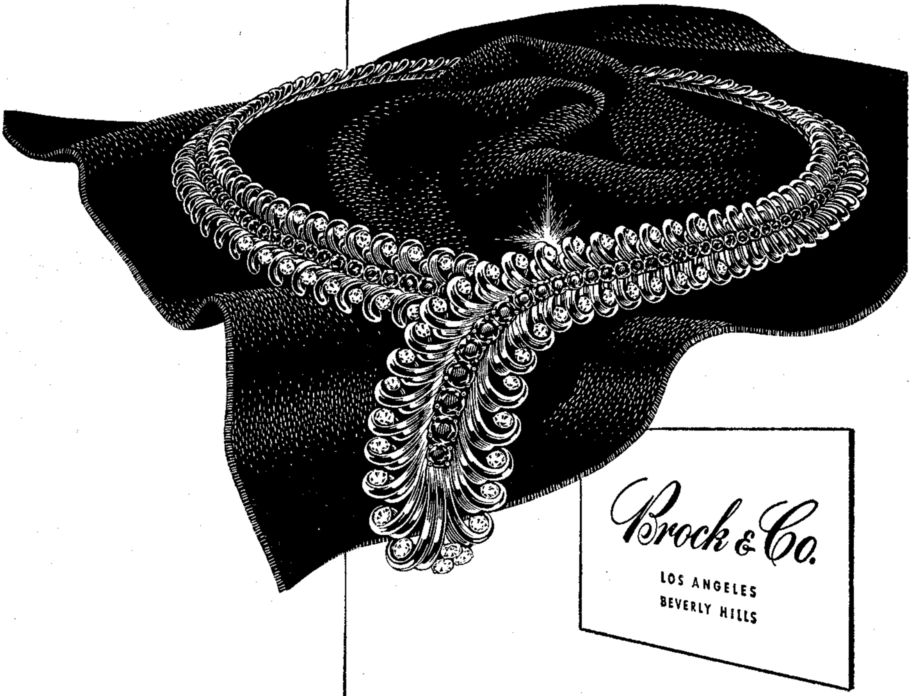

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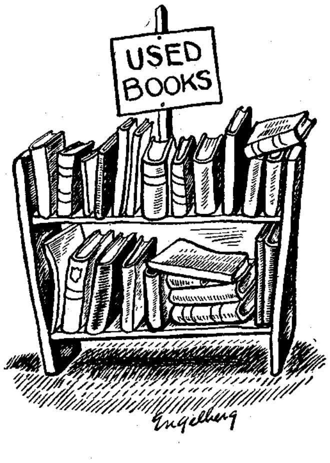
wire (or "rope dancing," as it was originally called) can reasonably expect to tense up a bit in the process. She herself was undisturbed by her strait-and-narrow way and is able to exert a sedative influence upon her husband after he has spent a harrowing day with the two hundred and fifty performers under his command. Circus people have always marvelled at the unaffected, childlike interest she retains in the circus. During shows, Mrs. Valdo is apt to slip unobtrusively into some vacant seat and look on with a wonder indistinguishable from that of the crowds around her. Although the wire walkers are her particular delight, she usually covers her face with her hands during the appearance of Harold Alzana, whose walk from the ground to the top of the tent via a slanting wire is indisputably the most hazardous circus act in existence. "He frightens me," she says. "When I was wire walking, we just did simple things. The accent was on trying to look nice—the costuming, and all that." It is agreed by Mrs. Valdo's friends that in the matter of artistic modesty she stands almost alone. Despite her reluctance to claim circus fame, she is remembered not only as a picturesque but as a skillful part of the program. "Laura was one of the handsomest girls Ringling's ever had," says Fred Bradna, the show's former equestrian director, or ringmaster. "She was hard-working, never caused anybody any trouble, and performed in the strictly disciplined style of all European circus families."

A brief study of Mrs. Valdo's girlhood throws light on the way circus children are reared. Her parents, Robert and Lucy Meers, wire walkers and bareback riders, travelled all over Europe with their family—it eventually included three daughters and two sons, as well as various uncles and cousins—playing vaudeville and circus engagements. Between seasons, Laura and her sisters attended Mme. Genée's Ballet



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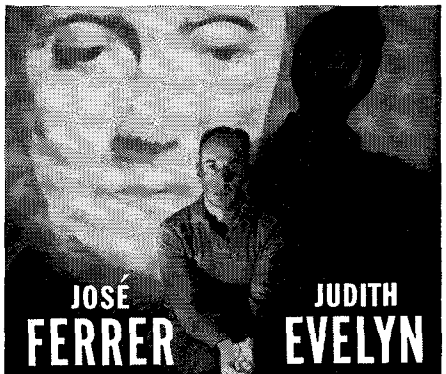
School in Vienna, the feeling in those days being that a preliminary grounding in ballet was essential for girls who aspired to go aloft, later, in a specialty such as wire walking or who leaned toward anything else theatrical. In off hours, both Meers and his wife laid into the children with schoolbooks, their zeal somewhat outstripping that of the garden-variety pedagogues. Circus families live in steady torment about their lack of ordinary, or cloistered, education, and go far to repair what they consider this breach in their cultural defenses. In the capitals of Europe, Meers took his children to the opera, the ballet, the theatre, museums, galleries, and lectures. His system of equipping his brood professionally was also conducted along fairly rigid lines. His patience with bungling was scant. "If we missed a trick three times, Papa would say, 'Well, it's obvious you can't do this one, so we'll forget it,' " says Mrs. Valdo. "Of course, the result was that we would slip around afterward and practice it so hard we'd get it down pat." When she was nine years old, she joined the family act, and soon got to be a child favorite in Europe.

In 1906, the Meers came to New York, appearing first at the old Hippodrome. Their success persuaded them to settle in America, and they began the round of circus and vaudeville engagements here that led, in 1910, to Laura's meeting with, and subsequent marriage to, Pat Valdo. A childhood of wire walking is not without vexations. In the first place, devotees of the art find that their feet hurt nearly all the time. The wire is almost knife-edged, and one must wear insubstantial shoes to "feel" it properly. "Papa had our shoes made out of some kind of soft skin like doeskin," Mrs. Valdo says, "and he was so particular about them that he sat beside the cobbler all the time they were being made, watching every stitch." The shoes must fit snugly, to avoid any slipping of the feet inside, and yet must allow the toes freedom to grope and steer. Meers, a decided man in most ways, was equally fussy about the wires he used. In America, he had them made at a mill in Worcester, Massachusetts, and it was his custom to stand nearby to prevent any efforts to apply heat to the steel. "All our wires were made of cold-drawn steel," says Mrs. Valdo. "Papa felt that heat left flaws and led to falls. He didn't like falls. When he unhooked a wire after a performance, if it didn't have enough spring to coil up quickly, he threw it away." Nearly any sort of fall from a wire—even a wire rigged



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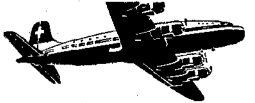

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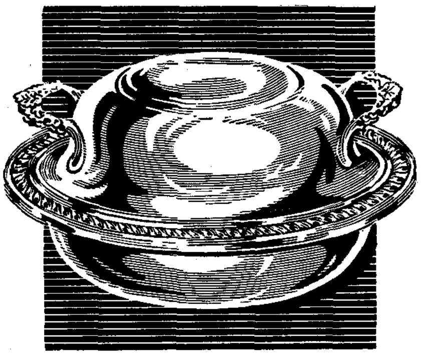
six feet above the ground, such as the Meers used—can be damaging. In addition to the rich catalogue of hurts that an artist can collect by tumbling to the earth from unusual angles, there are the cruel cuts that the wire itself can inflict.

As a result of Laura's successful attendance at Mme. Genée's Ballet School, her specialty in the family act was dancing on the wire. She was a great favorite everywhere. Wearing a red silk dress and a big picture hat, she did a cakewalk and several other steps of the period. The dramatic climax of her routine came when she did the Russian *kazotsky*, or squatting kickout, which usually brought down the house. Another popular number in her repertory involved her older sister, Ernestine; Laura stood on Ernestine's shoulders and together they crossed the wire in a "two high," a feat that clearly provides a generous opportunity for contusions. Meers championed the idea of crowding the wire with relatives, on the theory that it seemed more sociable and gave work to possible dependents. He was the first man in circus history to place two persons on the wire simultaneously. However, his daughter Laura preferred to walk alone and take fewer chances of being drawn into family mixups. She finally persuaded the others to let her sing while she worked. She became known in the circus world as an artist of icy calm. "I was never nervous about the audience," she says, "but I used to suffer a lot inside about how the other performers were taking my act. Most circus people perform for each other—the real critics—rather than for the crowds."

LAURA married Pat Valdo in 1914, when they were appearing, in separate acts, with Barnum & Bailey. In the years following, they joined forces in several kinds of acts, including wire walking, bareback riding, and boomerang throwing, and in 1929, when the combined Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus bought nearly all the smaller circuses for sale in America, Pat quit performing to assume the job of personnel director. Laura left the circus a few years later to take up the duties of a housewife. They bought a stucco bungalow on an outlying, palm-shaded street of Sarasota, and they still busy themselves with enhancing its décor during the weeks at winter quarters. Mrs. Valdo remembers the old days with a sort of detached fondness, unmingled with regret. For her the circus has become a spectator sport; she never tells strangers she had



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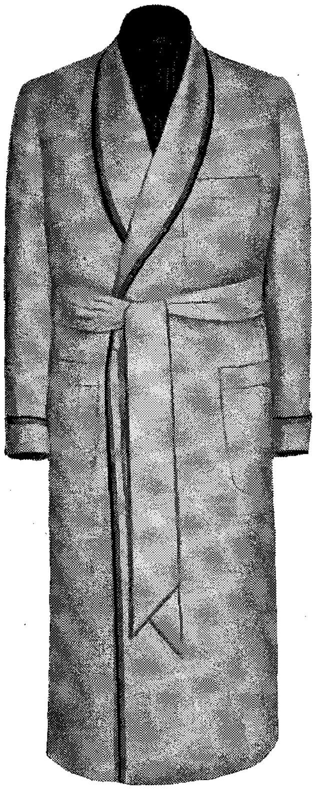
anything to do with it artistically. During her girlhood, she was too concerned with her own act to enjoy the circus as a whole; now she has as much fun at a performance as the average boy who's come in under the side walls.

Valdo, too, derives a certain satisfaction, if an abrasive one, from the circus, especially in the fevered days before it rolls out toward New York and the start of a new season. "The first few weeks at Sarasota, you think it's never going to happen," he says. "The program hasn't any shape, we're behind, everything's dragging—accidents, confusion, sick animals, and missing new hulligans, or performers from Europe—and then all of a sudden it begins to look like a show. To start it off, Johnny North, now the president and big boss of Ringling, usually thinks up a theme—this year it's 'The Good Old Times'—and we get together and talk it over: John; his brother Henry, who's vice-president; Art Concello, the general manager; Frank McClosky, manager; Willis Lawson, assistant manager; Bob Reynolds, superintendent of properties; and Lester Thomas, the chief engineer. Those boys know their way around a circus—all old-timers, every last one, even young John. His uncles, the Ringlings, had him working with the show as a candy butcher when he was twelve, and he used to travel in the bill car—the advertising car—when he wasn't off at Yale or somewhere.

"Well, John tells us what he's picked up on his annual trip to Europe. I did that job for three years—went everywhere looking for talent, Russia included. It was very depressing in Russia. John always has two or three fine new acts. He's the best scout this circus ever had, and I mean better than all four of his uncles put together. We take that theme of 'The Good Old Times' and hold it up and look at it. Somebody says, 'How about a cave-man scene—a big float with a lot of costume extravagances?' And we begin to make a list of units for the spec, together with how many people they'll need *and* what kind of props. For example, the cave-man idea went through, and during the next session I wrote down on the prop list, '1 cave-man's club, plush-covered and sequined, with jewel bones protruding from its sides and ends.' We hit on a Diogenes scene—a sort of topical allusion to honesty—that called for '1 gold-plated lantern with frosted-pink-glass sides and concealed light,' and then we decided to glorify a Zulu queen, who required '1 realistic ham bone.'

"Now we come to the personnel, and



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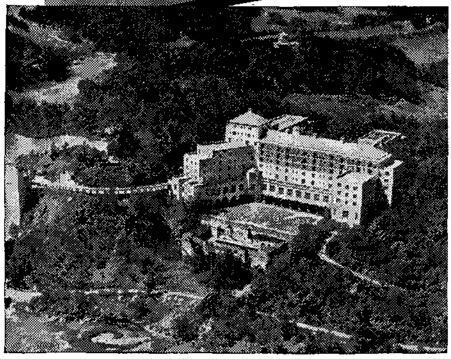

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that's where I catch it. Who-all's going to fit these parts? 'Who'll be Friar Tuck?' John North will say. 'Felix Adler,' I tell him. He's fat and funny, and an all-round first-rate clown. We suggest and discard, and finally we get the whole show cast, but it's a lot of trouble. I have to remember all kinds of things. I've got to shove in acrobats where there's some hopping around to be done on the ground, and keep tabs on everybody's specialties in general. Some of our showgirls are afraid to ride elephants. We had one fellow that was allergic to horsehair, and I had to keep him out of sneezing range. Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but when I call them in and tell them who's elected, there's a pretty lively amount of crabbing. Kinkers—the performers—aren't crazy about the spec, never have been. It's extra work, in a way. I haven't forgotten the misery I used to go through riding those camels. I sit here in my office and listen to complaints and objections. 'Why, Helen of Troy was a brunette. I'm a blonde,' a bareback rider told me the other day. 'Honey,' I said, 'we've got some researchers working on that, and if it's true, I'll provide you with a nice, clean wig.' In a week or so, after I've knocked a few more years off my life, we get everybody more or less satisfied and we take their measurements for costumes. This circus used to have its own wardrobe department, but Brooks Costume does it all up in New York now. Before we reach that point, though, Miles White, the New York designer, comes down here and makes a barrelful of sketches—floats, costumes, everything, some black-and-white, some in color—and we spend another week talking them over. The color stuff is tricky. You've got to keep the floats from clashing. A big purple job coming by right after a blue one would be a pretty sight, wouldn't it?

"Along about this stage, we begin to think maybe we're going to have a program. It's a fine feeling. Everybody relaxes a little. I hurry over to see the Red Sox in a few training games. I'm a baseball bug, and have been since I was a kid. Joe Cronin's a pal of mine; he used to come over here to quarters and loaf around, and I do some hanging out at the ballpark. Well, the atmosphere on the lot changes when we get the spec straightened out. The performers put on their practice clothes. The fliers get their tent and rig up, and Art Concello goes over to start them off. Art used to be the best flier of all, in my opinion. He says he never gave a damn about flying, but I notice he's always finding excuses

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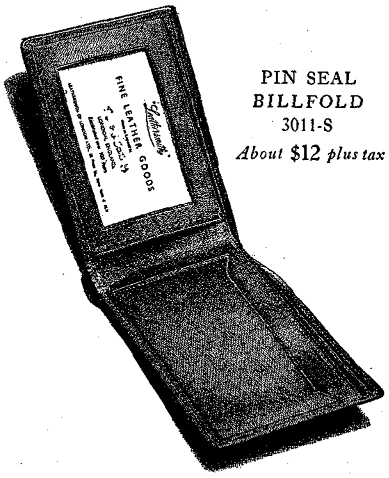

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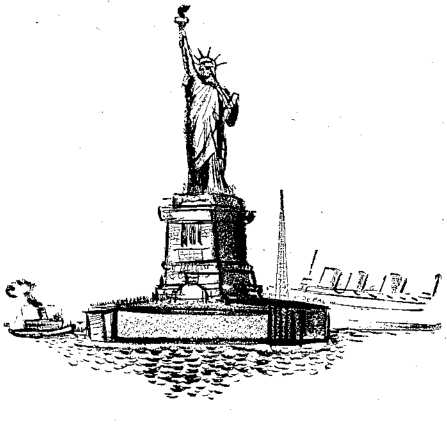
to drop into that flying tent. John wanted Art to fly and me to clown this year at the opening in Madison Square Garden, but I don't know. Once you've laid off, you don't get back so easy. Anyhow, I've got plenty to think about without that. It's fun here when everybody's working. I like to watch a good act in rehearsal. Ringling's is about the last stand in America for this kind of thing.

"I step over the lot, dropping into this tent and that. They're walking wires, and bouncing on the trampolins, and training the ring stock, and swinging on ladders, and doing iron-jaw stuff, and there's just a pleasant amount of dust—what the hell would a circus be without dust?—and things are comfortable. The animals have quieted down now. There's nothing a wild animal hates worse than uneasiness in the humans around him. When we swing into rehearsals, the elephants work better, the horses coöperate, and even the lions and tigers get halfway friendly. I cross the lot, and it seems like a good thing—about all I've known for fifty years anyway. Over here, the canvasmen are sitting around in a big circle sewing up rents, and over there the victorias and landaus for the spec are standing out in the sun drying—they've just been painted—and off by the cook tent our bandmaster, Merle Evans, is tuning up the calliope wagon. It's a pleasant sort of sound. Doc Henderson's walking toward the lion house looking a little pale. He's got to patch up a mean old cat that got scruffed up in a row yesterday, and he's scared. Doc's a Texas horse man, and he has to kick himself into a lion cage. Well, it's coming together. We'll have a show. The pieces fall in place pretty fast toward the end. But here's something funny—after getting good and relaxed, we tighten up even worse. The last day's come, and, boy, what a scramble! When they start making up the trains, we get the last-minute shivers. Can it be



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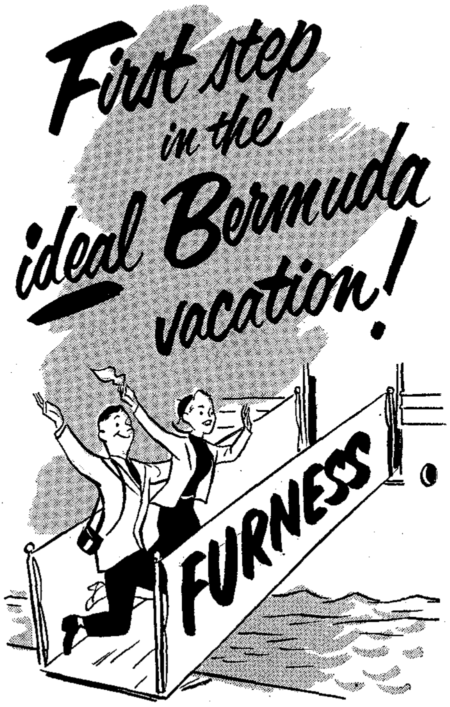
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done? It looks doubtful. Breakdowns, and tempers cracking. And then, along about sundown, everything's O.K. The word goes over the lot: 'We're ready to roll. Johnny North says to take out the first section just before midnight.' It's a new season. We're off trouping again." —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Valdo.*)

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30 30 THIRTIES

—PETER DUFAULT

•

He is going up and down here in Nebraska asking people to support him with the modest, almost self-defacing manner that sits so oddly on a politician.—*Marquis Childs in the Post.*

Looky! That's where his nose used to be!

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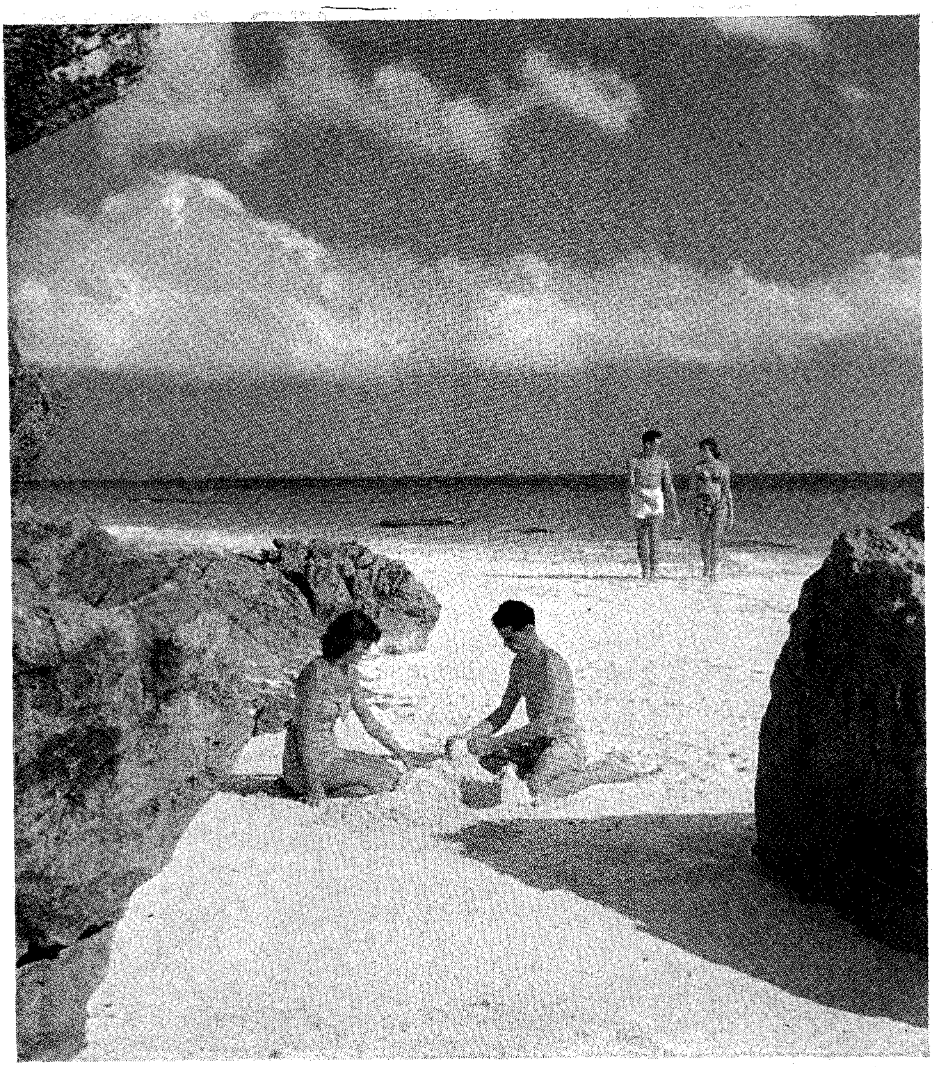

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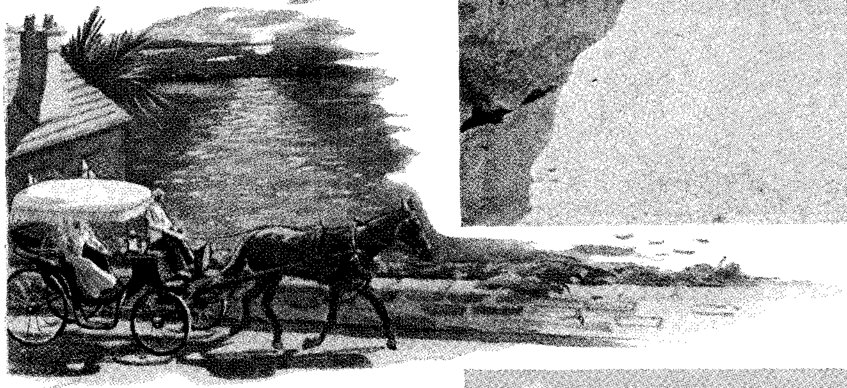

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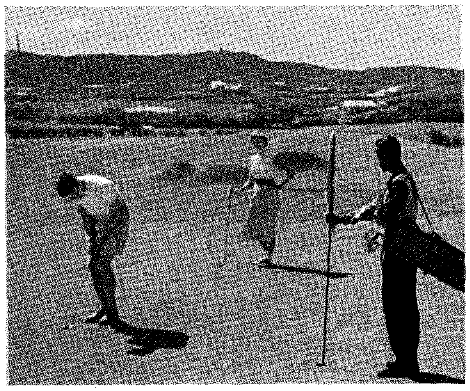

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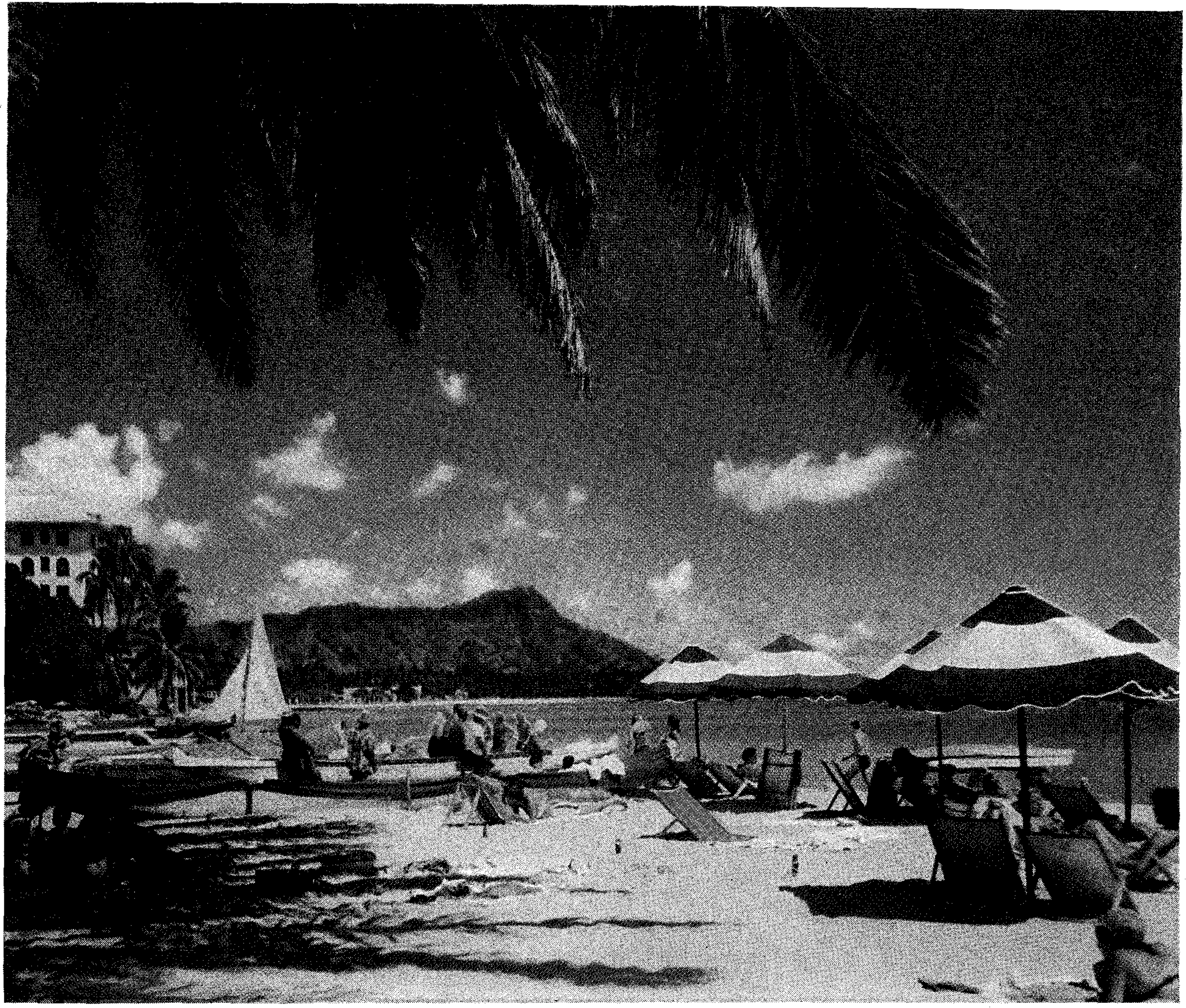

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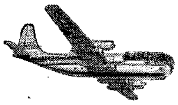

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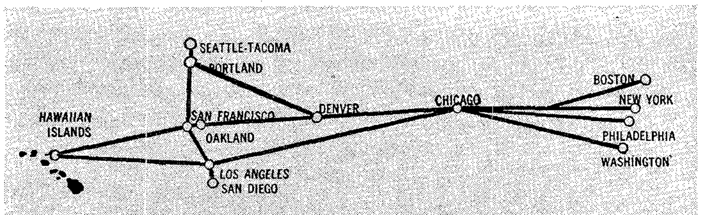
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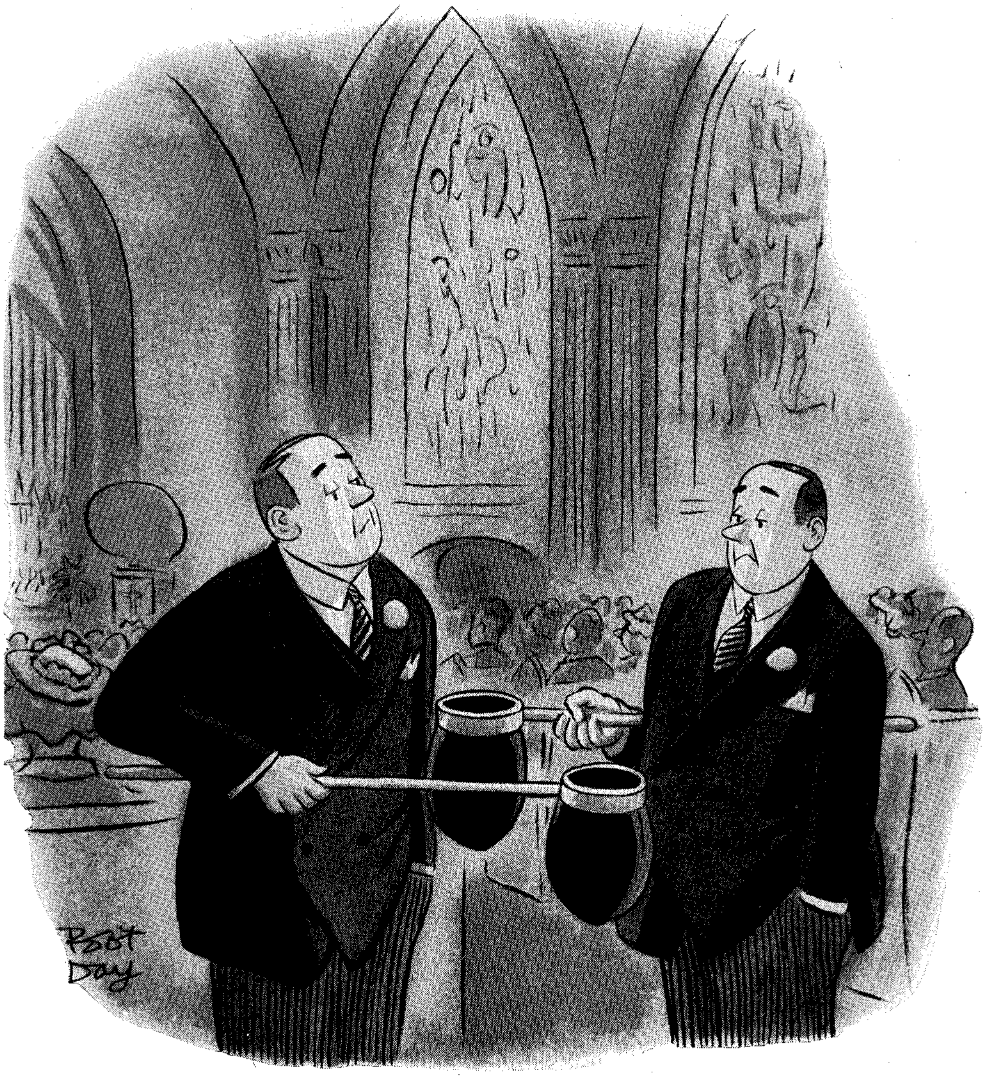
THE THEATRE

MELODRAMA WITH A MORAL

José Ferrer, that almost incredibly versatile young man who already has his hand in three dramas current on Broadway, turned up last week as the producer and director of still another. This is "The Chase," a play by Horton Foote, at the Playhouse, which might be described as a horse opera with certain ethical ramifications. The hero, whose name is Eldon Hawes, and who is the sheriff of a county in eastern Texas, has a strong prejudice against lynch law and is doing his best to save an escaped killer, who is, as the saying goes, little better than a mad dog, from mob violence. This situation is further complicated by the fact that the sheriff has a beautiful and pregnant wife, whose peace of mind is naturally upset by the danger to her husband's life (he is first on the murderer's remarkably extensive list of prospective victims), and by the fact that most of the respectable members of the community are vehemently opposed to the orderly processes of law and are threatening Hawes with political and financial extinction if he refuses to let the mob have its way. The other characters include the fugitive's mother, who attempts, in probably the most effective passage Mr. Foote has written, to explain how her son got his taste for wholesale massacre; his wife, now residing with a local hillbilly, if this term can be applied to Texans, whose connection with the plot struck me as tenuous at best; and a couple of deputies, who also haven't much to do beyond supplying atmosphere. In the penultimate scene, the sheriff shoots down his quarry, thus violating his own principles and demonstrating, I guess, that no man can resist the pressures of society; and in the final one he gets a telephone call from the mother of a boy whose career seems likely to parallel that of the slaughtered gangster. The implication is that he will somehow be able to avert a repetition of the tragedy, though exactly how this is to be accomplished was not altogether clear to me. In any case, "The Chase" ends on a hopeful and inspirational note, and in these sad days we should undoubtedly be grateful for an affirmative playwright, however implausible his message may appear to be. All, of course, that distinguishes Mr. Foote's work from the Westerns on your television set is its moral purpose and its slight content of adultery. It may be that these qualities are sufficient to raise it to the stature of a work of art, but I am not convinced, especially since the author's prose seldom rises above the level of that employed by the late Zane Grey.



Mr. Ferrer's direction is, on the whole, admirable. His leading characters are John Hodiak and Kim Hunter, as the sheriff and his wife, and he has managed to subdue the elevated nature of their conversation (Mr. Hodiak does quite a bit of talking about the reasons that young men go astray, and Miss Hunter, when she isn't going on about her condition, is moderately dull on the same subject), so that they often sound like human beings discussing something sensible. He has done rather less well with Nan McFarland, who, as the scoundrel's mother, seems more overwrought than is strictly necessary; with her son, Murray Hamilton, who never struck me as a properly menacing figure; and particularly with his wife's lover, who contributes little more than a series of frozen attitudes, usually at a door or window. In general, though, Mr. Ferrer has done a professional job, and the two sets—a jail and the interior of a cabin—designed by Albert Johnson are interesting and practical. The rest of the cast includes Sam Byrd, Lonny Chapman, Kim Stanley, and G. Albert Smith. I think they all deserve your approval. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

Milan, Italy, March 24 (AP)—Experts on children from 25 nations say that comic books and cowboy movies affect children, but they admit they don't know how much or in what way.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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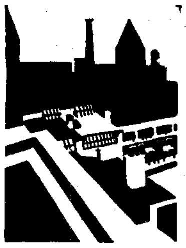
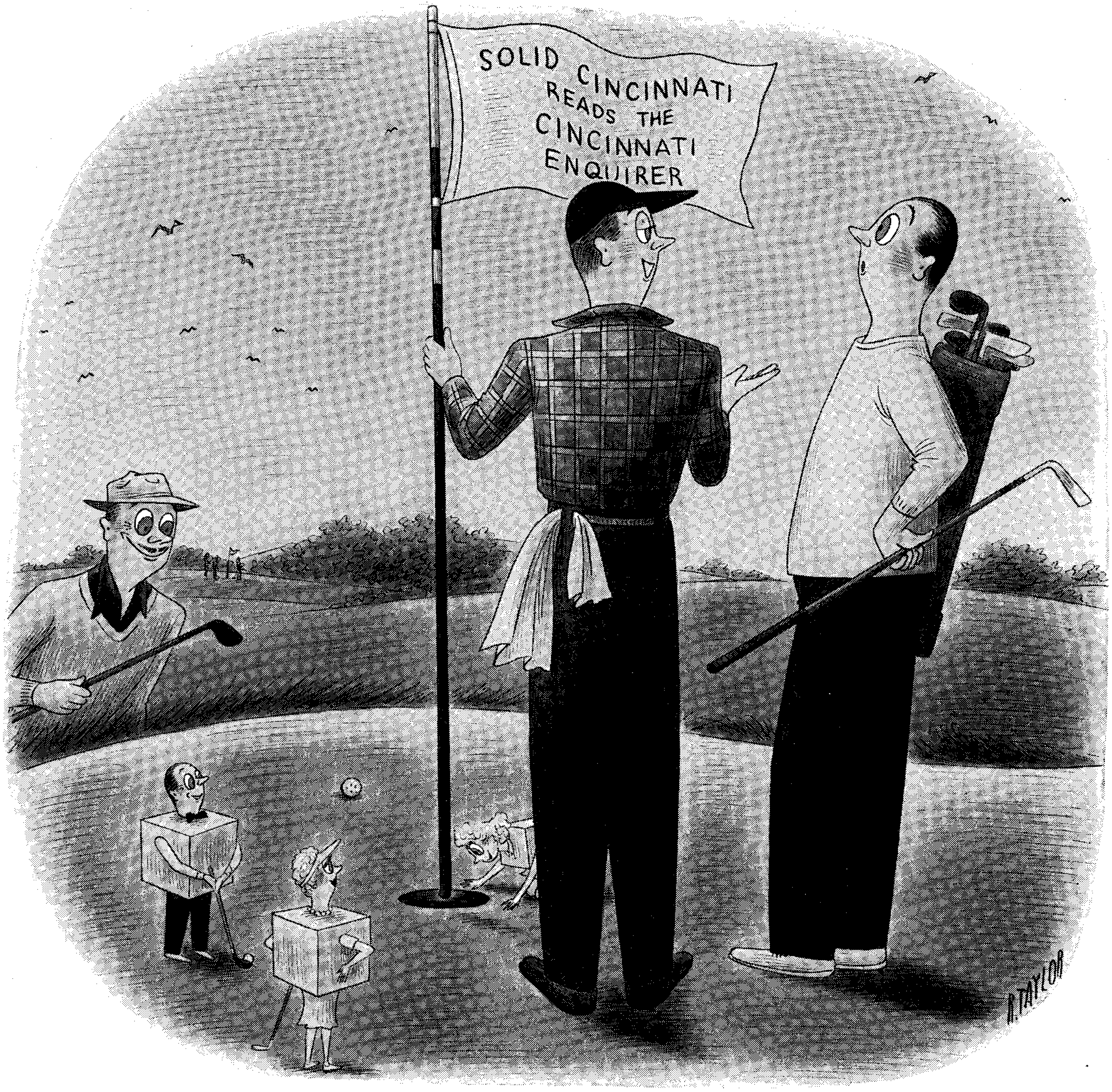
Schools for Human Beings—II



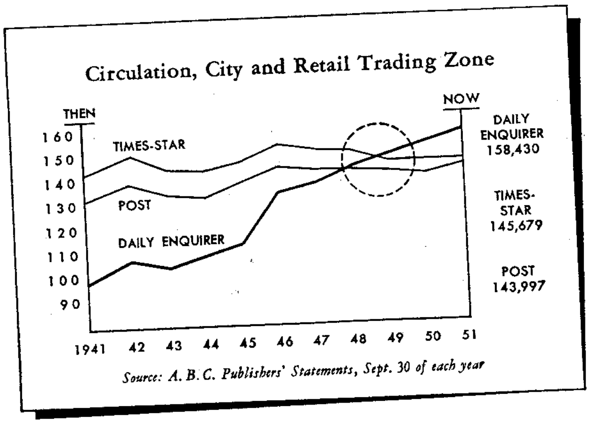
THE recent improvement in the design and layout of the city's schools is not manifest solely in the new P. S. No. 33, at Chelsea Park, a building I discussed in these columns last week. There is also, in Harlem, the Fred R. Moore School, a spacious U-shaped structure, pleasantly open to the south, though its cold buff bricks and its aluminum-framed doorways make it look a little bleak. And, at West End Avenue and Ninety-fifth Street, there is a more symmetrically designed school, of the sort that twenty years ago would probably have been fake Georgian. Instead, it is a postwar economy version of the transitional building (1942), with green-marble front and limestone columns, panels, and bands, that fronts on Madison Avenue from 119th to 120th Street and is named after James Fenimore Cooper. The new schools have the merit of never having more than three floors, and they establish both a new order of three-dimensional design and a new scale for neighborhood development. Since they are so good, it is not unreasonable to consider how they might be better, for when one compares them with similar buildings in other parts of the country, one becomes aware of a certain mediocrity in design and of the fact that they do not clearly enough echo the new outlook in public education. They are "modern" by omission rather than by conviction and commission.

Essentially, these new schools consist of two contrasting architectural elements, one fixed, the other flexible. Each school has a necessarily fixed core, consisting of the gymnasium and the auditorium, the administrative offices of the principal and his staff, and rooms for the assistant principal and for a series of school services, including, in some cases, dental clinics. This core is used not merely by children, and during school hours, but by adults, sometimes far into the night, and it is important for the fullest adult employment of this space, and for effective administration, that the activities this core ministers to be isolated from the rest of the building. I see no reason the children's and teachers' lunchrooms, as well as the kitchen, should not generally be included within the core, for there are occasions when they might serve usefully at night. The same is true of the school library, which sometimes is stowed away in a classroom wing. The very nature of the gymnasium and the auditorium does away with any great flexibility, but it should be possible to provide overflow spaces, and economically, by placing a multi-purpose room or rooms next door. An auditorium with a sliding wall, like the one Eric Mendelsohn provided in his St. Louis synagogue, would make it possible to add a few hundred seats when needed. In the future, travelling exhibitions from the city's museums of natural history and art and industry will probably play an even greater part in local education than they do now, and a good exhibition hall next to the auditorium might also solve the vexing problem of where, on a cold or rainy day, to put pupils who arrive before the classrooms are ready.

The flexible architectural element of the new schools is, naturally, the classroom wings, but here, it seems to me, the architects and the school authorities, disregarding this fact, have not taken advantage of modern constructional forms to make changes in the interior layout easy. Today's classroom is designed for a maximum of thirty-six pupils, which everyone admits is well above the ideal figure, even in public education. This room is lighted by panels of double or triple windows separated by three or four feet of wall. In the Chelsea school, the architect has used black glazed terra cotta to cover the outside wall between the panels of windows, in an effort to produce visual continuity of wall and window. But surely it would be more sensible to have a continuous strip window on each floor, so that instead of a series of rooms seating thirty-six students apiece there could be, if necessary, some seating twenty or even less. Belatedly, movable wall sections, which also serve as closets or cupboards, have been introduced into residences, but they would be most efficient in schools, as a combination of closet and soundproof partition between classrooms. The fixed desk has gone, and the fixed partition should go, too, though not, let us hope, in favor of the sliding doors of the old-fashioned schoolhouse. A school with movable walls would never become obsolete. Modern architecture, intelligently applied, spells freedom for each generation to remodel its old buildings to conform to the needs of its particular


SOLID CINCINNATI READS THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
R. TAYLOR

"I dunno...unless they elected that big space buyer chairman of the Greens Committee..."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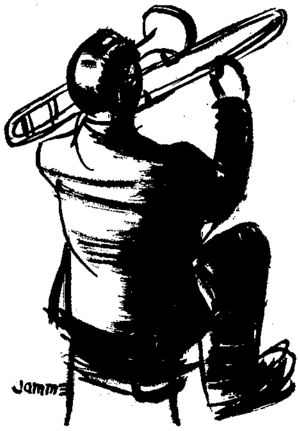
way of life—the doctrine preached by the young photographer in Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables." If, in addition to continuous windows, the architects provided overhangs and external sun screens for the eastern and southern exposures, our new schools would be not merely more interesting to look at but more livable.

A more serious matter is the failure to make complete use of the outdoor space. It is true that the kindergarten rooms, on the ground floor, are adjacent to a fenced-in playground sacred to the youngest children. So far, so good, but the equipment of this play area, I regret to say, is as rigid and unimaginative as it is in the playgrounds for the older children. And how much better it would have been to put the kindergarten rooms on the top floor and to use the now wasted flat rooftops as playgrounds for the smallest children. The space thus gained could have been given to the rest of the students. Furthermore, though a halfhearted effort has been made to embellish the street approaches with shade trees, bushes, and squares and triangles of grass—some schools even have a small garden—the plantings will have to be much heavier and better protected until they have obtained sufficient growth to withstand the heedless rough treatment they receive. Once these plantings have attained that growth, of course, the schools will be much handsomer and the climate around them will be pleasanter, too.

A few minor faults in design, such as the vestiges of traditional ornament—for example, the Greek-maze motif on the spandrels—still crop up in some of the new schools. That kind of ornament is wasted effort; the youngest students do much better than most architects with the colorful paper friezes they put up along their classroom windows. And there is another kind of aesthetic expression for which provision should be



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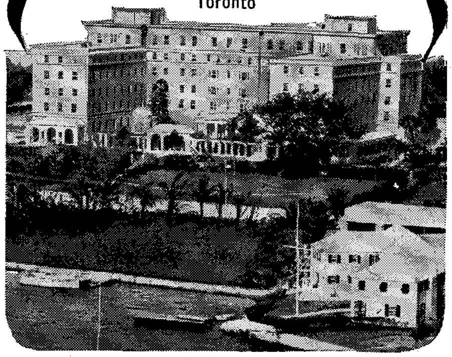

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made. One of the happy innovations in these new schools is identifying quite a few of them not only by a number but by the name of some important person in history. Why should the architects not provide a niche or a pedestal for a statue of the school's namesake? Or why should not a poem by Emily Dickinson or a saying by Booker T. Washington be inscribed on the outside walls of the schools named for them? This sort of thing was done in a conventional way on a south wall of the Cooper school, and the idea should be carried further, though in a less stuffy manner. Or why not a monumental sculpture, a quasi-abstract animal, that the children could clamber over and make their own, as they have long done with the bronze dog in Central Park who commemorates the team that brought the serum to Nome? Noguchi's playground sculpture has shown the way to use abstract art for play. Decoration of this sort would be more in the spirit of modern education than a Greek maze. The raising of funds to supply appropriate art for a new school might be a suitable task for the parent and neighborhood associations.

Though the improvements embodied in the city's newest schools are enormous, the architects, whether Board of Education men or private practitioners, have never really achieved an organic form, one that respects time and change and human need for further growth and is not afraid to leave a building not quite finished, in an attempt to anticipate future requirements without fitting them into a too rigid system of construction. The very essence of such an architecture is that it looks upon the client as a collaborator who must be heard not simply at the beginning, when the program is being set down, but after he occupies the building and, in the act of making it his own, starts modifying it.

The new schools, nevertheless, represent a great gain in both architecture and education. To preserve that gain, the city must start building schools far more rapidly in the congested neighborhoods, for some of the new buildings are already threatened with overcrowding. The only sane way of meeting this pressure is not to build bigger buildings or to destroy the existing playgrounds by building over them—a temptation it will take courage to resist—but to put up units no larger than, or even smaller than, these new twelve-hundred-pupil ones. If the city had had any foresight a century ago, it would have set aside at

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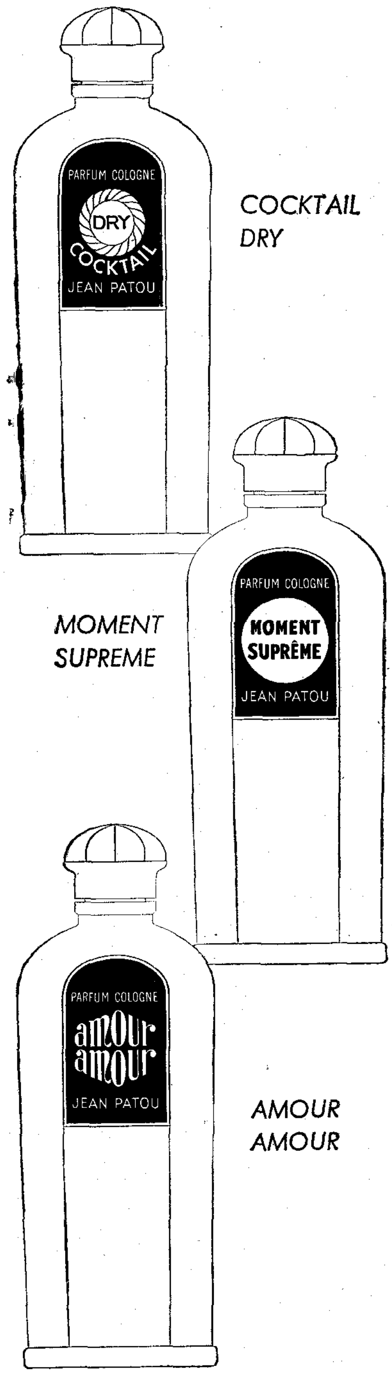

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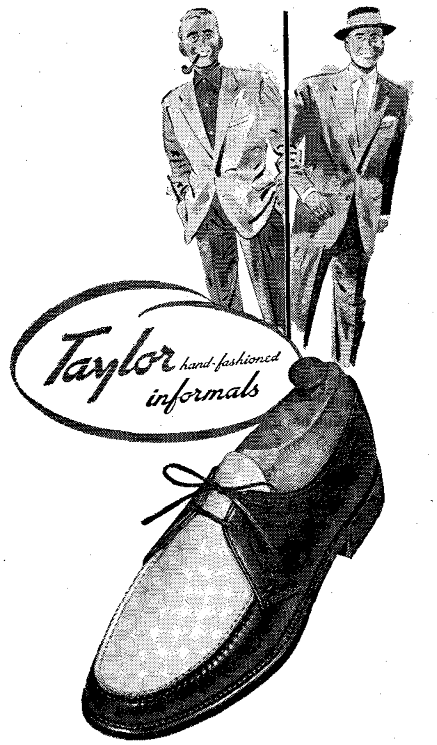
least a city block for every five thousand people to accommodate such public utilities as schools and playgrounds, at a time when land was selling at farm prices. Even now, the municipal authorities could do this in the undeveloped or blighted areas of Brooklyn and Queens, instead of waiting to buy the land later on at top prices. Wherever a large-scale redevelopment is projected, the selection of school sites should be one of the very first considerations, and there should be regulations to keep the population density low enough to make it possible to provide schools scaled to the needs of teachers and children, not those of landowners.

FOR some obscure but pleasing reason, good architectural books keep pouring from the presses. The most notable of the current run is "Early American Architecture: From the First Colonial Settlements to the National Period," by Hugh Morrison (Oxford), the initial volume in what may become a series of three. This is a milestone in American architectural history, for, incredibly, only the sketchiest sort of books have hitherto covered the whole span. Even in respect to the Colonial period, to which Fiske Kimball made such a masterly contribution in his "Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies" a generation ago, no one before Morrison had attempted to give a detailed account of what took place in every part of the country as well as along the Eastern seaboard. Morrison, who is a professor of art at Dartmouth, and who wrote the first full-length study of Louis Sullivan, has attacked his task with zeal and spirit, and no one should be put off by his Yankee deadpan preface, in which he warns the reader that his purpose is grimly didactic. This closely written volume of some six hundred pages is what the Germans call *durchgearbeitet*, and in its free use of plans as well as photographs it is as helpful a reconstruction of our architectural past as one could wish. The marvel is that we have had to wait so long for such a work, and my hope is that the remaining volumes will be conceived in the same exhaustive way and will appear speedily.

"A Decade of New Architecture" (Girsberger, Zurich) is a celebration by Sigfried Giedion of the work of the members of the Congrès International d'Architecture Moderne. This group, during the twenty-odd years of its existence, has included some of the best architects in the modern movement, and its international meetings, which



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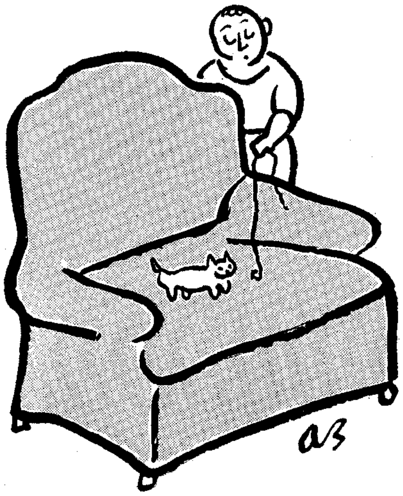
have increasingly turned toward consideration of the social responsibilities of architecture, have not merely stimulated the members of the organization but have made important contributions to the general body of thought. There is so much variety in the work here shown that it is hard to decide whether the point to be emphasized is the faithfulness of the Old Guard of the modern movement to their original formulas or the many departures that the younger members, particularly Oscar Niemeyer in Brazil, have been making—departures from rigidity of form and aridity of design toward freedom and even fancy, as in the free-flowing forms of his theatre at Belo-Horizonte, which does honor to the imaginative early sketches of Eric Mendelsohn. Though the wavy plan of Aalto's M.I.T. dormitory is a much more formal concept, one feels that he, too, has gone out of his way to escape the stiff rectangles that Cubism, and the even simpler geometry of the painter Mondrian, had made fashionable. One of the architects quoted by Giedion, the young Dutchman Aldo van Eyck, seems to approve of this. But unfortunately, perhaps out of piety, van Eyck also continues to hold up as examples of the released imagination, capable of conceiving a new world, artists like Mondrian, whose mission was rather to reduce the mathematical order of Descartes to an almost infantile geometry, even more outdated.

Nathan Straus, who was both a builder of housing and a government administrator, as head of the United States Housing Authority from 1937 to 1942, has written a vigorous study of the plight of our cities and the possibilities of creating new housing—"Two-Thirds of a Nation: A Housing Program" (Knopf). Twenty years ago the experts thought that only a third of our citizens were badly in need of new



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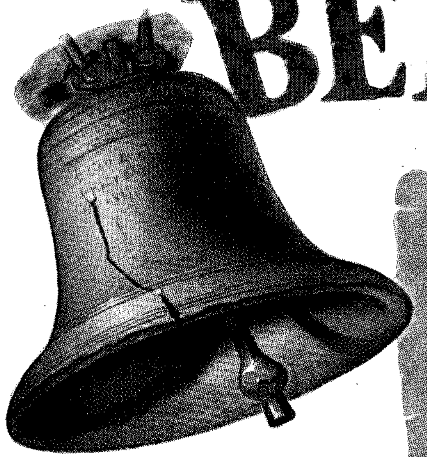

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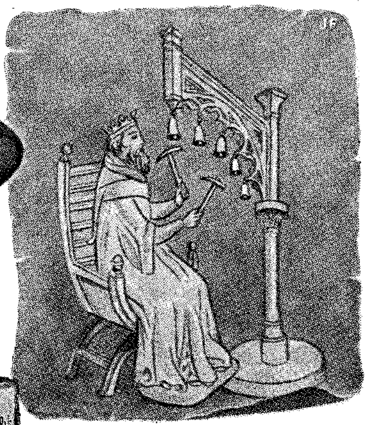

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housing, which they could not afford either to rent at commercial rates or to own. Now, Mr. Straus correctly points out, two-thirds of them are in this situation. His criticisms of prefabricated houses (that discredited cure-all), of the risks of owning a home, of the policy of congestion initiated by public-housing authorities in New York and recklessly imitated all over the country, are sound and pertinent. Even housing experts have something to learn from Mr. Straus, whether they like it or not. As for the people who are only beginning to understand the problems of housing, I think this will prove a useful introduction, even though it is a little choppy. Since housing is the key to the whole problem of urban redevelopment, it is not likely that our cities will be improved till their voters find out on what terms decent and durable living quarters in comely, healthy neighborhoods can be produced.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

. . . it is a picture ["My Son John"] whose laborious two hours ought to be seen by everyone concerned with modern American problems and ideas. Its value as an object lesson is twofold. First and obviously, it stresses the corruptive power of Communism until you can feel it crawling on the skin. Secondly, in its argument about ways and means of combating the evil, it demonstrates inadvertently the danger of exchanging one stultifying sequence of reasoning for another.

In effect, McCarey's picture of how America ought to be is so frightening, so speciously argued, so full of warnings against intelligent solution of the problem, that it boomerangs upon its own cause and becomes, by mistake, a most vivid demonstration that two wrongs don't make a right.

. . . Most shocking of all, his conclusion, his final summation of the grand strategy against political subversion, is almost literally "Do not think for yourself."—*Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., in the Herald Tribune.*

"Ought to be seen by everyone!"—HERALD TRIBUNE.—*Adv. of "My Son John" in the Herald Tribune.*

•

With pensive look Mary Rogers Brooks, 34, daughter of the late Will Rogers, sits in Santa Monica, Cal., court where she won an interlocutory divorce from Walter Brooks II, 36, grandson of the late Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia social leader. His mother is former wife of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Kublai Khan was the grandson of Genghis Khan and the founder of the Mongol dynasty in China.—*Vicksburg (Miss.) Post-Herald.*

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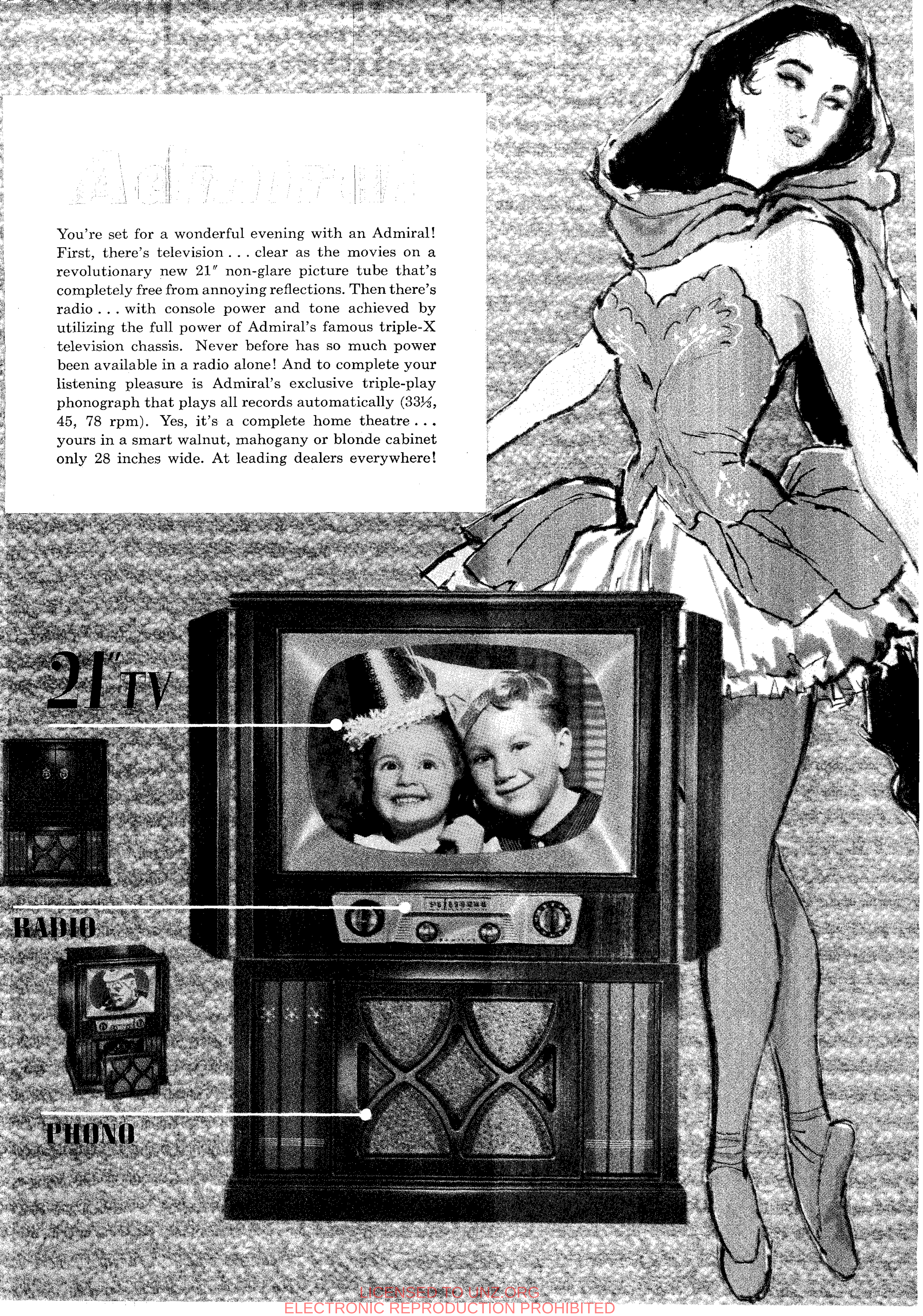

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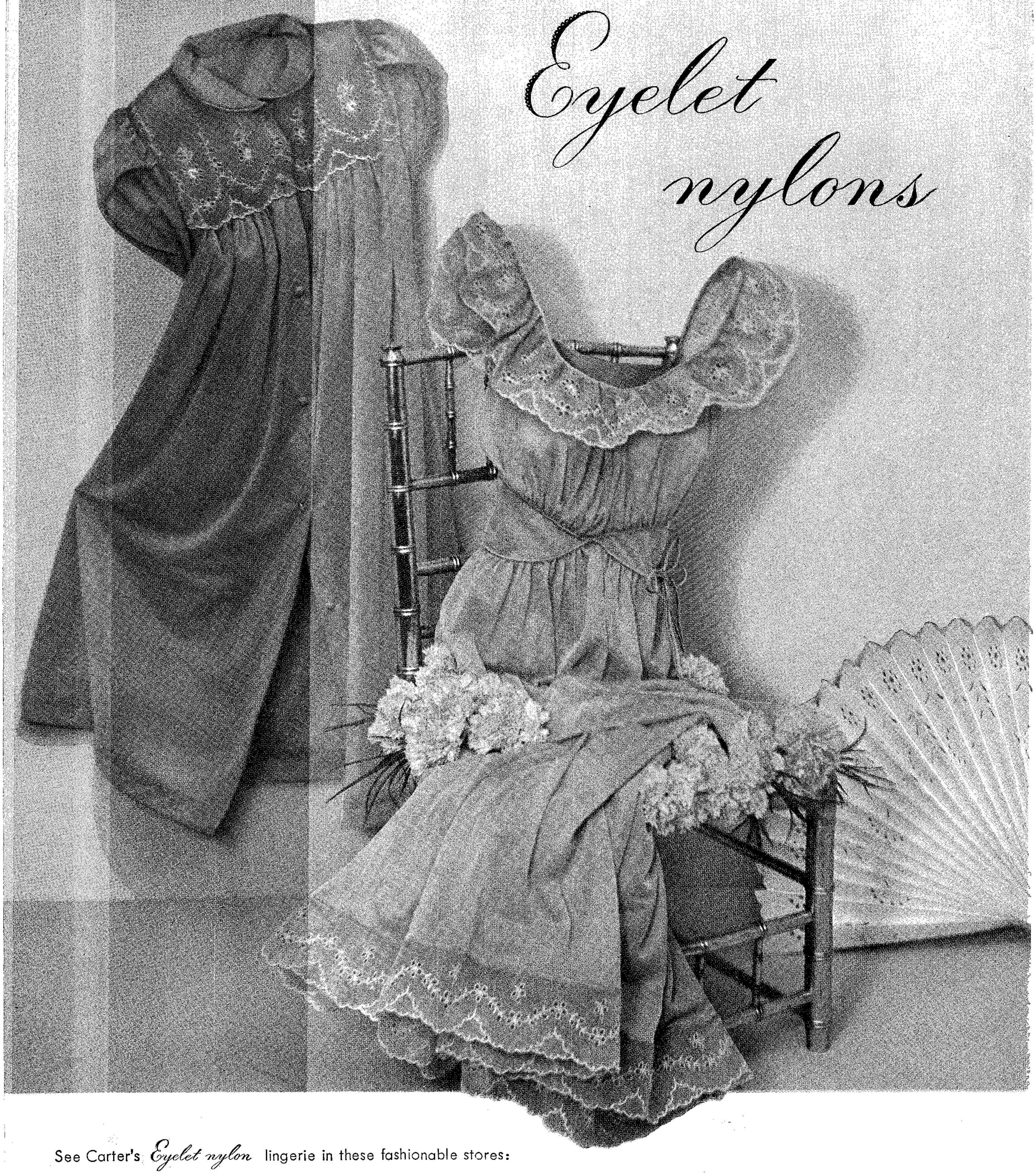

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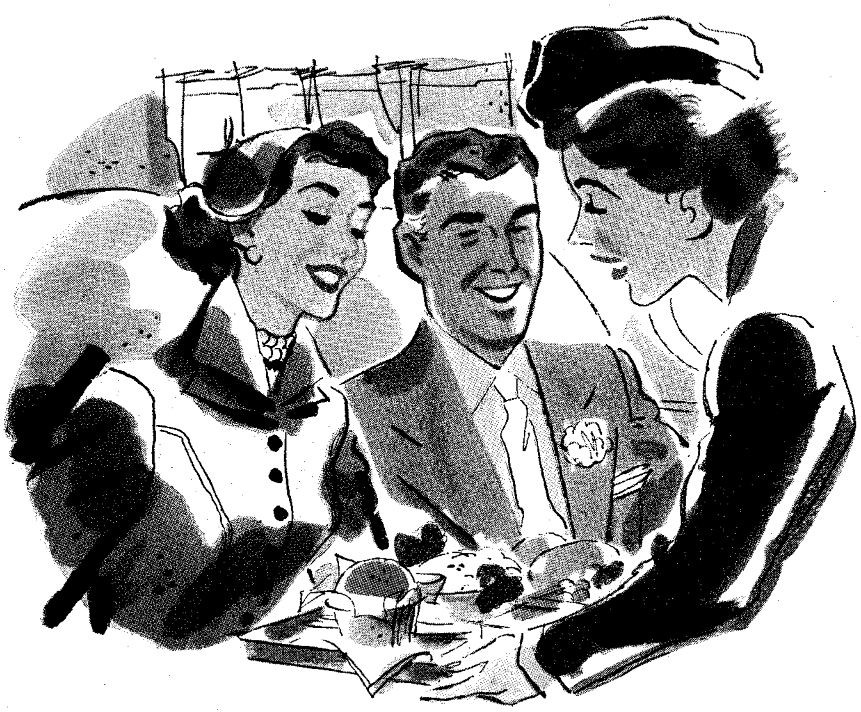

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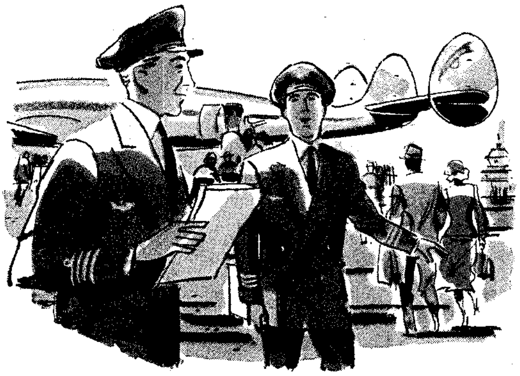

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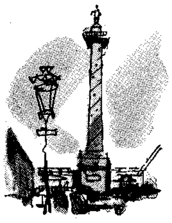

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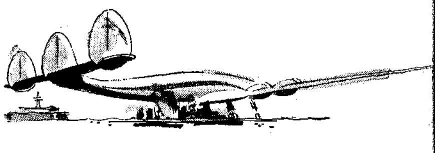

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TELEVISION

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EVER since I started looking at the tiny screen and the presentations that show up on it, I have been astonished at the amount of talent, energy, and money poured into dramatic programs that run a half hour or an hour and are then consigned to the scrap barrel. Some pretty ludicrous heights of extravagance are reached from time to time. Copies of huge battleships are constructed, ancient Italian cities and modern American ones rise from the studio floor, what seems like half the peninsula of Korea appears before our eyes for thirty or sixty minutes, and poof!—they disappear, never to be seen again. Actors memorize an hour's worth of lines, under what must be rather frantic conditions of employment, deliver them once, collect their pay, and rush off to memorize other lines for other shows. Directors, technicians, scene designers knock themselves out getting a show ready, and then see their work—like that of a chef's—gobbled up in an instant. From the point of view of the audience, matters are equally unsatisfactory. Should you miss a particularly good program, or part of a good program, you have missed it forever, no matter how long or how loudly your friends keep telling you that you should have seen it. The program is gone, and gone for keeps. (On rare occasions, as in the case of Gian-Carlo Menotti's wonderful opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," the television authorities condescend to permit a return engagement, but even in this instance television audiences had to wait from Christmas Eve until Easter Sunday to see and hear it again.) I have never quite grasped the economics of this situation, either, for to my untutored mind it would seem obvious that a great deal is to be gained financially by keeping a performance running for several nights instead of junking it and starting afresh every twenty-four hours.

All this is by way of saying that last week WOR-TV took steps in what I consider to be the right direction. For five nights in a row—Monday through Friday—the station presented, on a program called "Broadway TV Theatre," that fine old courtroom melodrama "The Trial of Mary Dugan," by Bayard Veiller. The television version stuck pretty close to the original play, not only in spirit but in length; the same actors played the parts each evening, just as though they were turning up at a theatre rather than a studio; the interruptions for commercials were remarkably brief and unpretentious; and the result was, in my opinion, a triumph of intelligently presented television. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was not "adapted" in the ordinary television sense, which, as in the ordinary Hollywood sense, implies changing a courtroom drama into an idyll of young love in a hayloft. The three acts lasted approximately half an hour each, and the cuts were the work of the producer, Warren Wade. They struck me as eminently sound, and in no way impeded the flow of the play.

A good deal of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" is old and creaky, but old and creaky along lines I must confess I thoroughly enjoy. There are few forms of drama more satisfying to me than a scene in a grim and forbidding courtroom where a fetching and innocent woman, accused of the brutal murder of her lover, is on trial for her life. Mary Dugan is such a woman, and she pleads complete innocence of the sudden dispatching of one Edgar Rice—described as "the great financier"—whom the cops found on the floor of her apartment in the early hours of the nineteenth of April with an extremely conclusive knife wound in his heart. The directors, Robert Bolger and Richard Lukin, placed the television audience in the position of jurors, which only served to increase my delight as I sat back and pondered the remarks of a procession of witnesses—the inspector of police, the medical examiner, an elevator boy, a man from something called the Bureau of Identification, Mr. Rice's finicky tailor, an excitable French maid (*"Ah, non!" "Mais oui!"*), and others, in a fascinating parade of what I suppose are known as "human types." Mr. Rice's widow was on hand, too, an exaggeratedly stricken figure in black, with a veil, to tell a broken story of how the woman Dugan had tried to break up her happy home. The district attorney thundered and paced, and gazed into the eyes of the jury with the fierce look of the righteous. The woman Dugan's attorney withdrew from the case early in the drama, when her brother, a young lawyer, suddenly arriving in court, was dissatisfied with the way things were progressing (to the unskeptical, Miss Dugan might have looked like a gone goose at this point) and took over the defense himself. Bloodstained gar-

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ments, knives, and tailor's dummies were offered in evidence, the air was filled with legal yelps of "Objection!," "Sustained!," "Overruled!," and "Exception!," and I had a fine time throughout, but especially in the closing minutes, when the foul murderer was uncovered and Miss Dugan was cleared, then and forever, of the charge against her.

Ann Dvorak played Mary Dugan, and she was superb. She is an actress of high quality and deep sincerity, and she has some little tricks, like inducing tears at will and half turning her head in a silent, expressive plea, that are quite effective. As one of the jurors, I never for a moment doubted her innocence, even when the evidence seemed most damning. All the other performances were excellent, but I most enjoyed those of Richard Derr, as the lawyer brother; Lola Montez, as the widow of the deceased; Vinton Hayworth, as the thundering district attorney (though he occasionally thundered a bit too much); and Philip Truex, who appeared briefly as the tailor. I have no way of knowing whether last week's "Broadway TV Theatre" marks the start of something new in television presentations, but on the basis of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" it most certainly should.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

A sixty-piece band of midshipmen blasted brassy marches with more lung power than harmony, colors waved bravely on staffs, and fixed bayonets glittered in the morning sun as the ranks of midshipmen marched onto South Field. Behind the wire fences around the field were hundreds of spectators—parents, sweethearts, passers-by, college students, and satiric small boys. The band used up its repertoire, and was beginning again on "Anchors Aweigh," when all the cohorts of Johnson, John Jay, and Furnald reached their places. They made a stirring show, the immense ranks and files of white gold-trimmed hats, bristling rifles, squared shoulders in blue, and young stern faces. Individually they were scared youngsters trying to remain inconspicuous, but from their aggregate there rose a subtle promise of unexpected awkward power. A bugle call knifed across the air. "HAND SALUTE!" blatted the loudspeakers. Twenty-five hundred hands snapped at a slant to the hats.—*From "The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.*

And twenty-five hundred bristling rifles fell to the ground.

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[*From the Reporter*]

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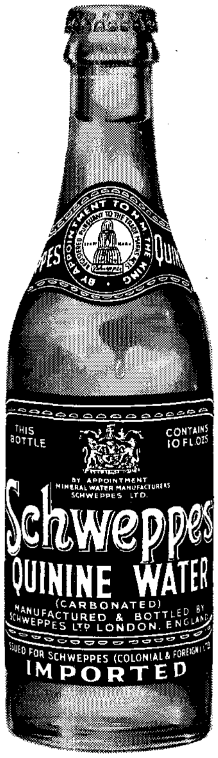

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THE RACE TRACK

Roan Fiddler

IT is estimated that enough good intentions went wrong in the Wood Memorial at Jamaica last weekend to pave a parkway from Times Square to the track. Master Fiddle won, and whatever you may have thought of the colt (I, for one, didn't think very much of him, and still don't), there's no doubt he put on quite a show. After running twelfth or thereabouts in the field of fourteen for at least six furlongs, he popped up and beat Tom Fool by a neck. Pintor was third, and such well-fancied individuals as Hannibal, Armageddon, Primate, and Cousin were among the also-rans. The biggest disappointment to almost everybody was, of course, the Greentree colt, Tom Fool; after all, he was the favorite. He looked even better, if you could imagine such a thing, than he did on his first appearance of the season; in fact, I thought he was by far the handsomest three-year-old of the lot. Also, he was cleverly ridden by Atkinson, who got a good position quickly, saved ground all the way, and allowed Pintor, a 100–1 chance, to set the pace until Tom Fool was ready to make his move. When he took the lead in the stretch, you'd have backed him at any price if you could have put a bet down. Then he seemed to weaken in the last few strides. As I left the track, I overheard a man remark to his companion that it would have been just as well with him if the Wood had been a yard or so shorter. This was the first time the race had been at a mile and a furlong; previously, it had been at a mile and a sixteenth. Had it been at the old distance, Tom Fool would have been home free. Nothing, so far as I could see, happened to Hannibal or to Armageddon. Primate, however, drew an outside post position and lost some ground on the turns, but no more than Master Fiddle did in the first half mile. Everyone was pretty much agreed that Cousin sulked. In a workout a couple of mornings before the Wood, he had a tantrum and flung himself under the starting gate, so it's more than probable that he was still in a black mood last Saturday. Well, I haven't lost faith in him, even though I believe he's possessed by a small devil.

As for Master Fiddle, he's by First Fiddle, and reminds you a bit of his papa. He had fair form here last autumn. In Florida, he didn't do so well, but he's improved steadily at Jamaica this spring. He is owned by a couple of men in the furniture business—Nicholas Martini, who lives in New Rochelle, and Meyer Mazor, who lives in Washington; they race in the name and colors of the Myhelyn Stable. Incidentally, their colors—chartreuse, cherry cross sashes, and striped sleeves—are as gay as any on the race track. Master Fiddle is handled by Sol Rutchick, who trained Count Turf, last year's Kentucky Derby winner. And speaking of Kentucky Derby winners, as horseplayers are these days, Master Fiddle is a roan. No roan has ever won a Kentucky Derby.

ALWAYS a pushover for Whitney horses, I was delighted to learn that C. V. Whitney's Cold Command beat Hill Gail in a little number at seven furlongs called the Dixiana Purse, at Keeneland last Friday. Curiously, horsemen around here refuse to take the race seriously. They point out that Hill Gail gave Cold Command eleven pounds and was ridden by a young and rather inexperienced apprentice jockey. So, despite all the low groans from out there, let's reserve comment.

READERS of these notes may recall that about a month ago I tabbed one of Alfred Vanderbilt's two-year-olds, a gray colt named Native Dancer, as something to remember. Native Dancer came out last weekend and won quite impressively. He was the favorite, but he wasn't as hot a tip as a filly named Eve, who ran earlier in the week. Possibly because she's a half sister of Tea-Maker, but more likely because of a paddock tip, she was backed from 10–1 to less than 3–1. Whoever started it must have had her mixed up with a couple of other horses, for she never was close. Old Tea-Maker was something else again. He led from start to finish of the Jamaica Handicap, on Wednesday, and paid a $22.40 mutuel. *That's* the kind of tip to get.

—AUDAX MINOR

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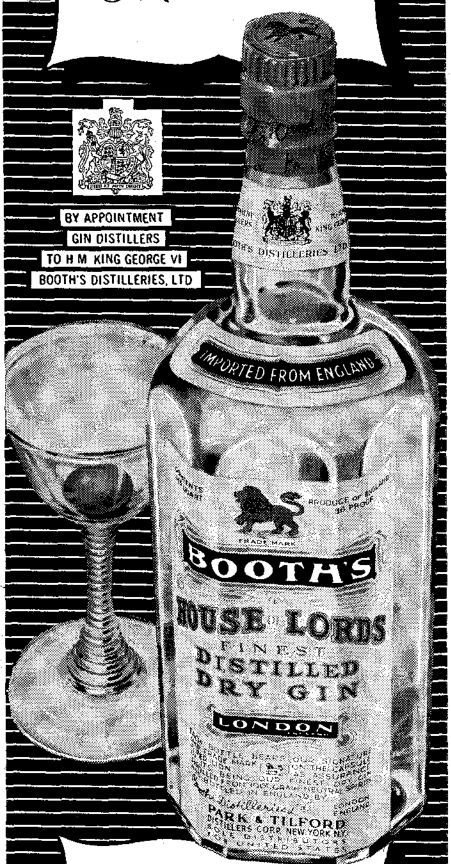

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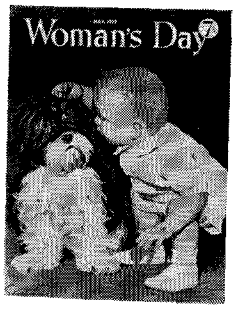

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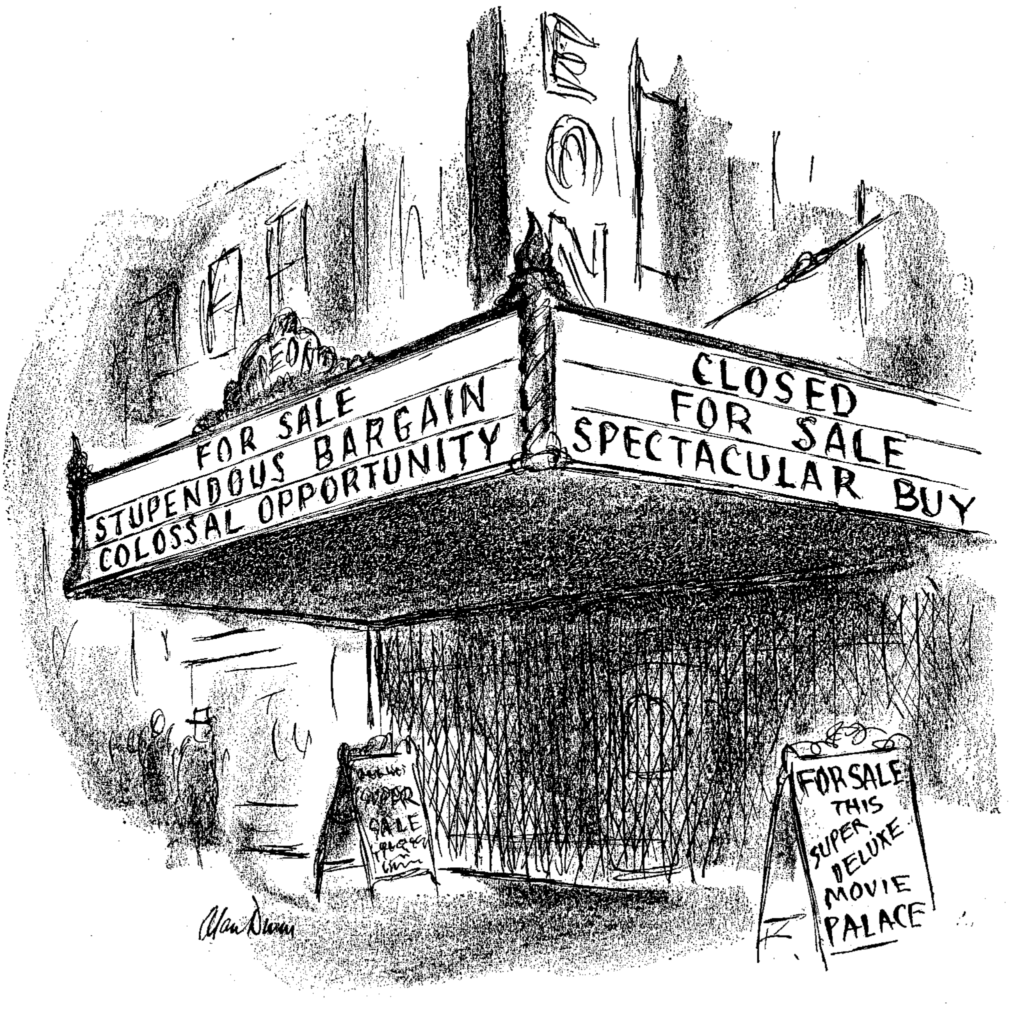
A REPORTER AT LARGE

PHOENIX IN RUBBLE

THERE is more rubble in the city of Berlin than there is, or ever has been, in any other one city in the world. For more than three years, the German capital was bombed over and over again. In the final months of the war, the bombers came every few hours, day and night, night and day—at night the Royal Air Force, in the daytime the United States Air Force—and in the final weeks, during the Battle of Berlin, the city was shelled by the Red Army's artillery. At last, in a macabre climax, a substantial portion of Berlin was blown up by the Germans themselves, at the order of Adolf Hitler. Berlin's ruins are immense in both size and range. They make one think of the mountains of the moon, or the moraines of ancient glaciers. One can hardly believe that man alone could be responsible for such monstrous and concentrated destruction. Wandering through the stricken sections of the metropolis, one sometimes feels that it must have been nature that went on a rampage here, as it did long ago in Pompeii, or in 1923 in Tokyo, when an earthquake killed almost a hundred and fifty thousand people. Berlin's ruins are almost perfect in their imperfection; now, nearly seven years after the war, they have something of the timeless, changeless greatness of Egypt's Pyramids, China's Great Wall, or Athens' Acropolis. One evening not long ago, as I walked through the completely devastated area around the Tiergarten, the famous park in the center of Berlin, I felt dwarfed by the majesty of the desolation on all sides of me. I was reminded of a night some years back when I looked down while flying over the dead, white icecap of Greenland.

At the end of the war, ninety-eight million cubic yards of rubble were heaped up all over Berlin, covering the greater part of the city's three hundred and forty-four square miles. (The total amount of rubble throughout Germany came to four hundred and five million cubic yards; thus, the capital found itself with almost a quarter of all the rubble in the nation on its collective doorstep.) German statisticians have figured out that there was enough rubble in Berlin to build a wall sixteen feet high and a hundred and fifteen feet wide from Berlin to Dortmund (roughly the distance from Boston to Philadelphia); spread out evenly over the city, the rubble would have raised its level nearly ten feet. It would have made seven million freight-car loads—as much as Berlin's entire freight traffic during the prosperous year of 1929. Of the ninety-eight million cubic yards of rubble, only twenty-nine million, or not quite a third, have been removed so far. The rubble-removal experts of the West Berlin City Council estimate that in the light of foreseeable social and economic conditions, it will be twenty-five years before the last of the rubble is disposed of.

On the night of my stroll, Berlin was a haunting sight. The city's weird skyline of jagged ruins stood out sharply against a moonlit sky. Mountains of rubble, heaped up in perversely meticulous order, bordered streets that were clean, well paved, and well lighted; the Berliners, who are a painstaking, traffic-conscious people, have carefully cleared all the main thoroughfares in the destroyed areas, even though the remains of countless victims still lie beneath the acres of shattered masonry on either side. Here and there amid the devastation, I could see the almost undamaged façade of a house standing out like a piece of scenery left on an empty stage at the end of a show. A few tall buildings with gaping black window holes reached toward the sky like warning fingers. Large white numbers had been painted on slabs of concrete or on the sidewalk, to indicate the street numbers of the houses that had once stood there. Every now and then, the gleam of an electric-light bulb showed through a crack in the wall of some cave or cellar out in the middle of the ghostly nothingness. A German proverb says, "One gets used to hanging on the gallows." Perhaps one also gets used to living in a graveyard.



THE morning after I wandered through the chaos, I went to see the city commissioner in charge of removing West Berlin's rubble, a graduate engineer named Karl Thomasius, whose office is in a former apartment house on the Kaiserdamm. (When the war ended, many of the city's municipal offices were set up in what had once been apartment buildings or private homes—temporarily, it was at first assumed, but perhaps permanently, since there are no funds to put up new public buildings.) Thomasius and his staff oc-

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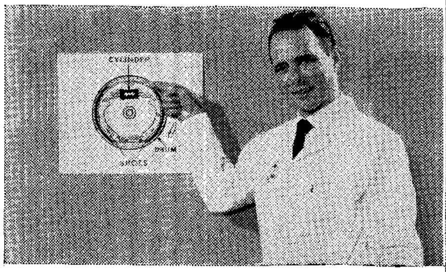

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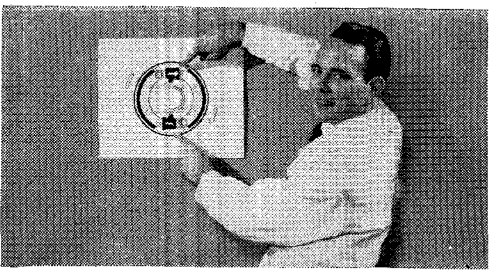

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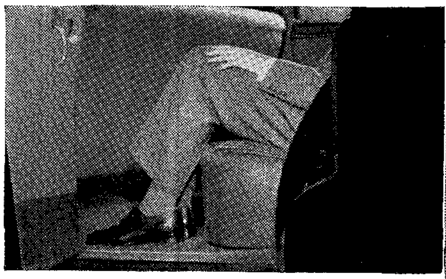

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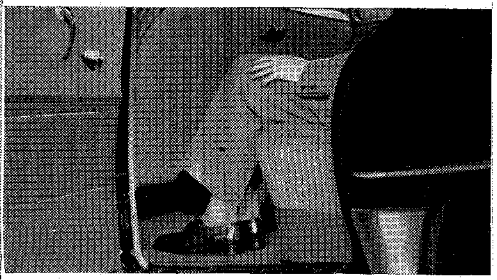

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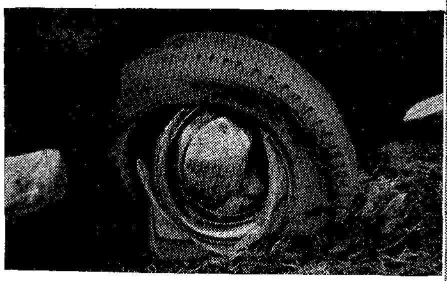
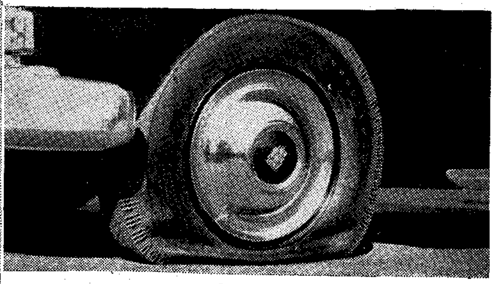


ORDINARY wheel rim, after a blow-out. Tire has twisted off the rim and the resulting drag on one wheel has caused the car to go out of control and into the ditch.



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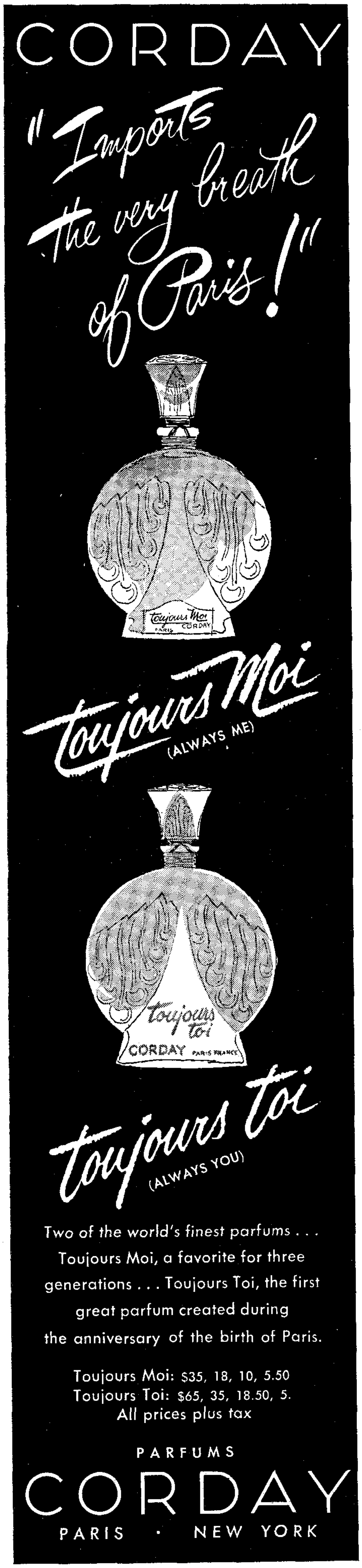

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cupy one of the apartments. His desk is in a small room facing a courtyard. From his windows, he has a typical Berlin view—the wall of a bombed house. His assistants work in the kitchen of the apartment, where a big, old-fashioned coal range has been turned into a filing cabinet, and use the tub in the bathroom to store additional documents. Thomasius is a tall, wiry, leathery East Prussian who used to work for Siemens & Halske, which might be called the General Electric of Germany. He takes an engineer's detached attitude toward the rubble-removal problem; he considers it just another major engineering project. "Certainly it's a big job," he said when I remarked that his assignment seemed staggering to me. "So was your Hoover Dam. So was Magnitogorsk. So were our *Reichsautobahnen*." After a short pause, he went on, "You know, man is a creature of habit. The Berliners have become as accustomed to the sight of rubble as New Yorkers are to the sight of tall buildings. Most of the people have long ago forgotten the nightmare days of early May, 1945, when the war was just over and the entire city was a gutted shell, still burning fiercely in many spots. Nearly all the streets were blocked by anti-tank defenses, overturned vehicles, or buildings that had collapsed. The Soviet soldiers blew up the defenses, which created more rubble, and then rounded up all the available citizens and told them to clear the streets. Most of those citizens were women, since nearly all the able-bodied men were either dead or in prisoner-of-war camps. There were no tools, no hammers, no pickaxes, no buckets—nothing. Throughout the hot, dusty summer of '45, straggling chains of Berliners were kept busy passing bricks and rocks from hand to hand."

It wasn't long, Thomasius said, before the German talent for organization again became apparent. Whole bricks were separated from broken ones and girders were put aside for the repair of roofs. Rubble trucks, half-ton jobs, appeared on the streets, and the municipal authorities scared up some wooden buckets for the workers, so that, instead of single pieces of rubble, bucketfuls of the stuff could be passed from hand to hand. Late in 1945, British engineer troops brought in bulldozers to move some of the bigger chunks. Groups of German women with brooms would follow the bulldozers, sweeping. A long-range removal program was mapped out by the municipal authorities. Large-scale maps of the blighted areas were prepared on which the condition of every building that had been standing at the outbreak of the war was indicated by one of four colors. Buildings colored red were "nonexistent;" blue meant "almost total damage," green "reparable," and yellow "usable." Of Berlin's apartment buildings, forty-three per cent had been completely destroyed, and thirty per cent of the rest were damaged.

"We soon realized what we were up against," Thomasius told me, looking out at the ruined wall across the courtyard. "The rubble from one ordinary four-story building, like this one we're in, would fill two hundred good-sized trucks, and we had no such trucks. We had no loading cranes, either. All we had was trouble. People were stealing like magpies. Boilers, pipes, plumbing fixtures, radiators—everything—disappeared. No day went by without accidents. Scores of people were killed by falling debris, despite the fact that we put markers on all the danger spots—over ten thousand of them. People talked about the 'restless ruins,' meaning the walls or whole houses that would sway and maybe collapse in a strong wind. The city administration spent eighteen million marks [four and a half million dollars] removing these hazards. A good many buildings were under constant watch. Before a storm, the local Meteorological Institute would send out warnings over the radio, cautioning people to keep away from shaky buildings. Then winter came and it started to snow, and the weight of the snow brought more collapses. And, as if all this weren't enough, the police made things hard for us. We wanted to rope off danger areas, so pedestrians would have to walk in the street. But the police objected, saying the streets had to be kept free for Allied military traffic.

"We had our hands full in those days, but our problems were insignificant compared to the ones we're having today. For one thing, we had no difficulty finding places to dump rubble then. We dumped it into cellar holes and on empty lots, and in ponds in the suburban districts. Certain spots were designated rubble-disposal grounds—the big air-raid shelters in Friedrichshain, Humboldthain, and Hasenheide Parks, and the southern part of the Schöneberg district, for instance. For a while, our workers pushed loaded wagons by hand to the nearest dumping place. But transportation became an increasingly grave problem. Berlin is a very large city. The distance between

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the east and west city limits is thirty-eight kilometres at the widest point, and between the north and south limits it's forty-five kilometres. Sometimes you'd have to go fifteen or twenty kilometres to unload the rubble where it wouldn't bother anybody. We tried using barges on the Spree River, which runs right through the heart of the city, but it took a lot of coal to operate them, and, besides, the operation was altogether too complicated. You had to get your rubble to the bank of the river and dump it into the barges, and then, out in the suburbs, unload the barges by hand. All this cost money, and we were getting increasingly budget-conscious. I remember the day we had to remove the wreck of a big Russian tank from the Krummestrasse, in the Charlottenburg district. It cost us over a thousand marks to cut the damn thing into pieces with acetylene torches and carry it off. It was dangerous work, too, because the tank contained a lot of ammunition, which kept going off like firecrackers. Well, early in 1946, we began setting up narrow-gauge field railroad all over the city. We laid tracks everywhere—through side streets, through bombed courtyards, even through bombed houses. You'd see trains enter one side of a house and come out on the other. Our narrow-gauge system got to be known as the Berlin Rubble Railroad. At one time, we had three hundred and forty kilometres [two hundred and eleven miles] of track, a hundred and twenty diesel or steam engines, and forty-five hundred dump cars. The little railroad was a blessing. Later on, when trucks in something at least approaching adequate numbers became available, we dismantled it. I really believe that people were sorry to see it go."

There was no lack of man—or, rather, woman—power in those days, Thomasius told me. Rubble-removal jobs were practically the only jobs to be had in Berlin. For a while, forty thousand people were working on the project, two-thirds of them women. The women were an independent lot. They sometimes got tired of pushing dump carts filled with rubble and dumped their carts wherever they happened to be. Some of them printed signs on their trucks—such as "No Time for Love"—to distinguish themselves pointedly from the girls who found it more agreeable to comfort the soldiers of the victorious armies than to go around collecting rubble. The rubble women, as they became known, were paid seventy-two pfennigs (eighteen cents) an

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hour at a time when one American cigarette on the black market cost ten times that sum. They were, however, permitted to take home at night all the wood they came upon in the ruins, and this meant a great deal to them, for there was a terrible shortage of firewood in the grim winter of 1946. (The Berliners love their trees dearly, but large numbers of fine old trees were cut down in the city that winter.) Like many other Berliners, the rubble women lived on little but bread, tomatoes, and carrots. Notwithstanding their strenuous occupation, their food-ration cards entitled them to only nineteen hundred calories a day—six hundred calories less than the ration enjoyed by the so-called "heavy workers," a category that included not only bricklayers and stevedores but university professors and other intellectuals. The women lost weight, and their slim figures impressed the Russians, one of whom wrote in a letter to an East Berlin paper that he had at first thought most of the rubble women were girls in their twenties and had been astonished to learn that many were in their thirties or forties, and had children at home to care for.

The rubble women, Thomasius said, were the heroines of Berlin. Günter Neumann, a well-known parodist and songwriter, composed a song about them, and all at once everybody was singing the refrain:

> Today the weaker sex is saying,
> "So what? Somebody's got to do it."

Among the rubble men, there were few who were working voluntarily. Almost all of them were former Nazi Party members who were obliged to take up picks and shovels. A number had been bankers, doctors, government officials, and teachers, and these sought to preserve the amenities of their former lives under the new conditions. It was not rare, I was told, to hear one laborer say, "Please pass me the pick, *Herr Oberregierungsrat,*" and the other answer, "Glad to, *Herr Generaldirektor.*" A Berlin joke involved a street sweeper who was doing a very bad job while a forlorn bystander looked on.

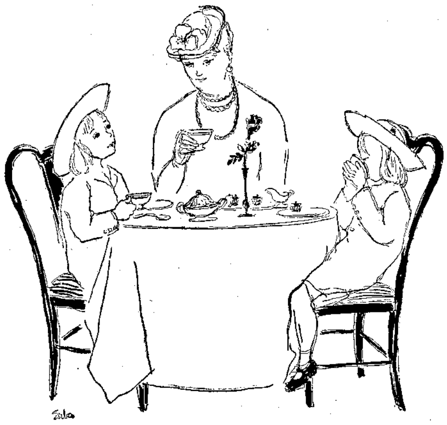
"You haven't always swept streets, have you?" asked the bystander.

"Of course not," was the reply. "I have to work here because I was a Nazi."

At this, the bystander shook his head and said, "And I *lost* my job as street sweeper because I was a Nazi."

As time went on, the city officials became more and more worried about where to dispose of the rubble. "The answer came to us slowly, but it came," Thomasius said. "We began to notice that people were getting more optimistic about the future and that there was more talk of reconstruction than of rubble removal. A cry went up for building material. Well, during the last months of the war, we had had some experience with making an ersatz building material out of rubble—grinding pieces of brick into sand and mixing it with cement to form concrete. So now we tried to enlarge on that sort of thing. The biggest need was for beams, rafters, and steel girders. People wanted to rebuild their bombed roofs before the next winter set in—1947, that is. Certain repair shops began to specialize in straightening bent girders. Building firms bought large amounts of whole bricks from us. But still the stuff kept piling up.

"Most of what we called the 'easy' ruins had been torn down, but lots of obstinate house walls were still standing, and each of these represented a special engineering problem and a dangerous job. I spent many days out in the field with one or another of our demolition crews. The men wanted to use dynamite, but dynamite was too expensive. The most important member of each crew was its *Alpinist* [mountain climber]. Practically all the ruins we were working on had no stairways and no fire escapes—nothing but broken walls, just the way the bombs and the wind and rain had left them. Each crew had a small winch engine and a steel cable, and the *Alpinist* would climb up, carrying the loose end of the cable, and bind it around one section of a wall. It may sound simple enough, but there were moments when we were all holding our breath and praying for that fellow up there. After he got down, the engine would start pulling on the cable. If everything went well, the wall would collapse, but sometimes it didn't. Once, I remember, they hitched a block and tackle to a big tree to get purchase. The



wall stood like the Rock of Gibraltar and the tree was pulled out by the roots. Next, they hitched the gear to an undamaged house across the street. This time, they almost pulled the good house down and the ruin still refused to budge. Then I suggested that we lift the cover of a manhole in the street, lower a double-T girder into it, swing the girder into a horizontal position, and bind the tackle to its middle. That finally did it. The ruin came crashing down.

"But problems like that were merely technical, and could be worked out somehow or other. It was when the blockade came, and the split of Berlin, that we found ourselves in a real dilemma. Most of the rubble had accumulated in the densely built central sections of the city, a long way from our disposal places. Suddenly, we West Berliners realized that we were still stuck with millions of cubic metres of rubble and had no practical way of getting rid of it. Many of our best dumping places were either inside the Soviet sector of the city or in the Soviet Zone outside it. The Russians and the East Berlin police stopped West Berlin trucks that were setting out to take their loads of rubble to those dumping places. The Russians had no such problem in their sector, which contained twenty million cubic metres of rubble—less than one-third of Berlin's total. Since Berlin is completely surrounded by the Soviet Zone, the Russians could dispose of all the East Berlin rubble in their Zone. But we West Berlin rubble people were stuck. Well, in the end we used about a million cubic metres of rubble to enlarge the runways at the Tempelhof and Gatow airports, and to build a new airport at Tegel, in the British sector.

"For a while, we tried dumping rubble on some low-lying land in one of the suburbs. But we had to stop when huge cracks appeared in the surface and the people in the neighborhood became panicky and accused us of causing an earthquake. Another time, we tried using rubble to reinforce an embankment along the Tegelersee. Unfortunately, the whole thing collapsed one day and changed the contour of the lake." Thomasius smiled. "That was the end of *that.* The Water Police were after us in no time. But we didn't want to give up, so we proposed to dump a million cubic metres of rubble into the middle of the lake, and build an artificial island. The fishermen were outraged. 'You can't dump rubble into the lake,' they said. 'After all, the lake's not a garbage pail.' And the Society for the Protection of Fish Life claimed that the

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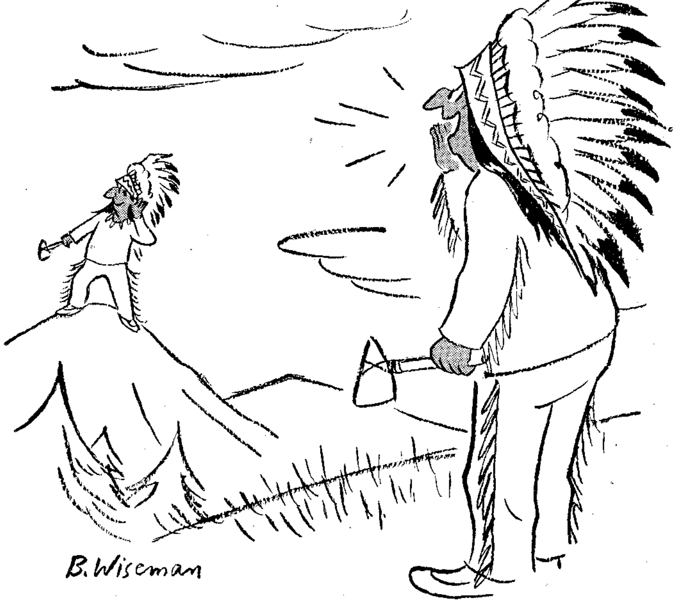

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island we planned would do away with the deep, warm spots in the lake where the fish congregate in wintertime.

"At last, we hit upon an area near the Teufelssee, in Grunewald, where we figured we could dump twelve million cubic metres of rubble and create a scenic slope. The municipal landscape planners O.K.'d the idea, and we went ahead with it. It's worked out pretty well so far. Part of the slope is completed, and last winter people were able to ski and toboggan on it. They call it the Berlin Alps. Even so, the Health Department has been constantly after us about it. They're afraid the Alps may put the Tiefenwerder and Grunewald water-pumping stations out of commission. Berlin's water is unusually soft, considerably more so than the water in many German cities. Water that's too hard can't be used for industrial purposes, because it forms deposits in boilers and pipes. Then, too, the health people are worried that rain seeping through all that rubble will, in time, change the composition of the city's water supply. There's lots of lime and sulfur in those Alps, and when water filters slowly through the lime, it creates carbonic acid, sulfuric acid, and other compounds. The health people are very concerned about the experience of a city in the Rhineland where a pumping station had to be abandoned because rubble that was dumped in the vicinity made the water so hard. Some beer drinkers have also expressed extravagant fears for the future. Actually, the breweries have their own private, extra-deep wells. I guess about all we can do is keep our fingers crossed."

THOMASIUS glanced at his watch and said he had some business to look after at a rubble-conversion plant near the Zoo. "Why don't you come along?" he suggested. "We'll show you what can be made out of rubble." I said that would be fine. He picked up a sheaf of blueprints and other papers, and we drove off in his car. On our way, we stopped near a large ruin in Charlottenburg where a rubble-removal gang was at work, the women stacking bricks in neat piles and the men shovelling and sifting the debris. A husky-looking woman in dusty overalls with a kerchief over her head came over and greeted Thomasius, who introduced her to me as Frau Krause, a rubble woman since 1946 and now a foreman. "I used to be a beauty-parlor operator, but I'll never go back," Frau Krause said to me in the voice of a Wagnerian baritone. "Surprises you, doesn't it? People can't

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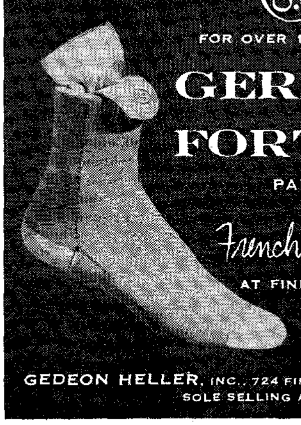

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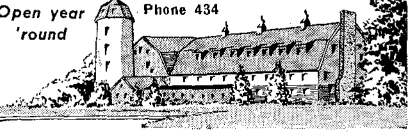
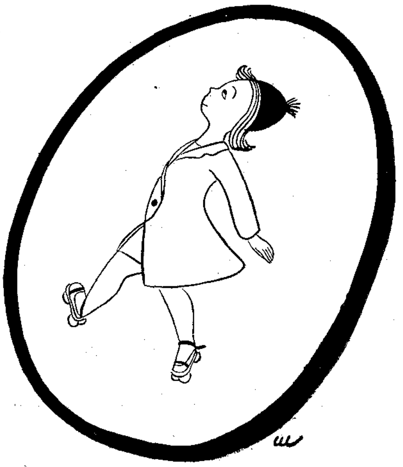


believe it when I tell them I've grown fond of these ruins. We have quite a crowd here—a former Lufthansa pilot, a dancer, a tenor, a gardener, a telephone operator, a conductor of operettas, a masseuse, a photographer, and I don't know what else. I started to work on rubble removal back when everything had to be done by hand. At night, I'd fall into bed exhausted and dream that I was riding on a bulldozer. I remember one day in 1947 when three Americans arrived at the big rubble heap between the Bismarckstrasse and the Ringstrasse, in Steglitz. They had a steam shovel, a rock-crusher, and a truck. The Steglitz people laughed—only three men, imagine! But they stopped laughing when the Americans went to work. One fed rubble into the crusher with the steam shovel; another worked the crusher, which ground the rubble to bits and loaded it on the truck; and the third drove the ground-up bricks away. Today, we also have some machines of that sort, so things are looking up. The pay doesn't seem fair, though. You get one mark eight pfennigs an hour. My take-home pay is thirty-eight marks a week. If I went on relief, I'd get between twenty-eight and thirty-four marks a week. And three hundred thousand people are on relief, when there's still all this rubble to be cleaned up. Something must be wrong."

Thomasius looked uncomfortable. "Naturally, there will always be people who would rather do no work and go on relief," he said. "We have eight thousand people working for us now and we're paying them every pfennig we can afford with the funds at our disposal. Some fifty-five million marks have been put aside from E.R.P. and Government and Relief in Occupied Areas funds for rubble removal. At present, we're spending six hundred and twenty thousand marks of our own money every month and seven hundred and eighty thousand out of G.A.R.I.O.A. funds on



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this work. But to clean up all the eleven thousand remaining rubble heaps in West Berlin, we would need at least two hundred million marks—and where are the two hundred million marks coming from?"

Frau Krause diplomatically changed the subject. "In the beginning, people went out into the ruins on treasure hunts," she said. "Millions in valuables were stolen from cellars that had not suffered direct hits or been burned out. Some people started a regular business. They'd remove rubble from the sites of property owners who wanted to get their sites cleared quickly, charge them for the job, and then sift the stuff. I remember a Dutchman, Martinus Brom, a plumber from Rotterdam. He charged twelve marks for every cubic metre of rubble he removed from a house. He found silverware, clocks, and, in one building, a complete set of dentist's equipment. Once, he even found a vault with a fortune in stocks in it. Or, rather, he thought it was a fortune, but they turned out to be in altmarks and no longer any good."

Thomasius and I left Frau Krause and her gang, and continued on our way to the conversion plant. Presently, near the beginning of the Kurfürstendamm, we passed the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, which was badly bombed but even as a ruin is a distinctive landmark. "Two or three years ago, it was decided to tear down what's left of that church," Thomasius said. "Then the pastor started a campaign to keep it standing, and got so many people interested that it was spared. Now some American organizations have offered to finance its reconstruction. Last year, on the anniversary of the bombing, the ringing of bells sounded from the bell tower, although everyone knew that the tower was badly damaged and there were no longer any bells there. It was a recording of the old bells being played over loudspeakers rigged up inside."

THE rubble-conversion plant near the Zoo was built in 1949 and is one of three such installations now operating in Berlin. It proved to be a conglomeration of silos and shacks centered around a high wooden tower. A rattling steel conveyor belt was carrying broken bricks up into the tower, and a sand-colored cloud of dust hovered over the area. All about us were large dunes of ground-up brick, called *Splitt*. The manager of the plant, a municipal engineer named Grosemann, was standing in front of a shack, which

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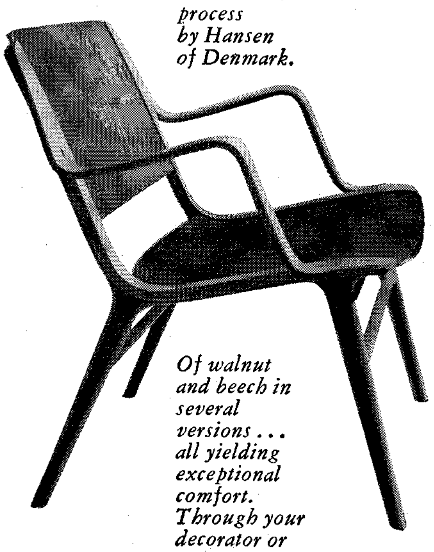

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constituted his office, consulting a list of figures. He was a stocky, energetic-looking man and he seemed disgusted by the dunes of *Splitt*. "Business is bad these days," he said to me after Thomasius had introduced us. "There is not enough building going on in Berlin. We used to sell every cubic metre of *Splitt* we produced. Now we are lucky if we can sell fifty per cent."

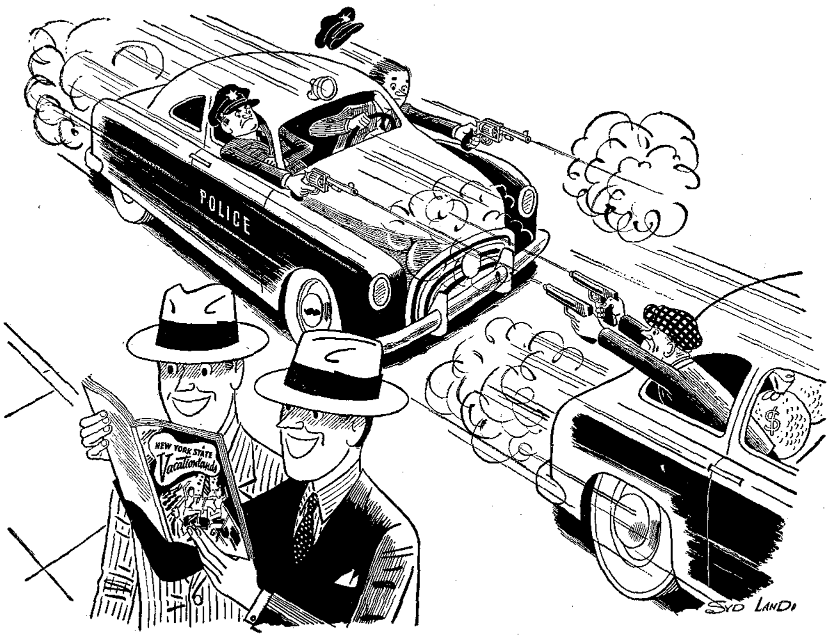
"There are two hundred and seventeen million whole bricks stacked up in the city," Thomasius said. "This would be a good time to build, but who can afford to build?"

Grosemann explained to me that all rubble is sorted into three categories—whole bricks, which are sold as is; useless debris, which is dumped; and broken stones and bricks, which are ground and sifted into five varieties of *Splitt*, of varying degrees of coarseness. The coarser varieties are used in making wall tiles, and the finer ones are mixed with concrete and pressed into hollow bricks that are sturdy enough to use in building a two-story house. "Last year, we sold a lot of our coarsest *Splitt* for road building, but there is no money for that any more," Grosemann said. "At best, *Splitt* is only a substitute for gravel, and no builder likes to make concrete out of it if he can get gravel, because gravel is much harder. I wish we could sell our *Splitt* in Western Germany, where the people have plenty of money and a lot of building is going on, but there would certainly be trouble with the Russians if we tried to send our trucks through."

"Some people seem to think the city is getting rich out of the rubble-conversion business," Thomasius said. "It's true that about fifty per cent of the rubble can be used again, in one way or another, but only ten per cent can be sold."

I asked Grosemann how many men it took to run the plant. "Fifteen here and five in the repair shops," he said, and then, gazing up at the top of the tower, barely visible through the cloud of dust, he added, "The two men working up there get an extra fifteen pfennigs an hour, as a dust bonus. It's too early yet to say whether the fine dust will harm their lungs, but when they come off duty, we always give them a glass of milk, as a precaution. Believe it or not, everybody wants to be up there, because of those fifteen extra pfennigs."

The conversion operation, as Grosemann described it to me, starts at the receiving end of the conveyor belt. On either side of it were platforms onto which men were unloading rubble from



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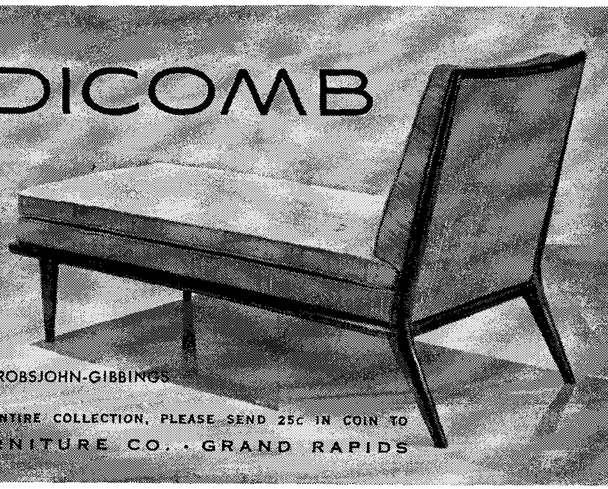

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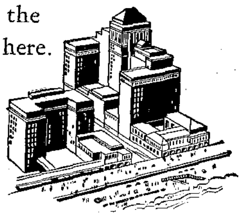

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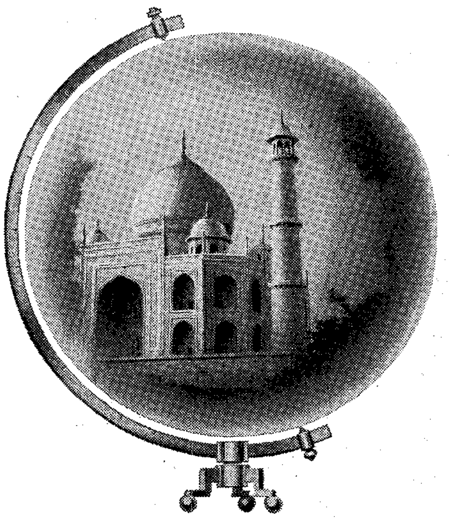

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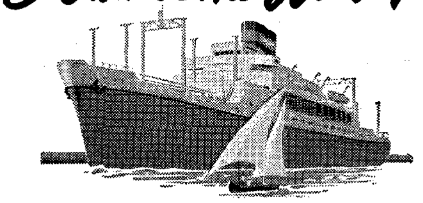

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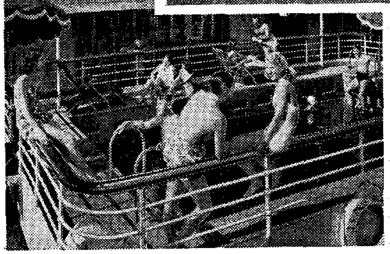

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trucks. Bricks that were intact were set aside. Useless rubbish was thrown down into a truck stationed beneath the platforms. The men also culled out all metal scrap. Thomasius said that until 1948 there were tons of scrap lying around all over the city and no one wanted any part of it, but that since the blockade, and especially since the beginning of the Korean war, scrap has become valuable in Berlin. Now eighty thousand tons of scrap leave West Berlin every month. There are forty-two big scrap dealers and more than a hundred small ones in West Berlin. Much scrap is smuggled in from East Berlin, even though this is punishable by a long prison term.

What was left after the culling process consisted of pieces of broken brick, stone, and concrete, and these were carried up on the conveyor belt to a grinding and pulverizing machine, from which the finished *Splitt* emerged. This was then carried on another belt to the top of the tower, where it was sorted in a series of oscillating steel strainers, much as grades of coal are sorted, and dropped into bins below. Thomasius said it took ten minutes for a piece of rubble to make the journey from truck to bin. He added that the three converting plants are now taking in sixteen hundred cubic metres of rubble a day and turning out eight hundred cubic metres of *Splitt*.

"What about the stuff that can't be used for anything?" I asked.

"I was coming to that," Thomasius said. "How about taking a walk with me to that hill over there in the Tiergarten and having a look around?" Both he and Grosemann chuckled over what was evidently an old joke to them.

THOMASIUS and I walked through an underpass beneath some railroad tracks and climbed the hill, which rose to a height of more than a hundred feet. The grass was thin and fragile, as though it had been sown only recently, but the trees at the foot of the hill were old and solidly rooted. The hill resembled a good many other hills I've seen, until we reached the top. Then I could see that the side of the hill facing the Zoo was open, like the entrance to a cave. "Our artificial mountain," Thomasius said proudly. "It contains nine hundred thousand cubic metres of rubble. In the open side there you can see some of the shattered walls of what was once the biggest air-raid shelter in Germany. Soon we will have a waterfall in operation to cover that side, too. Let's sit down."

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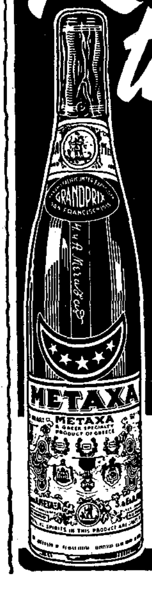

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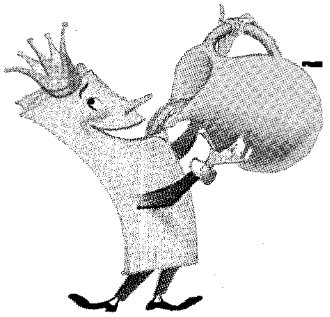

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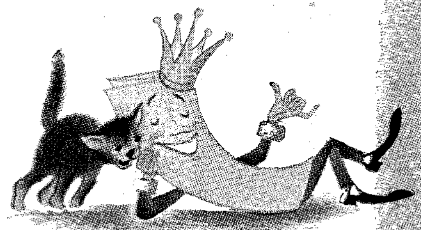

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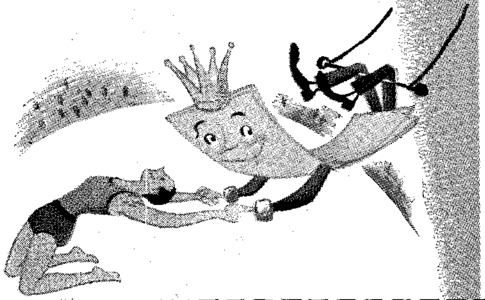

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crete, the Zoo air-raid shelter was built by Hitler in 1943. Its walls were thirteen feet thick and were impervious to even direct bomb hits. During air raids, more than ten thousand people took refuge in it at a time. After the war, it was turned into a hospital, but in 1948, right at the time of the Russian blockade, it was ordered demolished. This was in line with an agreement the four conquering powers made to blow up all the air-raid shelters in the city—one of the few agreements that were adhered to after the Four-Power Kommandatura had ceased to function. (Some of the explosives used for the demolition of the shelter were flown in by the airlift.) "It would have been much too expensive for us to remove the wreckage of the shelter," Thomasius said to me, looking over the contours of his handiwork with evident pleasure. "It cost a fortune to build, and we figured it would cost us a hundred and forty marks—then about ten dollars—a cubic metre to break it up into pieces small enough to dispose of. So it was decided to dump rubble around it and into it and build an artificial hill, killing two birds with one stone—or, if I may say so, with a lot of stones. We did the same thing with the two shelters in Humboldthain and the one in Friedrichshain. Of course, we didn't want to make Berlin look like a coal-mining city in the Ruhr, with heaps of refuse lying all over the place, like slag. Each of these projects had to be approved by numberless commissions of municipal planners before we could go ahead. Landscape people had to be consulted, and garden people, park specialists, water and canal men, and I don't know how many others. The canal authorities, for instance, wanted to be sure we wouldn't change the course of the *Landwehr-*

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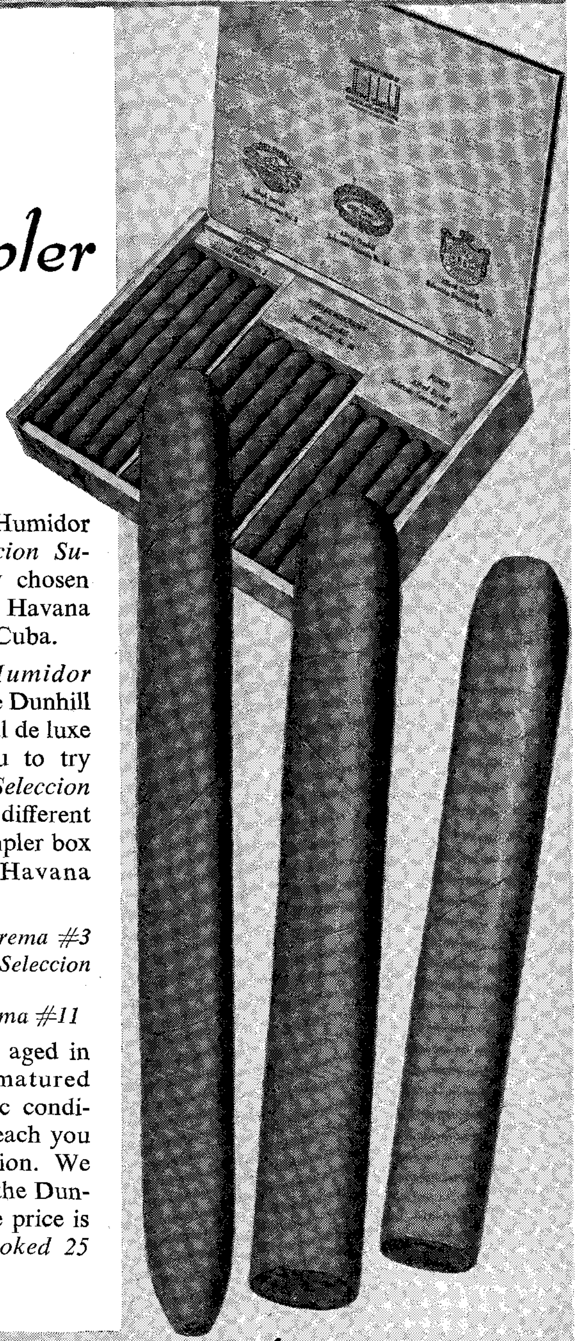

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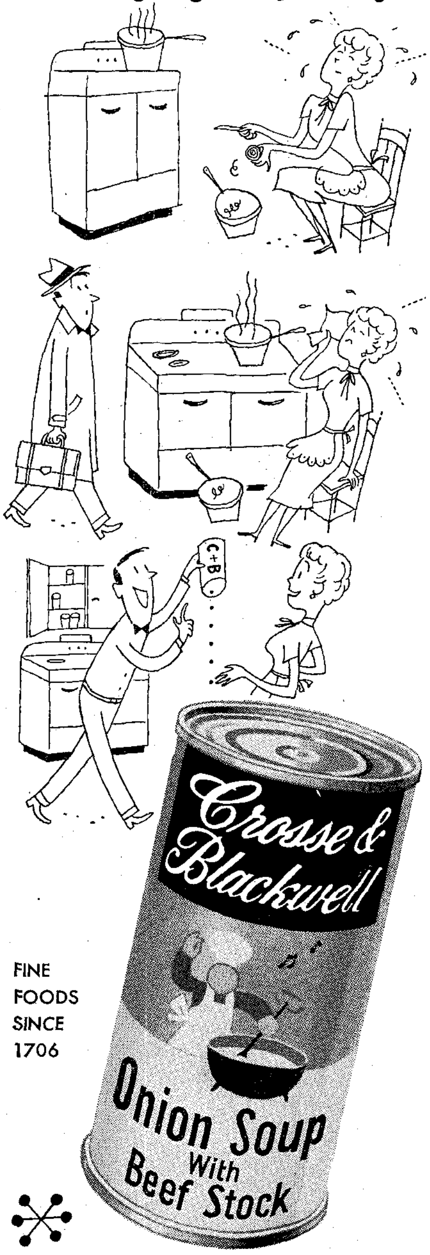

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kanal, while the park people insisted that the old trees down there near the base of our hill be left intact. Sometimes I got the feeling that in the end the stack of papers and memoranda relating to this hill would be almost as high as the hill itself."

Thomasius looked through the papers he had brought with him and drew out a blueprint. "The big problem was to cover the remains of the shelter *and* create a hill that would blend harmoniously with the surrounding landscape. The first thing we did was draw a cross-section of what our hill would look like. It isn't easy to imitate nature. For one thing, nature never had to worry about routes for rubble trucks to drive up and others for them to drive down after dumping their loads. We got under way in the fall of 1950, with nine hundred big trailer trucks working for us. The drivers were told by engineers exactly where to dump their loads. Then they would drive up, dump, and drive down the other side. The entire job was completed in five months."

Thomasius handed me some photographs. The first showed the shelter with its towers tilted by dynamite blasts and a fringe of rubble around its base. In the next picture, half the shelter was engulfed in a sea of rubble. The third picture showed only the tops of the towers jutting out, like the funnels of a sinking ocean liner. In the last picture, no trace of the shelter could be seen.

"After the rubble job was finished, we covered the surface with a layer of soil and the garden people sowed grass there," Thomasius said. "After we have installed the waterfall, the Zoo people plan to make their side of the hill a bird paradise, with a swimming pool, a small café, and a playground. In a few years, people will come up here on Sunday afternoons to look down at Berlin and listen to music. No one will remember what is hidden inside the hill or what the hill is made of."

Thomasius stared meditatively about him. "There are still so many obstacles to overcome," he said. "Think of the legal complications the destruction has caused! Is a property owner obliged to allow narrow-gauge tracks to be laid across his property so that the rubble from an adjacent ruin can be cleared away? May the owner of a half-destroyed house refuse to allow the remains of the building to be broken up and carted off? And what about the costs of such operations? As a matter of public safety, we've had to remove dangerous ruins without taking the time to consult the owners, and then when

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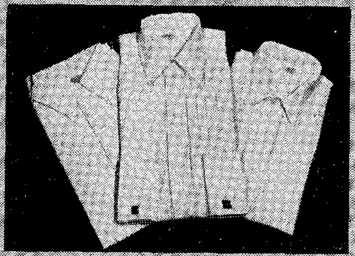

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we've tried to charge the owners for the work, which sometimes amounted to thousands of marks, they've refused to pay it. Future generations of law students will have to study a brand-new subject—rubble law."

WE stood up. The afternoon sun was low. From the top of the hill, we could look out over the immense destruction in the Tiergarten, with its now headless statues of Germany's former rulers and other famous people; back in 1945, the victorious Soviet soldiers, in a playful mood, knocked off the heads. Beyond the borders of the Tiergarten were vast stretches of dark-gray burned-out ruins, which hadn't been touched, and stretches of lighter gray, where the rubble had been sorted and dumped in large piles to await carting away, and greenish-gray stretches that had been entirely cleared and were now covered with weeds. As we turned back toward the conversion plant, four trucks were dumping their loads on the conveyor belt. Behind them were four more trucks, loaded with rubble, waiting.
—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

RESPONSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT RESPONDED TO GALILEO

[*From an article by Joyce Cary in Harper's*]

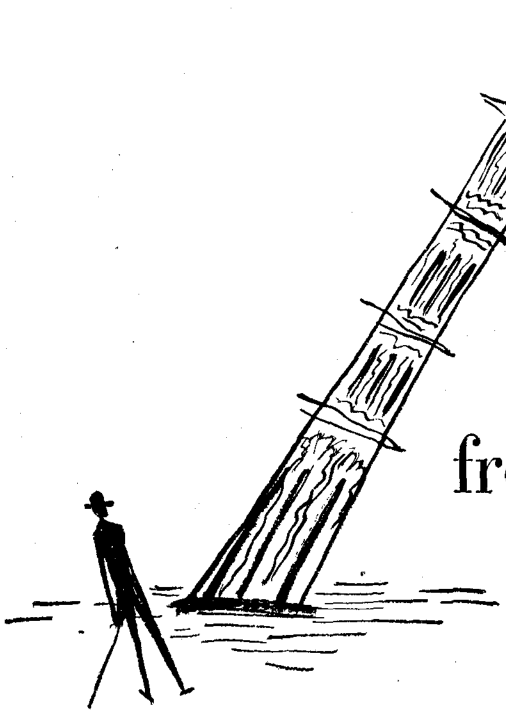
This belief [that people are becoming more and more standardized] is now so completely accepted that it underlies half the writing and the thinking of the time, like chalk under the downs. You don't see it but it gives shape to what you do see. If you deny it you will get exactly the same response as Galileo when he said that the earth moved through the sky. You will be told, "Use your eyes. And don't talk nonsense. Look at the crowds in the street or at any football match. Go to the films, read the newspapers. Consider the disappearance of national dress all over the world—the immense development of laws restricting individual liberty, standardizing our lives. Go on a tour to famous sights—year by year there will be bigger crowds of morons gaping at them and listening to the spiel of some bored guide—a piece nicely designed to satisfy the mass mind."

•

WASHINGTON, March 15 (A.P.)—The Navajos' Washington attorney has given his approval to the present Indian Bureau regime, headed by Commissioner Dillon S. Myer.

"I welcome the break of the grip of the Collier forces in the Indian Bureau by the advent of Dillon Myer," the lawyer, Norman Littell, told a Senate Interior subcommittee yesterday. It is looking into contrast between Indians and attorneys.
—*The Times.*

Indians say "How." Attorneys say "And/or how."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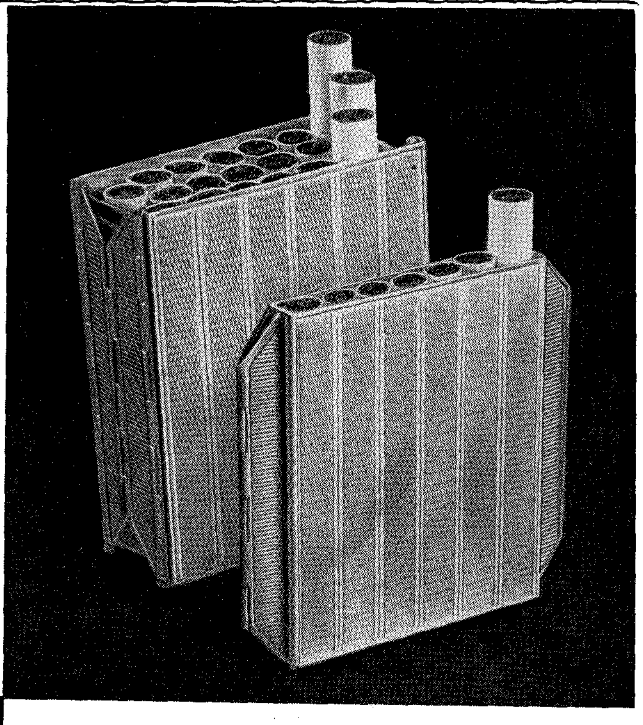
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THE NUMBERS GAME

DURING the spring holidays, my nephew Ainsley came to visit my husband and me in New York. Ainsley is a chubby youth, sometimes referred to in the family as Ainsley the Inquisitor. He is a walking question mark.

Ainsley is a sophomore at Harvard, and this year, as usual, he brought one of his roommates down with him. In the letter accepting my invitation, he described his friend as follows: "Name is Tom Benson. Comes from some dump or other in Idaho. A good guy. He likes meat and girl shows. Could you get us some tickets?"

I did not expect to recognize Tom Benson from this description, but I was surprised when Ainsley arrived with a very tall, very thin, intense, and buttoned-up-looking young man.

As I opened the front door to receive them, Tom stood at the top of the three brownstone steps, a suitcase in each hand. Ainsley, who never works unless he has to, was carrying only the loose bouquet he regularly brings me on these occasions.

Tom had an expression of unrelieved misery on his face and a unilateral eyeblink. At first, I thought he was winking at me, and I smiled. His face froze, and I felt instantly that he would never forgive me.

On this happy note, the visit began.

I always treat Ainsley and his guests in a systematic manner and according to a practiced plan. In the matter of dress, I begin with tweeds and gradually work up to my sole Hattie Carnegie dinner gown. In the matter of conversation, two or three meals are given over to breaking the ice—agony dinners, my husband calls them. During these sessions this spring, Ainsley did nothing to assist me. He was too busy stuffing himself. On the first night, I tried to cover the subjects of college courses, sports, campus gossip, and girls. On the second night, I eased into genetics and family history, trying to learn, among other things, whether our visitor had a relative within telephoning distance or whether I should call my own doctor in if he got sick from eating too much beef—which was what he was doing now. On the third night, wearing my Carnegie dress, I brought up the subject of characteristic tastes and habits. By this time, I was exhausted. This was usual, but it was also usual for the visitor to have thawed. Tom Benson had not thawed. He looked at me in exactly the same way that he had when we first met. In fact, I realized, he had been staring at me in silence every night at dinner since he came. Toward the end of the meal, he turned to Ainsley and said, "Two-three-six."

"Not two," Ainsley said, and they relapsed into silence.

I rolled my eyes in my husband's direction.

He smiled sympathetically.

"All right," I said to myself, "I won't say another word. *Not another word.*"

I had transferred my attention to the crêpes Suzette—Ainsley's favorite dessert—when I heard my husband's chair scrape along the floor. I looked up.

My husband cocked his right eyebrow. This was the warning signal that he was about to bring out the fat decanter of Italian *grappa*, which had the kick of a team of mules. We use it in the gravest emergencies.

To give the boys one more chance, I said, "Ainsley, dear, what was that game you and Tom were playing?"

"What game?" Ainsley eyed me warily.

"Just a few minutes ago. Tom was saying some number or other—don't you remember?"

Ainsley shook his head, but I knew that he knew exactly what I was referring to. He closed his soft mouth and stuck out his soft, stubborn chin.

I shrugged, and raised my right hand to my earring, which meant I agreed that the situation called for *grappa*.

My husband went to the credenza and took out the bottle. "Here we are," he said heartily as he poured out the *grappa*. "Just what the doctor ordered."

Tom downed the contents of his glass in one swallow and shuddered.

Presently, Ainsley gasped, "What is this—fire?"

"You'll get used to it," my husband

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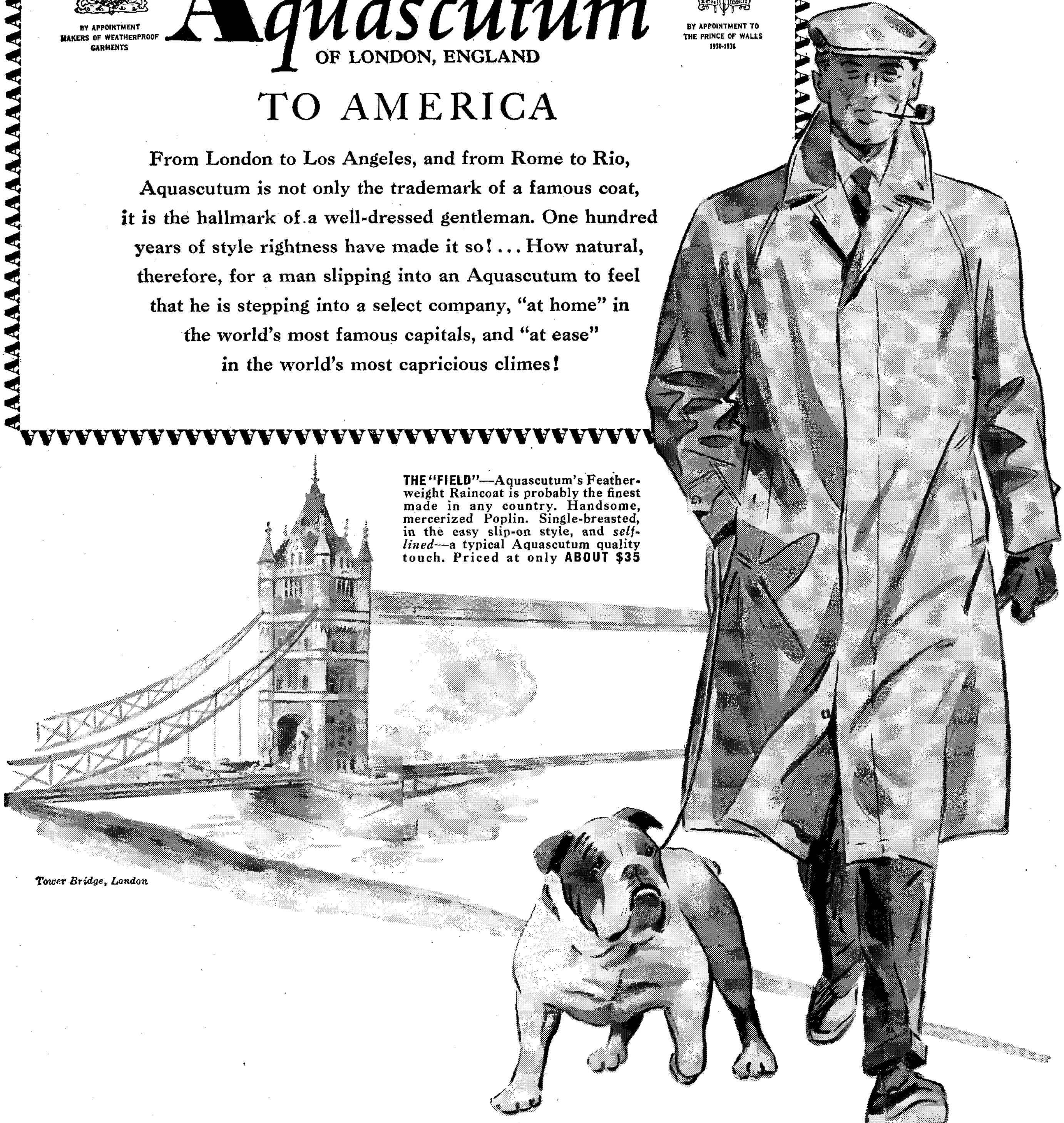

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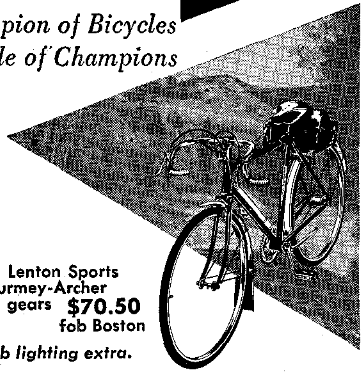

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said. "After a while, it goes down like oil. Marvellous."

Then the telephone rang.

"It must be Aunt Julia," I said. "She usually calls on Tuesdays. I'll take it upstairs. I won't be long."

I HURRIED up the stairs. The sooner I got to the phone, the sooner I'd get away from it. The extension in Ainsley's room is nearer than the one in my own, so I went in there.

Of course, it *was* Aunt Julia. I lighted a cigarette and settled down to listen. Occasionally, I interrupted the flow of talk long enough to complain a little about Ainsley and his eccentric friend.

"People from Idaho have to be watched," Aunt Julia told me with authority. "I once knew a man . . ."

But I did not think her story conclusive.

Finally, when my arm was almost paralyzed, she hung up.

Automatically, I looked around the room. Both beds had been turned down and the room was as orderly as it ever is while Ainsley is inhabiting it. There were newspapers, books, magazines, and cigarettes everywhere. On the floor there were sheets of paper covered with figures. On one of the beds was an open book. I leaned over to pick it up and saw a drawing of a nude girl in two poses—full face and profile. I turned the pages and saw other similar drawings. The draftsman's eye was so unsparing that, at times, I winced. Each drawing was numbered with three digits—1-1-7, 1-3-6, and so on. So this was the numbers game—I turned the book over and read the title on the spine: "The Varieties of Human Physique," by Sheldon.

I felt certain this was Tom's book. Was he a Casanova, Model 1952? Or the same sort of fiend Aunt Julia had been telling me about? Somewhat shaken, I put the book on the shelf and went down to the dining room.

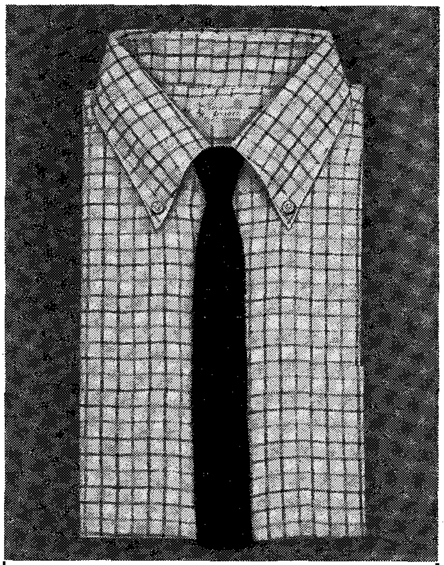
It was empty. My husband had prudently removed the boys to the greater seclusion of his study. Cautiously, I entered the hall.

The study door was open. I could hear my husband's lusty bellow, followed by Ainsley's shrill giggle and a strangled snort, which I took to be Tom's effort at laughter.

"Well, what do you think, Tom?" Ainsley sniggered. "Come on. Give."

"I think she's a two-three-six," Tom said.

I jumped a little at the sound of his voice, which was strained and hesitant.



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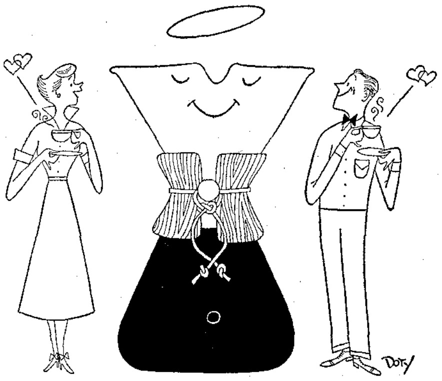

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He spoke almost as if he were guarding against the danger of being overheard. I did not doubt that he was talking about me.

"Naw," Ainsley said.

"Sheldon says that the traditional archreformer or savior of mankind has been depicted morphologically in Christian times as falling between two-three-five and two-three-six," Tom said.

"What's that?" my husband asked.

"Sheldon," Tom said. "We study some of his books in Anthropology. He's a genius. A lot of people think so. Rockefeller put up a hundred thousand dollars for his research."

My husband allowed a silence to develop. Obviously, he wanted Tom to go on, but I felt a slight chill down my spine.

"Which Sheldon?" my husband asked.

"William H., constitutional psychologist. He has divided everybody into three types by taking bodily measurements. He analyzes temperaments, too."

"Don't you think Aunt Bessie is more of a fatty?" Ainsley asked.

"She's not fat," my husband said.

There was a longer silence.

"Let's have another round," my husband said.

Tom said, in his harsh whisper, "Sheldon has worked out an elaborate method of rating the basic ingredients of everybody's physique on a scale—from one to seven. One is the minimum, four is the average, and seven is the maximum. The pronounced endomorph, or fat type, is seven-one-one—tops in digestive machinery and fat, minimum in muscle and bone, and minimum in nervous organization. The pronounced mesomorph, or muscle type, is one-seven-one. The pronounced ectomorph, or nervous type, is one-one-seven. Since a definite temperament goes with each of these physiques, the same kind of rating is used for temperament."

My husband laughed. "So Bessie's two-three-six, is she? Well, let's have it, boys. How do you make out that two for fat?"

"It takes a lot of figuring, but I can give you a rough idea how it's worked out," Ainsley said. "Aunt Bessie likes luxury, upholstered chairs, interior dec-

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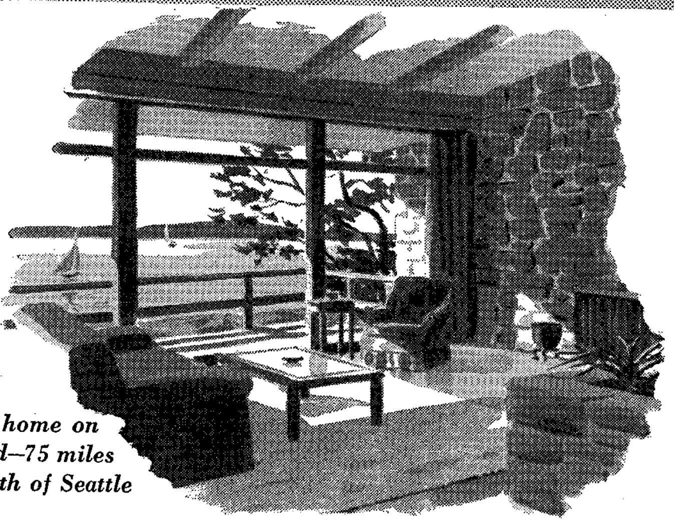

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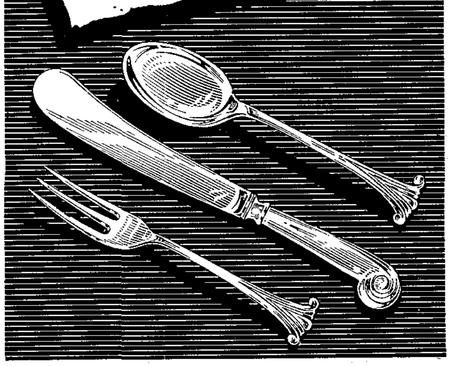

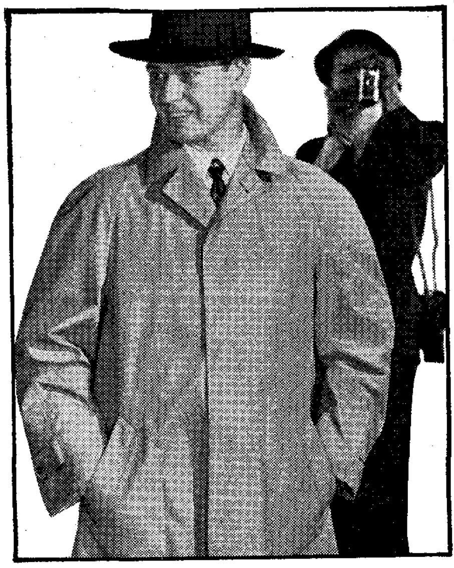

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oration, and stuff like that. All fatties enjoy the pleasures of the table. Tom's been watching her dive into dinner every night. And she likes parties. *We* prove that."

Do you, I thought bitterly, counting the long, torturing hours spent in their mute company. It would be a long time before I invited Ainsley and his carnivorous friend again.

"I was thinking rather of her orientation to people," Tom said. "The harmony of outlook. The tolerance. The enjoyment of gossip."

"She's been on the phone for the last hour. Yak-yak," Ainsley said.

"The social ease," Tom said.

"I think she's more of a fatty," Ainsley said stubbornly. "But all right. Two for fat. Next is muscles."

"A brisk, heel-striking walk," Tom said.

"Bessie wakes me up every morning clattering around the bedroom," my husband said.

"Energy," Tom said.

"She bustles," Ainsley agreed. "What about lust for power? She likes to order us around."

"She has never ordered you around," my husband said.

"Coat," Ainsley reminded him. "She told me to wear my raincoat yesterday."

"Then, there's love of risk and chance," Tom said. "Bridge. I think she plays a very reckless game, if last night could be taken as a fair example."

My husband sighed. "It could be."

"What about courage in combat?" Tom asked.

"Bessie's afraid of mice," my husband said.

Tom clicked his tongue. Three was apparently slipping away from him.

"Competitive aggressiveness?" Ainsley said. "Psychological callousness? Ruthlessness? General noisiness? Assertiveness under alcohol?"

I had just decided to risk entering the room, thus putting a stop to this gruesome analysis, when Ainsley added, "Need for action when troubled or oppressed?"

I stayed where I was.

"No," Tom said. "I was thinking about claustrophobia. Life on the grand scale. Large, open rooms. Lots of light and air. Expansiveness. And—uh—"

"Go on. Say it," Ainsley urged. "Nudity."

"Is Tom thinking of Bessie's Carnegie number?" my husband asked, and laughed.

"She's an exhibitionist, is Aunt Bessie," Ainsley said. "Well, that's three for muscles. Maybe four."

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"This is fun." My husband made a lip-smacking noise.

"Now for nerves," Ainsley said. "How do you make it a six?"

"I just *know* it's a six," Tom said. "Fast reactions. Sensitivity. Emotional restraint."

"She winds her feet around the legs of chairs. Tense." Ainsley said. "What about colds in the head?"

"Bessie regularly has colds in the head," my husband said.

So does everybody, I thought.

"Awareness," Tom said. "Sharp eyes and ears. Misses nothing."

"That's right," my husband sighed.

"Subtle, subjective, suffers in silence."

My husband made no comment.

"Absent-minded?"

"She forgot to get the tickets for Barbara Bel Geddes," Ainsley said.

"I got them. They're on the dresser in your room," my husband said.

"Subject to quick changes of mind," Tom said.

"That's Aunt Bessie," Ainsley said. "Changed her mind three times in five minutes this afternoon."

"A light sleeper. A daydreamer."

"Guilty," my husband said.

"Does Aunt Bessie snore?" Ainsley wanted to know.

"No. I do," my husband said.

"I guess she's a six," Ainsley said.

"Yes," Tom said. "There's youthfulness of manner and appearance. A general atmosphere of eagerness and charm. A suggestion that she can never grow old."

SINCE this was the first agreeable thing I had heard him say, I decided to reënter on that note.

As I stepped over the threshold, Ainsley, who was sitting forward in his chair clutching an empty glass, said, "What about sex? We've left out sex." Then he looked up and saw me.

Tom jerked his head around.

"Aren't you boys supposed to go to a show tonight?" my husband asked.

Ainsley looked at his watch. "Holy cow! It's eight-thirty. We'll be late. We can finish the rating some other time. Fun, wasn't it?"

"Great fun," my husband said.

"Hurry up, Tom. Let's get going," Ainsley said, and swayed gracefully toward the door.

With an effort, Tom gathered himself together and got stiffly out of his chair. "I'm going back to Boston early tomorrow. Must catch up on some work. Thanks for having me. Goodbye, sir." He shook hands with my husband. Then he came toward me as if he were walking on hot coals.

I took his hand and tried to smile at him. Did Sheldon's system cover stoicism under pain?

Tom gave me a glassy-eyed stare, then smiled. The smile transformed his face. "I want you to know that two-three-six is my ideal," he said.

—ELIZABETH DELEHANTY

• •

OH, TO BE IN BLUBBERHOUSES, YORKS., NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE

Of all people who ever imposed names upon a newly discovered country the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice.—*The Quarterly Review (London), January, 1815.*

Great Neck and Little Rock will never rate
With Horse Wynd, Giggleswick, and Snoring (Great).

The bards of Isle of Dogs and Coalbrookdale
Can sing of Whetstone, Hanley Child, and Sale,
Make rimes for Oystermouth, Haltwhistle,
Loose, Leighton Buzzard, Oswaldtwistle,
Sunk Island, Spithead, Wrangle, Rotten Row,
Papcastle, Wigtown, Amble, Westward Ho!,
Fair Foulness, that proud city near the Crouch—
Nearly as proud as Ashby de la Zouche—
Tickhill, Loch Awe, Mold, Frogmore, Rye,
Hoo, Cheapside, Cowpen, Ash, or Eye,
Much Birch, Chew Magna, Horsey, Stour,
All Hallows Barking, near the Tower,
Usk, Rawmarsh, Slough, Ware, Box, or Bray,
Chalk, Fishguard, Gibbet Hills, or Hay.

French Lick and Haverstraw must yield a tittle
To Pinchbeck, Swine, and Snoring (Little).

—MARSHALL SMELSER

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LUCIEN
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

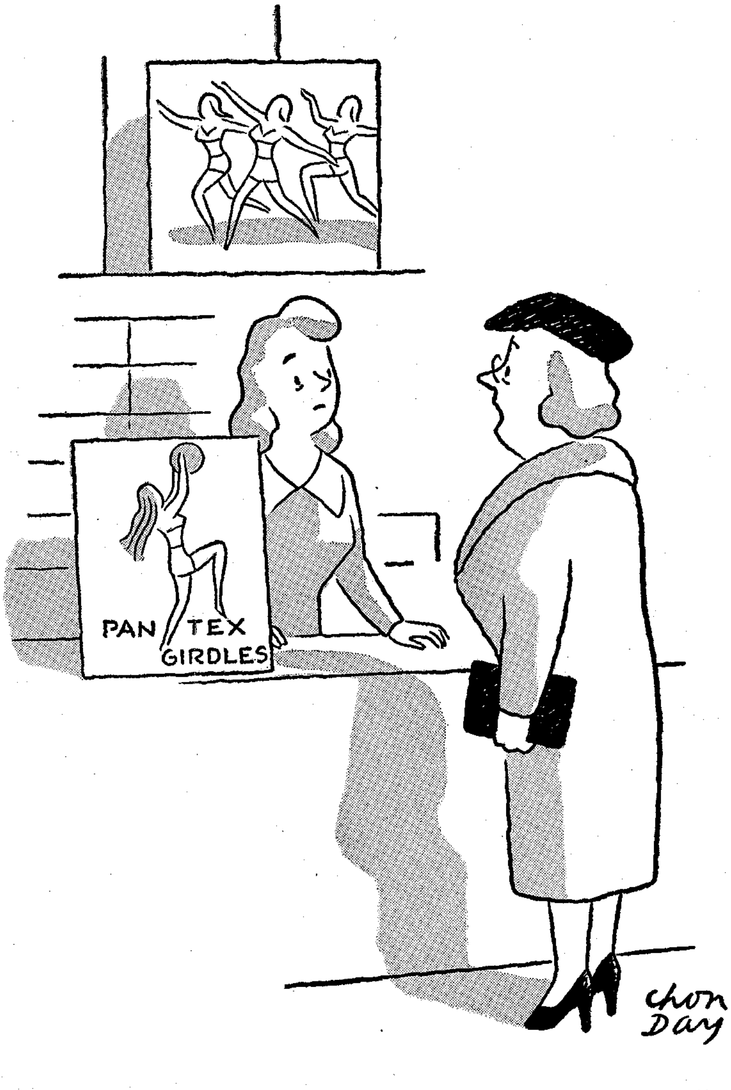
THIS AND THAT

SOME of the most beautiful summer dresses in town at the moment were made in Rome for Mme. E. Garnett, whose shop is at 47 East 51st Street. Her hand-woven Capri cottons produce an unusual two-piece dress—a black tuck-in top and a gathered skirt with a multi-striped apron front and a very wide black band at the hem. Another cotton job, one-piece and collarless, has a shorter apron front. A sheath of cotton, the sort of thing that can be worn as well at midday as at midnight, has a tight striped bodice attached to a plain skirt with a big box pleat down the center back. There's a plain fitted jacket to match. Another two-piece comprises a gathered cotton skirt, striped round and round the middle, and a black shantung blouse. A stole bordered with the striped cotton is attached to the blouse. These clothes can be made up, say, in green, blue, brown, or black striped with dusty pink, hydrangea blue, dull red, and light green, all shot with gold or copper metallic thread. A heavenly mixture of silk and wool, with the look of thin faille but the crispness of taffeta, comes in black or navy or in tiny black-and-white checks. Tailored suits of this fabric have an unexaggerated circular skirt and a jacket equipped with a club collar and flap pockets. A long fitted coat of the navy sports a squared-off peplum across the back.

Among the Garnett after-five clothes is a two-piece dress with a low-necked bodice of black cotton and a wide skirt of green cotton into which is woven a copper-colored Persian pattern. Mme. Garnett seems bent on making every dress a self-contained outfit; in this case, a Persian-patterned shawl to match the skirt is attached to the bodice. The most flamboyant dress has a floor-length skirt that uses up twenty yards of material. It's a splendid sight in hyacinth organza printed all over with large white dots. A turtleneck blouse of cerise chiffon tops it off. An organza handkerchief is to be tied bandit fashion around the throat by anyone who really feels she's not carrying enough sail already. If anything in your size or favorite color has to be ordered, there's a wait of three weeks. Prices run from $95 to $350.

FOR those who like to play around with ideas of their own but welcome a certain amount of guidance, there's a good-natured shop called Amie, at 715 Madison Avenue (63rd). A little picking and choosing among fabrics and designs (*simple* fabrics and designs) is followed, in a week, by the specified clothes. Short-sleeved surplice tops that can be wrapped high or folded back to make a plunging front are provided with circular or pleated skirts. In checked gingham, striped cotton, or solid-color cotton broadcloth, the price is $39.95. In Honan or tie silk, the price is $79.95. The combination of a reversible skirt, cotton on one side, plain or printed linen on the other, and a tiny-sleeved top with a severe slashed neckline comes a bit higher. Classic two-piece dresses, for golf, lunching at the club, shopping, or any other casual business on a midsummer day, are made of cool handkerchief linen, in white or any number of pastel colors, and piped with checked or striped cotton; $79.95. For weekenders, there's a collection of rather expensive but quite handsome matching things—striped cotton halters, shorts, and pedal pushers, a linen jacket with a striped cotton collar and lining, and a linen skirt with a striped cotton cummerbund. Prices range from $5.50 for the cummerbund to $69.95 for the jacket. Finally, Amie has an assortment of imaginative and dashing cotton knit blouses from France, at from $19.95 to $39.95.

A SMALL group of pretty summer day dresses are on hand at Franklin Simon. All of them have slender bodices, full but not bouffant skirts, and a nice amount of intricate yet not obtrusive detail. One of white cotton printed in royal and black, Shocking and black, or yellow and black has a softly folded V neck and deep draped cuffs. A flowered cotton dress in royal and white, dark green and white, or rose and white has bows over the hipbones. The simplest of the lot has a small rolled collar and lantern sleeves. It shows up in navy, brown, dark gray, or green Pima cotton. Appliquéd cutouts flutter about the lowish round neck of a gray, black-and-white, or royal-black-and-white abstract cotton print. Sizes start at



"Of course, I don't do much running and jumping."

The last *word in "lights" is a lighter—the lighter that* lasts *is* RONSON

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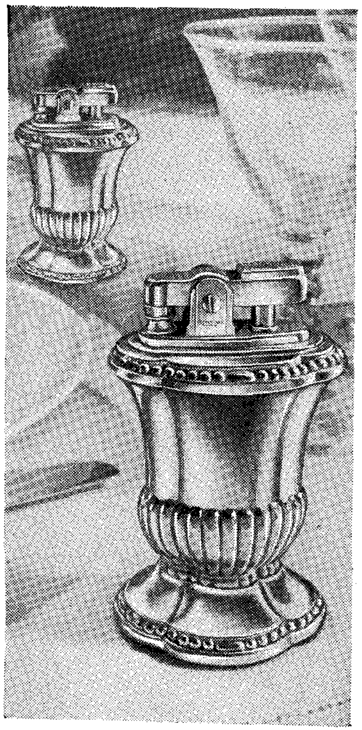
"The lighter I want is a Ronson," said 77% of hostesses interviewed.

For Mother's Day, May 11. Mother would love a Ronson for her purse, her home, and her guests' convenience.

For Outdoor Men

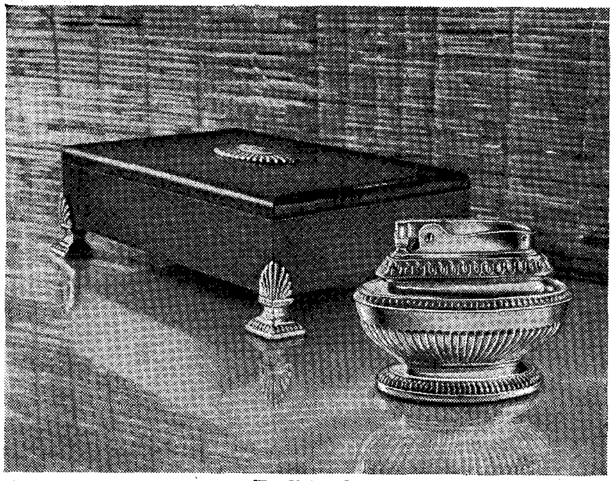
Perfect gift for a sportsman. 76% named Ronson as their choice.

For *anyone* who rates a gift!



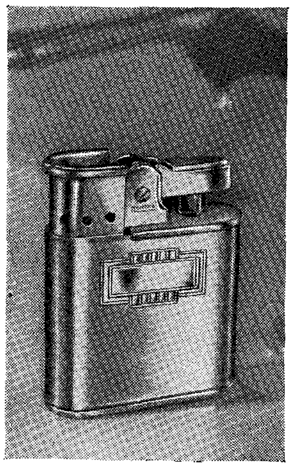
RONSON MAYFAIR PAIR. Exquisite table lighters in heavy silver plate. Pair, $18.25 plus tax. *Other Ronson table lighters, from $9.50 plus tax.*

All lighters shown in reduced size.

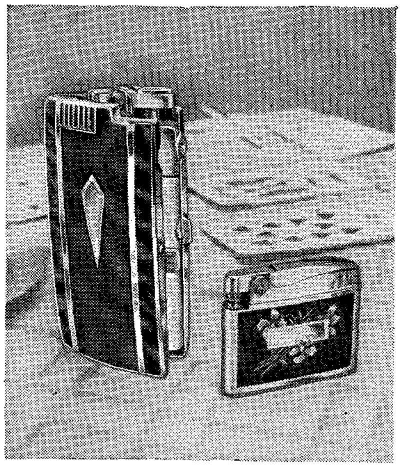


RONSON QUEEN ANNE PAIR. Traditional table lighter, in heavy silver plate with matching walnut cigarette chest. Pair, $27.50. Lighter alone, $12.25 plus tax. Chest alone, $15.25 (no Fed. tax).

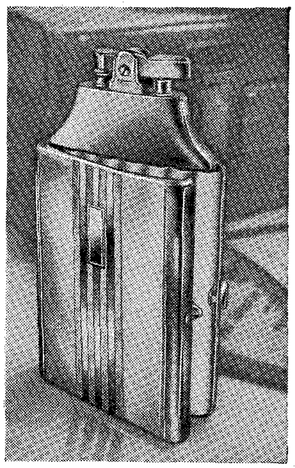
RONSON SPARTAN. Chromium plate desk lighter. $14.25. RONSON PENCILITER. Writes! Lights! Chromium plate. $10.40.



RONSON WHIRLWIND. Disappearing windshield. Engine-turned. Satin finish. $9.60. *Other Ronson pocket lighters $6.95 to $200.*



RONSON PAL. Lady's combination lighter-cigarette case. Two-tone tortoise enamel. $16.30. RONSON ADONIS. Lady's pocket lighter. Black and floral enamel finish. $14.50.



RONSON MASTERCASE. King-size lighter-cigarette case. Satin and polished finish. $16.85. *Other combinations from $12.80.*

The gift without the "if"

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No ifs, no buts about it. The one *sure* way to give a gift you're *sure* they want, is to give a Ronson! It's the lighter overwhelmingly preferred by smokers, and by non-smokers who know it's modern "company manners" to have lighters in the home.

Yes, 82% of all people interviewed in a nationwide, independent survey, said: "*The lighter I want is a Ronson.*"

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414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores

10 and sometimes go as high as 18; prices run from $29.95 to $35.

MILGRIM's Young Flair Department presents junior clothes (sizes 7 to 15) so cleverly designed that women who can wear such sizes need have no fear of getting something that will make them look cute or quaint. A semi-coat dress is made with a tiny waist and a full skirt of unpressed pleats. In white shantung printed with black or navy smudges, in navy printed with Shocking and green stars, or in plain navy. A simple sheath dress of black or navy shantung, with a bateau neck, has a short fitted shantung jacket striped horizontally in black and white or navy and white. A red carnation adorns the waist of a sleeveless dress of oyster shantung in a red-and-black tweedy print. For cocktails, there's a décolleté dress of print taffeta in royal blue and Kelly green. A more restrained dress, of navy or black linen, has a middy collar and a polka-dot shantung handkerchief hanging from its hip pocket. The prettiest of the printed cottons is a severe white number with yellow and red sailor hats printed all over it. Its little black piqué bolero would be a useful item in anyone's summer wardrobe. Before I finish, I'd also like to point out a filmy white organdie woven with bright-pink or hydrangea cotton sateen stripes and fastened with buttons of fake diamonds. The prices of the things mentioned range from $19.95 to $35.

THE clothes shown by India Arts & Crafts, at 14 East 56th Street, are made in this country of cottons and raw silks from India. Shirts of the classic long-sleeved type, in multicolored plaids, stripes, and tweed patterns, are of thick, hand-woven Bihar cotton; $17.50. Surplice-back blouses, in peacock-blue, lavender, pink, mustard, or black hand-woven Bihar cotton, are $25. Scoop-necked blouses of hand-woven raw silk from Benares, in peacock blue, green, raspberry, or eggshell, are $29.75. There are also huge gathered skirts of striped Bihar cotton and circular skirts of the usual, well-liked India prints. One-piece India-print dresses have dirndl or flared skirts, which take to crinoline petticoats with splendid effect, if anyone wants to make a full skirt fuller.

CHINESE clothes adapted to the contours and preferences of American women are the specialty of Mme. Lee-Sun, whose shop is in Room 909 at 7 East 42nd Street. Most of the clothes must be ordered. Orders are flown in from Hong Kong in from three to five weeks. Coolie coats of maize, turquoise, purple, green, red, coral, or white linen are $25. Mandarin boleros of silk fastened with leaf and petal frogs are $39.50. Reversible ones are $55. Beautiful fitted silk robes lined with satin are $85, and there is a wide choice of colors. Amah silk, sold by the yard, is an especially cool, crisp material for summer dresses or suits. All you need is to know a good dressmaker. This silk is lacquered to give it body and sheen, and washing it, they say, is simple beyond belief—just dip it in water and hang it up; it needs no soap and no ironing. It is black, is twenty-nine inches wide, and costs $4.50 a yard. Mme. Lee-Sun is on hand Monday through Friday from two to five, but it's best to phone Murray Hill 2-7816 for an appointment.

THE separates addicts should feel at home in the tiny shop called Fancy Free, at 152 East 70th Street. Long-sleeved cotton shirts, with French cuffs, and in stripes, pinchecks, or solid colors, are from $3.95 to $10.95 here. Sleeveless cotton ones with collars of white piqué are striped in gray and white and printed with small red ovals; solid-color cotton broadcloth ones have matching collars. Calico blouses with short sleeves come in fireman's red and coal black, and there are also good-looking foulards, polka-dotted and likewise short-sleeved. Among the skirts is a pegtop one, of linen, that seems a nice change from all the full ones around town. It's done in navy or toast, and goes well with a natural silk pongee shirt that has a double collar, the under half of which is of linen. Among the one-piece dresses is a straight black linen, buttoned all the way down the front with flat gold-metal discs; $19.95. Another, of black-and-white cotton tweed, with a flared skirt and a low-cut Empire bodice, has a separate gilet of black ribbed cotton; $25. Cotton-knit shirts, copies of Italian pullovers, are $1.95 and $2.95.

WHAT Delman calls the Flamenco heel, a substantial one an inch and a quarter high, square at the top and tapering to the base, is the new enthusiasm of this shoeshop. This heel appears on pumps in navy-and-red calf or in a combination of black calf and gray suède. All have a kid string bow. It also appears on pumps of black, navy, red, or tan calf threaded across the vamp with a simulated lacing of contrasting kid. Calf shells, which are the perfect summer shoes, come in navy, red, or tan, and lace up the ankle. For evening, there are brocade slippers with baby Louis heels and sandals with medium French heels. The slippers are lined with the brocade, which is real luxury in a shoe. Delman believes in cotton-and-rayon shoes for town as well as country. For instance, in waffle piqué, there are d'Orsay pumps with propeller bows, and extremely naked sandals that merely bind the feet lightly to thin soles. There are less expensive versions in Irish linen. White, muted green, and other mild colors are available. High-heeled kid sandals with latticework vamps show up in melon and green, green and lilac, or in a good many solid shades, among them turquoise, yellow, and orange.

LANVIN's nylon stockings, supposedly resistant to snags, are around Altman in five shades, ranging from a skin-colored suntan to a misty gray. Sometimes the soles, seams, and heels are of black, brown, or navy, for sandals. Two pairs, plus a flacon of Lanvin perfume, are $3.90 to $5, including federal tax.

COLLARS of all sorts, to wear with dresses, suits, blouses, and sweaters, are rife at Jessie Truett, 806 Madison Avenue (68th). Wing collars, held in place by a fake pearl or rhinestone stud, are of white piqué, rayon velvet backed with white rayon faille, or faille with matching or contrasting faille lining. Large, comical pussycat bows, perched on narrow neckbands, come in red-and-white, navy-and-white, or gray-and-white striped rayon taffeta. All these are $2.95 apiece. Bow ties of white, pink, or blue piqué are $1.

PLUMMER has laid in a collection of summer handbags made of plastic bamboo straw, which needs only a swipe with a damp cloth to make it keep on looking brand-new. An enormous flat bag has a handle of real bamboo, and a diminutive pouch bag has one of gold metal. There are also an envelope bag, a smart-looking elongated box, a small barrel bag, and a roomy satchel with two change purses attached to the outside. The colors are black, white, natural, light navy, aqua, red, coral, and chartreuse, and the linings are sometimes leather, sometimes rayon taffeta. The

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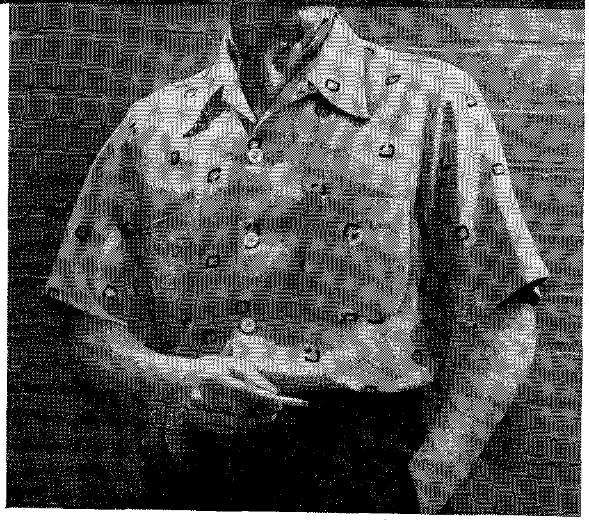
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MEN'S SHOPS



SAKS' OWN GEOMETRICS...

the tailoring is as exact as the print in this handsome shirt of rough woven rayon that washes so well. Navy with red and white boxes, grey with canary and navy, white with red and navy, brown with canary and white. Small, medium, large, extra large. 8.50. Mail and phone.

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prices are $10.20 to $47.40, including federal tax.

FRENCH sports gloves of every sort are assembled in force at Mark Cross. Natural capeskin golf gloves, some with chopped-off fingers, have palms of tan capeskin. Shooting gloves, of suède-and-capeskin, are reinforced where they need it, at the trigger finger and palm. Natural ostrich slipons with capeskin palms, for riding, have white crocheted overlays on several fingers to prevent skidding on the reins. A tab and a button fasten driving gloves of tan capeskin-and-suède together so they can't playfully part company in the glove compartment. Last of all, for those who row, sail, or play tennis, there are gloves of white kid. Well, anyway, that's what Mark Cross says, and with a straight face, too. Prices of all these gloves run from $14.50 to $21.50.

—G. J.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

A Paean to Mulches

IN case anybody is looking for a good way to encourage people to grow their own vegetables, I have a suggestion: Just make it a punishable offense for gardeners who have raised food successfully to make such a fuss about it, prating of trace minerals and soil analyses, proudly waving their blisters (which they probably got cultivating the rose bed, if the truth were known), and in general scaring the heart out of the inexperienced. Such talk has convinced a lot of potential gardeners not only that they need three or four times as much scientific knowledge about soil to grow vegetables as they need to grow flowers, which is pure nonsense, but that inordinate amounts of time, brawn, and fortitude are also demanded, which is equally ridiculous. Those who talk so learnedly about soil testing and the rest of it should—in the interest of food conservation and cost cutting, if not out of everyday humanity—confess it's still as true as it ever was that any soil that will grow weeds will grow vegetables. As for the achers and groaners, if they honestly pay too dearly in backbreaking toil for their home-raised food, it must be because they enjoy making work for themselves or scorn sensible short cuts as sissified.

For instance, the hard-way boys do not like to admit (although they must well know it) that all that hoeing—surely the most strenuous of garden chores—isn't necessary. Plenty of vegetable patches, mine included, get along with practically none. In fact, nothing

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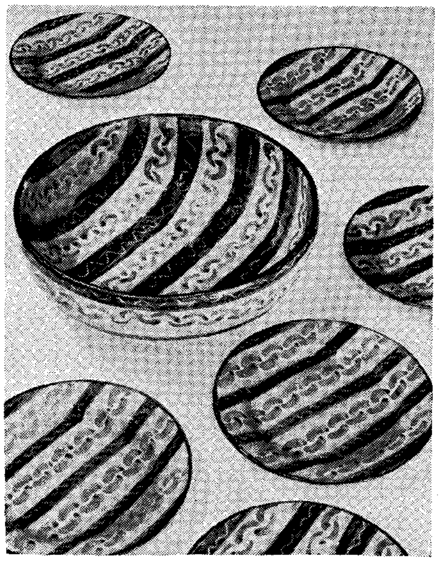

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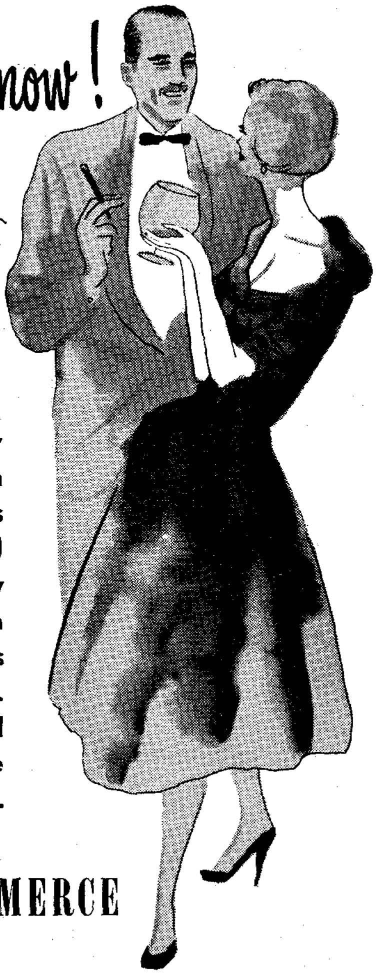
in my garden gets any hoeing to speak of except the corn, and this year I plan to get around even that, or most of it, by sowing soybeans between the corn rows and letting the two crops grow up together. (I'm told this practice is favored by commercial growers in the Middle West.) These hardy legumes are supposed not only to crowd out the weeds but to add nitrogen to the soil, so that the neighboring corn, which has a prodigious appetite for nitrogen, can lap it up at will. Of course, *some* hoeing will still be necessary, for corn has to be hilled up to give it support; otherwise, early-summer storms might knock it down while it is still in the gangly adolescent stage. In the average home garden, whose limited space makes it impracticable to use a tractor, there is no known way of hilling without using a hoe; it has to be done only once a season, though, and can always be tackled in short shifts.

THE other vegetables in my garden owe their almost total independence of the hoe to the greatest labor saver of them all—deep mulches. They suppress all but the toughest weeds, keep the soil cool and loose, and make it possible to leave the hose coiled up in the tool shed, because if you mulch, you don't have to water vegetables except during serious droughts. (The last person to tell me that vegetables absolutely cannot be grown without watering—in big daily doses, to hear him tell it—was the vegetable man at my local food market; he had just taken two surplus bushels of my beautiful, unwatered snap beans and paid me for them in bananas and oranges.) Of course, it takes a lot of mulch to get anywhere in a large vegetable patch; my garden covers about a fifth of an acre, and I use anything that comes to hand—half-rotted leaves (but not matted ones), excelsior from packages, sickle-cut weeds (they must be cut before they set their seed, though), and even thinnings from the vegetable rows themselves. In addition, I use several store-bought bales of straw, which I like because it's clean, easy to handle, and not too expensive.

I won't pretend that it's practical, or even desirable, to mulch every vegetable you grow. It's squandering good mulch to use it on early crops like radishes, spinach, and mustard greens, which are out of the way before the weed season sets in seriously, and in the lettuce section mulches make too snug a haven for slugs, which are hard enough to cope with even in clean-culti-



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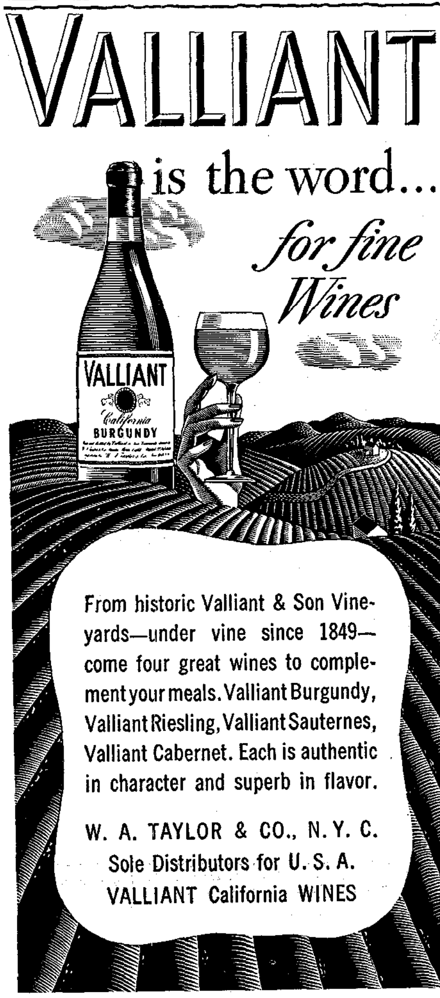
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vated rows. However, I contend that all root crops—beets, carrots, parsnips, and so on—should be mulched. Leaves and thinnings will serve the purpose. I recommend straw—a good six-inch cover of it—for areas devoted to tomatoes, green peppers, eggplant, or broccoli, or any other slow growers that stay in the garden until fall, need quite a bit of room for expansion, and don't fill out and shade the ground before the weeds have got going.

The sooner the straw mulch can be laid down, the better; preferably, it should be done before the plants are set out, and ideally, it should be done the very minute you've finished raking the disked or spaded bed. The only subsequent cultivating that will be required is a little hand weeding in the open spaces where you have pushed the mulch aside when digging holes for the plants. These places should be kept bare until the seedlings are tall enough to receive their paper cutworm collars; then the mulch is pulled back again, right up to the collars, and left. I'd better mention that straw is a fire hazard; you have to watch that visitors don't throw cigarettes on it.

Asparagus, being perennial, is perennially mulched; that is, the mulch is never removed from the bed but is disked in (along with a dose of fertilizer) each spring, to the enormous benefit of the soil, which is loosened and enriched by it. Then a heavy new layer of mulch is put down. For mulching asparagus, I use dry, crumbled old leaves (practically any kind except oak leaves, which are acid) and all the compost I can muster. I think I've said before in these columns that I use a top dressing of rock salt on the asparagus mulch to keep slugs away. It's an old-time farmer's dodge and is now pooh-poohed by some experts as worthless, but I find the salt a wonderful barrier against slugs; dearly as they love to feast on young asparagus shoots, they won't cross a salt line to do it—or if they do, they die for their gluttony. The salt never seems to hurt asparagus, no matter how harmful it might be to tenderer and more shallow-rooted annuals.

IT would be too bad to abandon the subject of mulches without talking about the most spectacular use of it I know—a trick I picked up from the organic gardeners. This is for growing potatoes, and before any eyebrows are raised over the idea of bothering with potatoes in a home garden, let me say that I have found them a greater yielder of solid satisfaction, for the small amount of time and labor expended on them, than anything else I grow; at least, I have since I began using the mulch system, which goes like this:

As early in spring as you can get at it, and in ground that has been well fertilized but not limed, open furrows as deep as the blade of the hoe—no deeper. (One forty-foot furrow should give you a bushel or more of fine potatoes, and that may be all you'll want.) Next, drop in, at eighteen-inch intervals, not chunks of potato but *whole* potatoes—table size, right from the pantry. I know that's heresy, but I also know it works. Refill the furrows (the potatoes will be just barely covered), tamp them down lightly, and blanket them with excelsior or straw, laid about a foot deep and two feet wide. That's all you'll have to do for *this* potato patch. No hoeing, no weeding, no watering, no further fertilizing. From here on, the potatoes take over, thrusting up strong, thick shoots right through the mulch, and finally covering it with luxuriant dark-green foliage. When the leaves have turned brown—the sign that it's harvest time—there's not even any digging to be done. Under the mulch, the soil is loose and crumbly; all that's needed is to give each plant a tug, and then feel around for the potatoes, which should be abundantly present in every size, from those no bigger than golf balls to big, handsome bakers. It's actually easier than growing radishes—and if you don't believe there's a difference in flavor between home-grown and store-bought potatoes, then you must be luckier at the store than I have been lately.

Incidentally, if you plant potatoes, it would be a shame not to plant some dill, too, for one of the high points of the home-grown vegetable season is the first bowl of your own tiny new potatoes, boiled and served, steaming hot, in their scrubbed jackets, with a liberal dousing of cool, thick sour cream, a sprinkle of salt and fresh-ground black pepper, and plenty of fine-cut dill over all. Dill, for some reason a neglected herb, is also delightful in a mixed green salad, and superb as a garnish for cucumbers, but it is one of those eager growers, fairly sprinting to maturity, and in order to insure a constant supply it's necessary to plant a small new stand every few weeks, all summer long. You can always find room somewhere for a bed of it—three or four feet long, say—even if it's just a spot where rabbits have nibbled ruinously at the beans or where the snapdragons didn't germinate. (I assume, of course, that everyone saves a few rows in the vegetable garden for annual flowers, to pick for the house.)

GETTING back to short cuts, I can't see any disgrace in letting a professional grower do the dirty work of starting seeds. I, for one, don't bother with those troublesome indoor seed flats, and the annual mid-May traffic at roadside stands selling baby plants—tomato, pepper, eggplant, broccoli, cabbage, and the like—indicates that a lot of other gardeners don't, either. With tomatoes, however, there's an even easier way than using commercial sprouts; the idea isn't in the least new, and certainly isn't original with me, but I find that it's a surprise to nine out of ten gardeners in this part of the world, including the experienced ones. All you do is plant tomato seeds in the open ground, just as you do squash seeds—in hills, right where they are to grow. Late in April, when the soil has warmed up a bit, is the time I prefer for this operation, but I've heard old-timers insist that the seeds can safely be planted earlier. Ten or twelve seeds to a hill isn't too many, for they may not all germinate, the cutworms are almost sure to get a few seedlings, and others will be killed by the spring rains, if they are heavy; in any event, you can always thin down to one sturdy plant per hill. The first year I tried this method, I considered it purely an experiment, and for insurance set out a dozen greenhouse plants in May. They proved to be totally unnecessary, for the native seedlings soon caught up with them and ended by outgrowing them in every case. True, if you plant tomato seeds, you probably won't have ripe tomatoes quite as early as your neighbor who pays a quarter apiece for extra-large, greenhouse-coddled plants. But why are you growing tomatoes? As a competitive sport or to supply good food for your table with the least possible trouble and expense?

If you think we have exhausted the labor-saving potentialities of the tomato, you're mistaken, for I have another suggestion: Don't stake the plants; let them sprawl. If you are a diehard non-mulcher, this will save you a great deal of summer weeding with the hoe, because the plants will spread and shade the ground, and so keep down weeds. Of course, a mulch makes a cleaner, airier bed for the heavy fruit to rest upon—but I guess I've carried on enough about the advantages of mulching. The question of staking or not staking tomatoes is probably the cause of

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more arguments among gardeners than any other, unless it's whether or not growing peas among the tomatoes is worth while. (I'm on the no side, if anyone cares.) The staking element contends that you get bigger tomatoes if you stake and tie. The non-stakers say you get *more* tomatoes if you don't. Stakers insist that tomatoes growing up in the air are less susceptible to the deadly late blight; I've grown them both ways, and my feeling is that if the blight is around, tomatoes will get it, elevated or not. My point is simply that it's *easier* if you don't stake—just as it's easier to mulch than to cultivate, irrigate, and hoe, and easier to plant all the lettuce you and the slugs and rabbits together can consume than it is to fight the creatures for every head and lie awake nights wondering if they'll leave anything for you. It is also easier to grow squashes that aren't susceptible to the squash borer (butternut resists them remarkably well) than it is to probe for the worms, one by one, with a pointed knife, the way the garden books recommend. As for peas (in or out of the tomato patch), I'd rather buy them frozen at the food market than race the heat waves for two or three servings from the garden. I just don't believe taste buds exist that are sensitive enough to detect more than a shade of difference between the two anyway.

In short, I'd rather grow food than calluses or ulcers. I don't compete at the county fair, and I'm comfortable in the thought that lazy, carefree gardening produces all the vegetables I need. You take the blue ribbons. I'll take my peace and quiet. —B. B.

•

WHAT WE ARE MOST IN NEED OF IS PRINCIPLE

[*Editorial in the Columbus (Ga.) Georgia Tribune*]

DO WE NEED THE KU KLUX KLAN NOW?

This newspaper has been very much interested from time to time in the general re-action to the rising effort here and there to resurrect the Ku Klux Klan and we were in former years (this editor) associated with efforts to carry on the work of the Klan; knowing that it was worthy of a place in the life of America; but when we found that there was so little dependence to be placed in the present civilization of America; we started backing off of the Klan. We feel that there is a need for some sort of organization but we ask ourselves the question; why not have one in Washington? When you stop to realize how slack; cheap and nigardly our Representatives as a whole have and are now acting in Washington; the place

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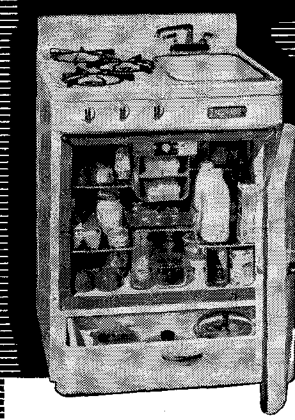

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to begin would be with those men who are; themselves responsible for the making of the laws and then move on down the line and among those whose business it is to enforce the law. The job will never be done by the Klan; unless there is a great change made in the manner in which they are going at it. There is a law against kidnapping and should be and one of the troubles with the people there has been an effort on the part of those who had been mistreated; and although they did not have any sympathy with the Klan ordinarily yet so long and inasmuch as their own Ox was hooked; they were willing to call on the Klan; or do anything whether it was in keeping with the law or not; in order to get their job done. In that case the Klan has acted unwisely and has gone ahead trying to help somebody and many times those whom they tried to; an did help; turned on them; and gave them what Patty gave the drum.

We have known of the law urging the Klan to "do the job" but we will say for them that they had good intentions. For instance; someone would appeal to the officers of the law for help; and the help; or assistance would be granted; but when the time came for the law to be backed up; the ones who pled so earnestly with them for assistance; went back turned their coats; and swore they did not solicit the help of the law. In such cases; the thing we suggest that we are most in need of is principle.

So in answering our question; "Do we need the KKK now?" we would say yes if there was very much principle left among the rank and file of the people; but we make the charge that principle is almost totally gone. Everybody is struggling to get what they can and can what they can get; and "to the devil with the other fellow." The thing America needs is for the Almighty God to handle our case for us; and don't worry brother we will get ours; if we are not alreday on the receiving line.

The reason why; then; that the Ku Klux Klan is so disadvantaged at this time in America is because there is not enough old time honesty left and principle among the people to stand; without hitching; and for that reason there would be nothing that would cause us to renew our faith in the Klan and our advice would be to all those who are seeking to keep it alive; to turn it go. This Country is bound to wallow in her own blood; and there is very little that can be done about it; it seems at this time.

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PHILOSOPHY

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—R. P. Lister

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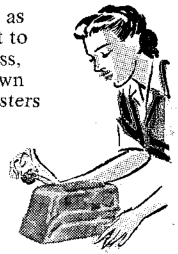

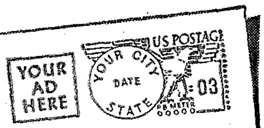

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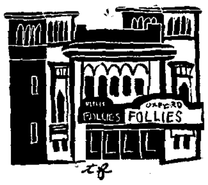
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Donder, Blitzen, and a Flock of Eagles



THE British, whose ways are sometimes inscrutable, have made a picture about animal husbandry in Lapland that I caught up with belatedly last week. Its name is "Valley of the Eagles," and while it purports to be a cops-and-robbers affair, it actually gets in its best licks when it undertakes to describe the trek of a handful of Laplanders and a thousand reindeer across the snowy wastes of northern Scandinavia. The party also includes an eminent scientist and a police inspector from Stockholm, who have no interest in the livestock. Their only purpose in going along is to track down the scientist's assistant, who has stolen not only his boss's wife but several abstruse gadgets designed to convert base metal into gold or blow up the universe or something. These gentlemen are not onerous to have around, since they both seem amiable enough, but they are rather pallid specimens when compared with the rugged Laplanders.

Being a fairly sheltered type, I can't vouch for the authenticity of any folkways very far north of the Forty-second Parallel, but if this movie is to be believed, the Laplanders certainly have some peculiar customs. In the course of the reindeer trek, for instance, the herd takes a wrong turn and is decimated by a plunge over a precipice. Without any further ado, the leader of the Laplanders, on the ground that he's getting too old to handle reindeer properly, does in his dog and himself. His comrades, who evidently figure that this sort of thing is proper and fitting, wrap them both in skins and hang them on a tree, so that their eternal sleep won't be troubled by bears or wolves. The wolves, as it happens, provide the film with a really impressive menace, what with eating stray reindeer and drooling in anticipation over the prospect of dining on the pilgrims. When the travellers get lost, however, and things start looking their brightest for the nasty beasts, a flock of eagles, loosed by a hunting party from a nearby village, suddenly appears and holds the four-footed villains at bay until the hunters arrive and reduce them to fur pieces. These eagles, according to the picture, are trained like falcons by the Laplanders, who prefer them to guns because they don't set up the sort of vibrations that might cause an avalanche. Whether this is true or not, *somebody* trained some eagles for the picture, and even when the birds aren't badgering wolves, they are fascinating to watch.

I suppose that this animal-act stuff is pretty specialized, and I'm sure it's not for the overly squeamish, but that's about all of importance there is to the film. The rest of it is concerned with the amours of a kind of deep-freeze Tondeleyo, who falls in love with our scientist over a mess of reindeer stew. Terence Young, the author and director of the item, hasn't strained his imagination too hard to resolve the difficulties of the married scientist and the Lappish maiden. He simply knocks off the wife and her paramour in an avalanche and lets true love triumph. Still, those eagles are something to see.

ROBERT MERRILL, who deserted the Metropolitan for a while to play in Hollywood, appears as one of the characters in "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick." Rudolf Bing fired him for breaking his contract, but after seeing his acting in this picture, I can report that that was not his most heinous offense. Every cliché of musical barnyard drama is included here, and the song lyrics run to such idiocies as "Purt Nigh but Not Plumb." Associated with Mr. Merrill in this hayshaking enterprise are Alan Young and Dinah Shore. They'll make you long for the streets outside.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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As you know the present numbers in Quogue and East Quogue are of three and four digits. The new Suffolk County directory to be delivered about July 1 will show zeros prefixed to all 3-digit telephone numbers. "Information" will also give numbers in that fashion.

If the new telephone number is OLd Quogue 3-4528, disregard the "3" and dial "4528". If it is OLd Quogue 3-0451, omit the "3" and the "0" and dial "451" as at present. In calling East Quogue, please follow the same procedure. If the number you want is EAst Quogue 9-0435, dial "435" as you do now.—*Letter from the New York Telephone Company.*

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TUCKAHOE, N. Y.,
APRIL 11, 1952

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*
DEAR SIRS:

MR. FREDERICK PACKARD'S account of how a certain Hungarian-English phrase book makes phonetic hash—or goulash—of the English language reminds me of the sometimes astounding effects achieved by the Japanese in their borrowings from English. They appropriate words and whole phrases, and hack, slash, and twist them to fit the peculiarities of Japanese phonetics.

They have done some of their heaviest borrowing in the vocabulary of sports, and often, I think, their enthusiasm outdoes their etymology. Let's use a baseball game as an example. When a *mobo*, or modern boy, goes out with a *moga* (from *mo-dan ga-ru*), as likely as not he'll escort her to the ballpark. *Besu-boru* is, of course, the Great Japanese Game. (It's as Japanese as sukiyaki or *aisu-kurimu*.)

When they arrive at the ballpark, let's say, the game hasn't started, so the *mobo* and the *moga*—his *suito-hato*, by the way—sit and watch the *pitcha*, who is *womingu-appu*. Then a man steps to the *maikurofon* of the public-address system, and the *raudo-supika* announces, "*Pure-e bo-oru!*" Each *pureya* on the home *chimu* takes his place on the field, and a *memba* of the other team comes up to the *pureto*. The *pitcha* throws the ball; it's an *auto-doroppu*, or out-drop, that breaks wickedly. Strike one. On the next pitch, he throws an *in-kabu*. The batter misses again. Then the *pitcha* tries a *suro-boru*, which floats over the *pureto* in real *suro-moshon*. The batter misses a third time, and the *pitcha* chalks up his first *sutorakku auto* of the game. A loud *eru* (not, however, a rebel *eru*) goes up from the stands. Feeling is high today, because this is the opening game of the *Warudo-Shirizu*. Why, the list of players in the lineup reads like a *peji* from the "*Fusu-Fu!*" of big *rigu besu-boru*.

Now another batter comes up to the plate. The *pitcha* lets fly with an *in-doro* (which was an *in-doroppu* before the Japanese chopped off a syllable or so to make it handier). The batter swings at the ball and connects for a long drive dangerously close to the right-field *fauru-rain*. But it isn't a *fauru;* it's a *hitto!* The batter becomes a

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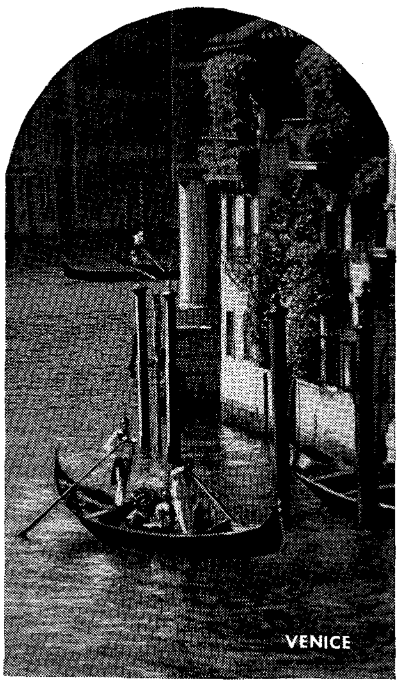

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ranna, and as he rounds first, it's obvious he'll stretch it into at least a *tsu-besu-hitto*. He reaches second, and for a moment it looks as if he might make it a *suri-besu-hitto* or even a *homu-ran*. But he holds up on second. He does not want to take a chance that someone will *tatchi* him *auto*. Eventually, he gets home, and a run is registered on the big *sukoa-borudo* at one end of the field.

And so the game goes until the *Rakki-Sebun* inning, when everyone stands up, and the *moga* suddenly realizes she'd rather be at the movies watching a *merodorama*—one with a *happi-endo*. The *mobo* tells her that a *pinchi-hitta* has gone in, and she tries to make intelligent conversation by asking what would happen if the *hafu-bakku* should *famburu* on the *kikku-offu*. Luckily, the *mobo* doesn't hear the question, because a rhubarb is starting on the field. The *pinchi-hitta*, who, let's say, has oddly enough been in a prolonged batting *surampu*, gets sore and threatens to give the *pitcha* a *panchi* in the honorable nose; the *kochi* on third base jumps up and down as if he were going to blow a *hyuzu*. At this point, the *mobo* shouts something about poor *supotsuman-shippu*, and the *moga* wonders if maybe she couldn't drop a gentle *hinto* that it's time, or so her stomach tells her, to repair to a *resutoran*. Finally, the game is over. (Hip, hip, *fure!*)

Tired but happy, the *mobo* and the *moga* climb into a *takushi* and start out for a *naito-kurabu* where the *mobo* has heard they have a good *reggu-sho* with plenty of girls. *Besu-boru* is forgotten while he tells her how lovely she is and that she ought to be on *terebijon*, *eto-setora, eto-setora, eto-setora.*

Very truly yours,
ALDEN H. SMITH

MADISON, WISCONSIN,
APRIL 9, 1952

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*
DEAR SIRS:

YOU may be interested to know that all the while Mr. Frederick Packard's hypothetical Hungarian was struggling to cope with American ways and the English language under such phonetic handicaps as Mr. Packard described in your issue of March 29th, various real Peruvians must have been going through equally trying experiences because of a little book called "Método de Inglés Práctico." The book is by El Profesor Louis Osnayo, of Lima, Peru, and is designed to famil-

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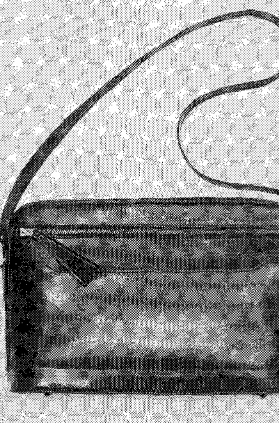

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iarize its Spanish-American readers with idiomatic English.

Professor Osnayo begins simply enough, making use of phonetic spellings and sticking, at first, to routine subjects. His pupils learn about meals, for instance—"lanch," "saper," and "fait oclokti" (or five-o'clock tea) among them—and about some of the things one can have to eat at these times: "beyeteibols" (vegetables), "tu paunds bins" (two pounds of beans), "pichs" (peaches), and "huedin queik" (wedding cake). After that, if the pupil is still hungry, he can have "enzinels" he wants.

Once the Professor has made his bow to these ordinary matters, he goes on to more complex ideas and richer prose. As early as page 16, he tells us that "a boy's cloth has many packets," and by page 32 he has begun to hit his stride. "Poor Alice is not happy with her nose," he tells us. "Her family pulls her legs of it."

Soon he moves to a loftier plane. Whereas Mr. Packard's Hungarian is evidently expected to just hang around drugstores or worry about his washing machine, a reader of Professor Osnayo's book is taught to get along with various "kainds of pipol" and to hold a "profiteibol discushion" with any one of them. He is able to talk about such diverse subjects as "biutiful landskeips," "shiantific matirialism," and "vaicious saikels."

The pupil is encouraged to speak in poetic terms. "Other morning of lukewarm summer I loosed to the space swallows of notes from my bohemian guitar," he may remark. Or with cool self-possession he may urge, "When the traveller cavalcate be at point to dash in pieces vilely by the tremendous hurricane against the nearby rock, let us tie firmly the tent with the serene and strong chains and hold it altive and gallant while the calm comes along."

TOWARD the end of the book, Professor Osnayo prepares his followers for almost any contingency they may encounter in the English-speaking world by supplying them with a twelve-page list of idioms. Among these are "Just in time pat," "In a hipshod way," "It makes us quite teased," "In the arms of Morphews," "Heels over head," "To be at dog-cheap," "As merry as acriket," and "Once is fine but no twice."

It is somewhat before this point, however, that the Professor really achieves his stylistic apex and, inciden-

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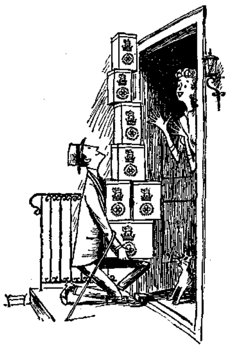

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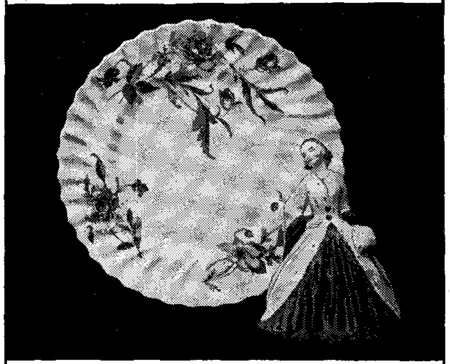

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tally, makes, by contrast, the lot of Mr. Packard's newly arrived Hungarian seem its drabbest. Nowhere, so far as I know, is that unfortunate man taught the vocabulary of love, but a Peruvian has access in this book to a masterly example of it. Headed "A Letter" and subtitled "My Darling," the passage reads, "I think this letter is going to be for you a surprise, as I promised to write you as soon as I can, but I am sure you will excuse me I could not do; that does not mean that I care you a pin on the contrary you are always in my heart and deeply in my mind. . . . That is why I have sighed in every sky without knowing why and for whom, and in every habour I made a nest of love and in departing I left a piece of my heart but do not worry about that I always took care to keep for you the last piece in order to hold you into my arms for longlong hours and to kiss your anxious lips for ever and ever amen."

Heels over head, apparently.

Sincerely yours,
JANET S. ELA

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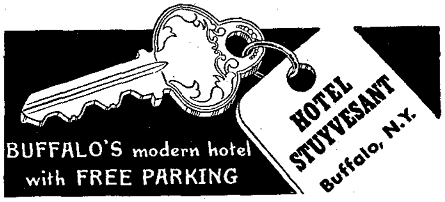

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LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 15

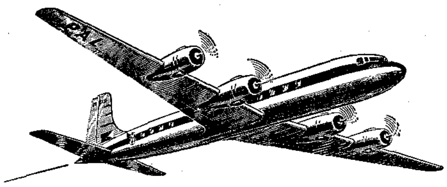
THE local elections that were recently run off in sixty-two county divisions of England and Wales were like a spring nettle rash, angrily bringing to the surface the electorate's irritation with what the Conservative Government has not achieved for it since last October. The results showed such impressive gains for Labour that the Conservatives are now giving themselves a searching once-over to find out if any of the damage could have been prevented and the Socialists are jubilantly calling on Mr. Churchill to announce a general election right away, since he has so obviously lost the support of the country. It is safe to say that he will answer this call about as briskly as Mr. Attlee used to answer the Tories' similar invitations during the six years he was in office. It is also highly doubtful that these county-council elections are really dependable straws in the wind—as the winning side always claims they are—showing which way the bigger breeze of national opinion is likely to blow when it comes to puffing a new government to Westminster. Time and again (as in 1949, when they recorded an apparently wholesale swing to the Conservatives), they have provided merely a temporary outlet for grouses against the party in power by fed-up citizens, who (as they did in the 1950 general election, when they put Labour in again) nevertheless like to hold on to their good old British habit of grousing one way and voting another.

All the same, few Conservatives deny that they have taken a heavy wallop, and one that is particularly shaking because of the delicate balance of power they hold in Parliament. According to satisfied Labour followers, if there were a general election tomorrow the Conservatives would be forced out, and would probably be kept out a long, long time, on account of the wave of public discontent over the rise in food prices, the rise in the cost of many clothes that were formerly pegged in the excellent low-cost range known as "utility," the fear of unemployment caused by the textile slump, and, above all, the fact that the voters expected the change of government to make them feel different and it has not.

What profoundly depresses many of the younger Conservative politicians, as they explain it in private conversation, is not their present unpopularity in the country, which they feel is inevitable and which will (they hope) work out all right in the end, when their policy steers British affairs triumphantly into (again they hope) a more settled and salubrious spot, but the fact that there has been no attempt to show the public that the rise in prices and all the concomitant woes followed sharp on the heels of the Labour Government—like unpleasant children who have been quietly growing up during the last six years—and are not, as so many disgruntled Britons now seem to feel, the offspring of Mr. Churchill's six months in office. There is no doubt that many formerly staunch Conservative middle-class voters, who can often be heard delivering aggrieved and bewildered orations in a butcher's queue or on a suburban train, have been misled by the Government's silence—with the result, as some worried Tory officials complain, that the citizens who cast their ballots so handsomely for Labour county councillors the other day are beginning to lose their memories as well as their patience. Many restive Conservatives also believe that Mr. Churchill has not made enough use in his Government of the young and able men who think that it is now or never for the expounding of a modern brand of Conservatism that can be told from Socialism with the eyes shut. The distinction between the two is at present somewhat difficult to make, which explains a good deal of the current electoral fix.

Though the Conservatives' local losses may not mean as much as their opponents are reading into them, it looks as though people have suddenly reached the end of what they can take in the way of austerities without a strong new draught of faith and hope to wash the pill down. Plenty of dispassionate observers consider that the Government will make a mistake if it sits back and takes no notice of what amounts to a vote of disappointment.

FOR many people the required reading of the Easter holidays was a book by a man who thinks he knows what is wrong in Britain—"In Place of Fear," by Aneurin Bevan, which will shortly be published in America. Heinemann brought it out here in two editions—a capitalist's clothbound one at ten and sixpence, and a paper-covered one at six



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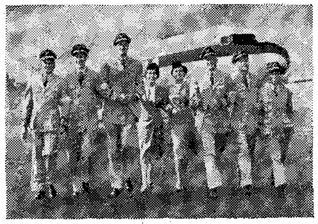

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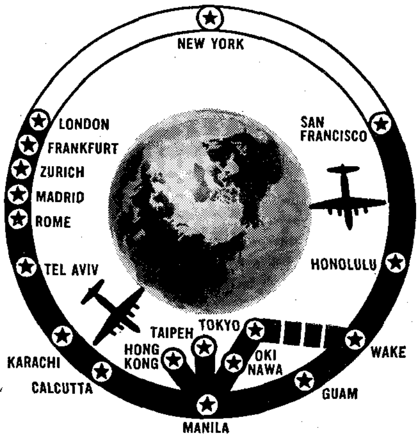

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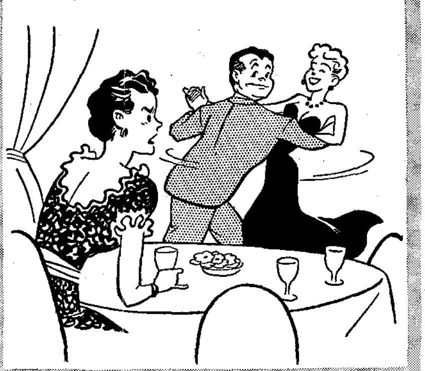

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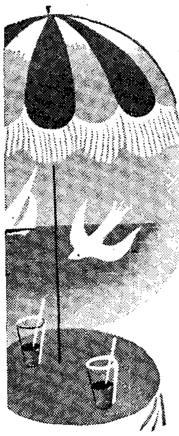

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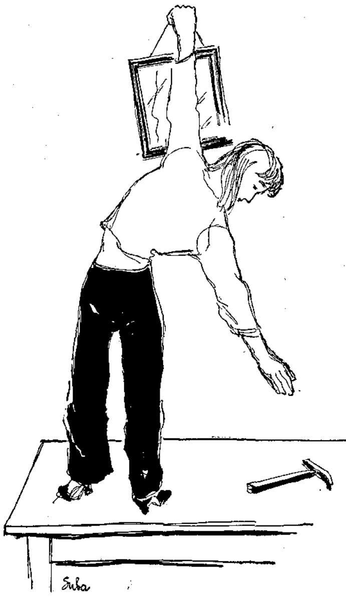
shillings; both are selling fast. In quantity, if not in quality, the book got the kind of press reviews that struggling authors dream of. Most of the papers gave it front-page space and often editorials as well. Among the weekly journals, the *Times Literary Supplement* presented it with the most toothsome slice of cake to be had—its respected front page, usually devoted to works with considerable literary flavor, which is a quality that all critical hands seem to agree Bevan's book has no trace of. The reviews have mostly ranged from irritable to hopping mad, demonstrating the extraordinary combustible powers of the Bevan personality rather than of the book itself, which under any other author's name would hardly have set the Thames on fire—or much newsprint, either.

Lots of readers, to judge by the talk going around, have been let down (and lots more, naturally, have been relieved) to find that it contains few new ideas and few flashes of the savage wit that comes over so well in Bevan's speeches. On page 1, he states the motif of his life, which started nagging him when he was a young miner working in the depressed South Wales coal fields: "Where does power lie in this particular State of Great Britain, and how can it be attained by the workers?" The answer lines up a string of tried and tested Socialist generalizations, along with some far more vaguely formulated ideas as to where Socialism should go from here, plus, of course, the now familiar bleak Bevan-wing view of American intentions and slightly myopic one of Soviet intentions. To anyone who is wondering where and how importantly Aneurin Bevan will eventually figure in British political history, the



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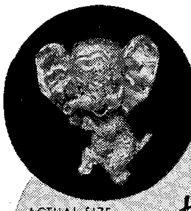

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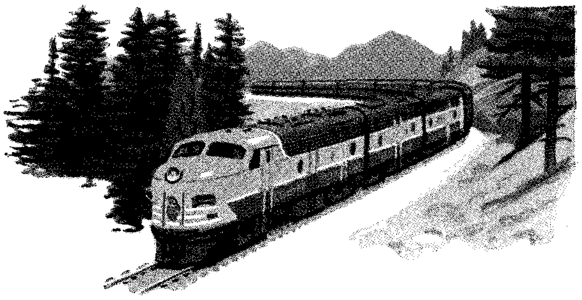

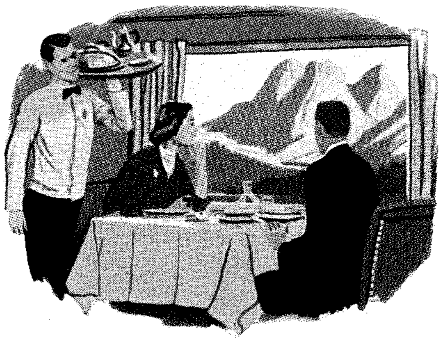

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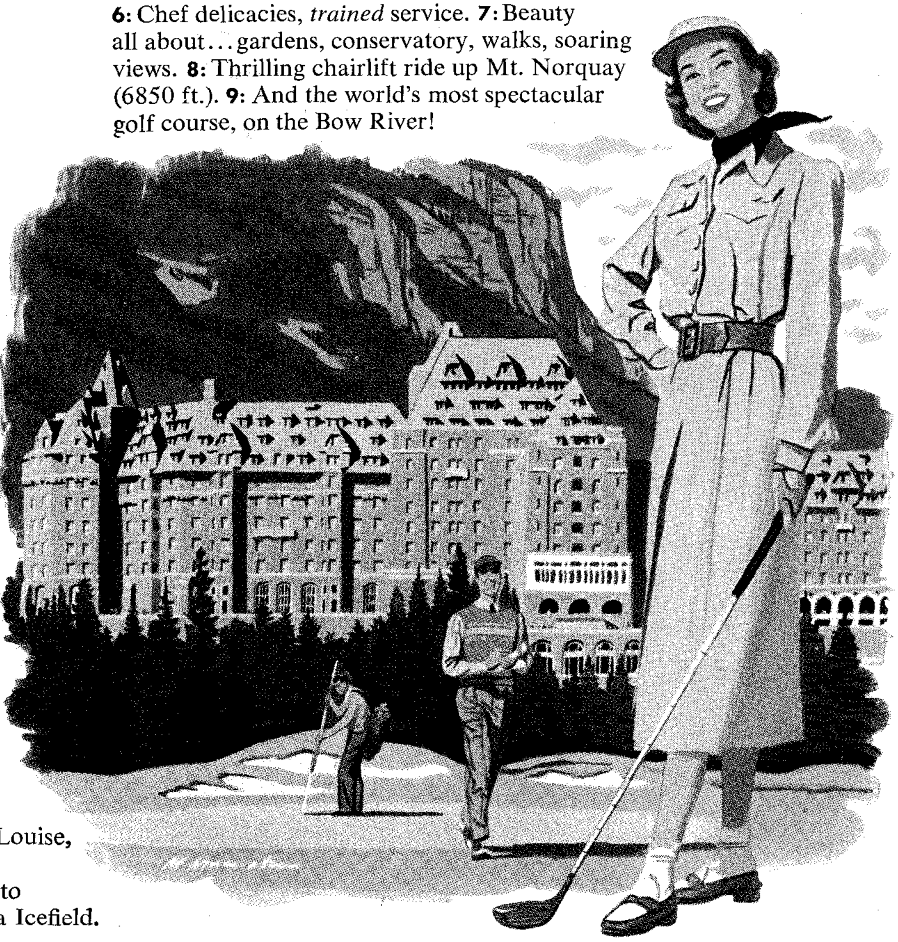

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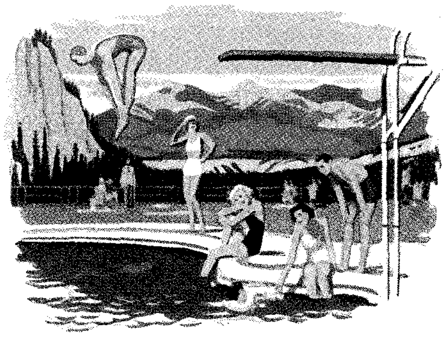

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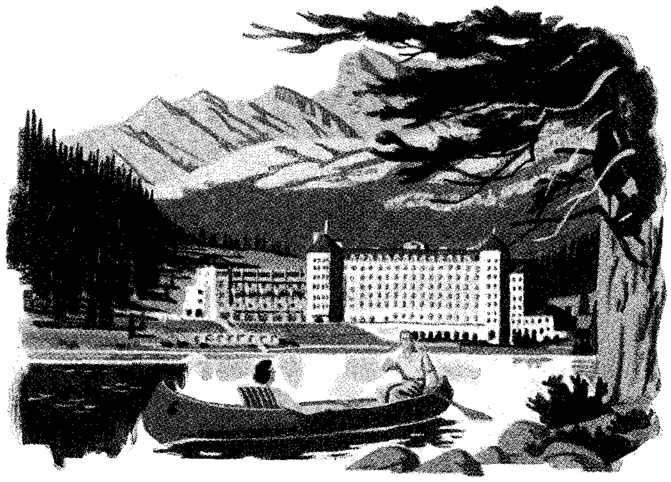

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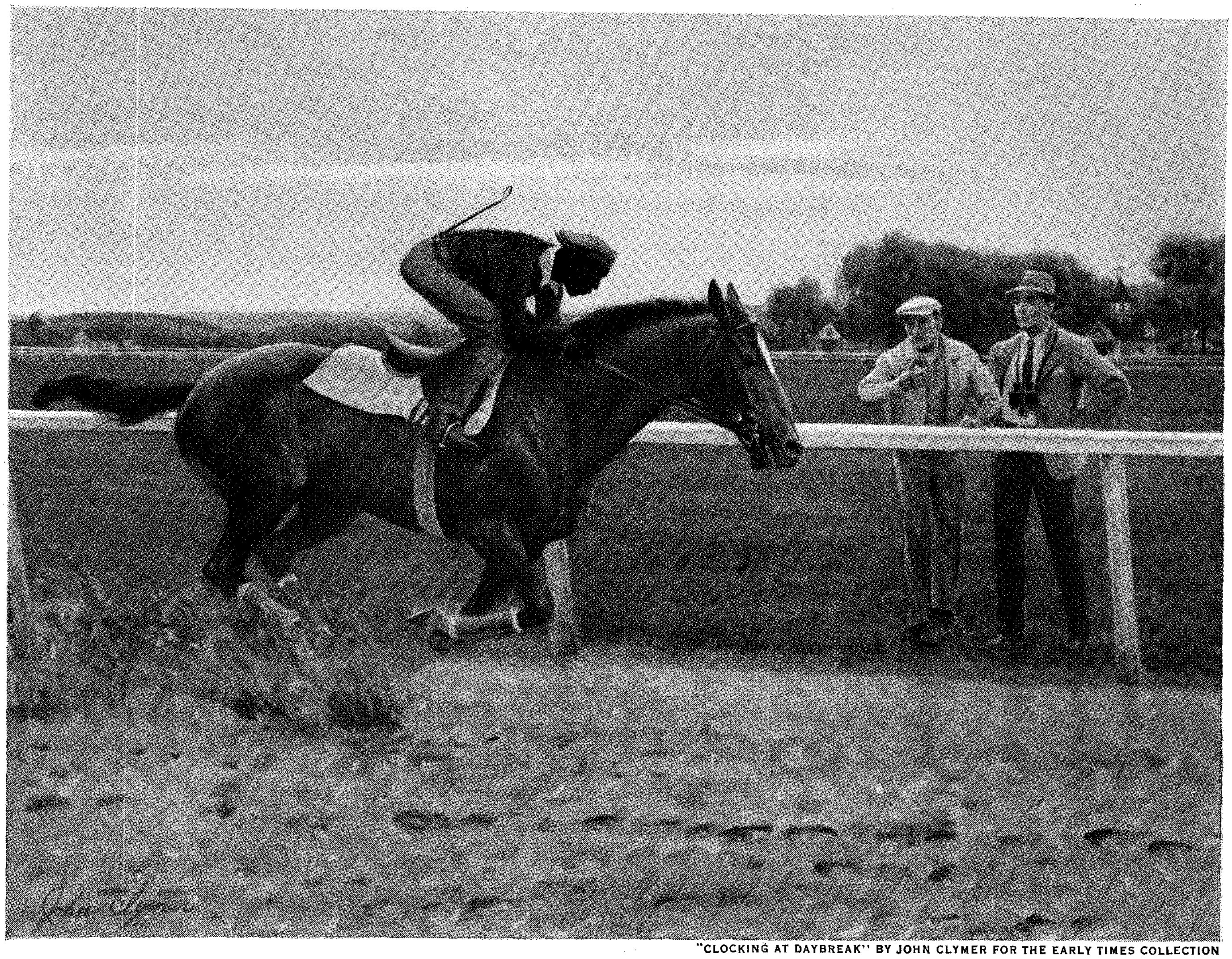

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THIS WHISKY IS 4 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF

book offers no fresh clues, except maybe to the fact that the old champ Winston Churchill is still the champ in the business of writing as well as one speaks.

THE Institute of Contemporary Arts, which has premises on Dover Street and is presided over by Herbert Read, announced earlier in the year the details of an international sculpture competition, for which an anonymous donor has put up eleven thousand five hundred pounds as prize money, the winners to be paid in their own country's currency. The theme is "The Unknown Political Prisoner" and the entries are to commemorate, in the words of the organizers, "all those unknown men and women in our time who have given their lives or their liberty to the cause of human freedom." The sculpture that is finally judged the best of all will ultimately come to rest on some prominent site in one of the world's capitals, to be selected after the award is made (and after the world's capitals have had a sharp look at the winning work). The response to the competition, as reported the other day to a meeting at the I.C.A. by Henry Moore (who is one of the British sculptors competing) and Sir John Rothenstein, of the Tate Gallery, would indicate that there is a gruelling job ahead of the international nine-man jury that is to judge the small-scale models or maquettes in London after they have been weeded out by preliminary judges in the countries of origin. Up to now, nearly three thousand applications have rolled in from fifty-two countries, and the closing date has been pushed along from September to November. Germany is leading, with four hundred and fifty entrants, and more than two hundred Americans, including Carroll Barnes, Alexander Calder, Frederick Kiesler, and William Movey, have so far said that they are going to send something. Italy appears to be taking a special interest in its entries, which will be collected and exhibited at the Biennale, in Venice, before being shipped to London, and a million lire in extra prize money is being offered by local enthusiasts, including Signor Adriano Olivetti, the art-patron manufacturer of typewriters, and the city of Turin, which wants the Italian sculptures to commemorate its resistance group. The French entries will be shown at the Musée d'Art Moderne, in Paris, before the big show in London, probably in January. Professor Vladimir Kemenev, of the Academy of Sciences, in Moscow, who was invited to come along and serve as the Russian

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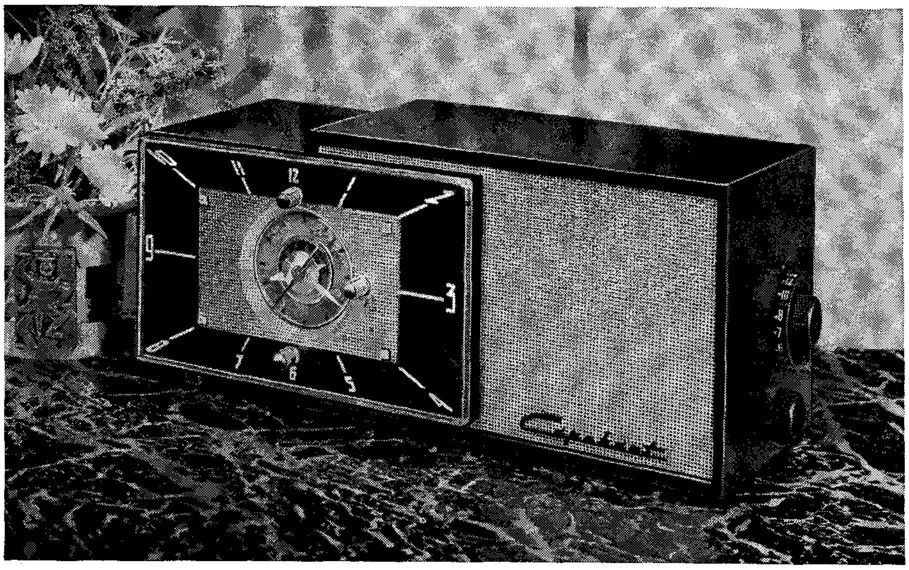

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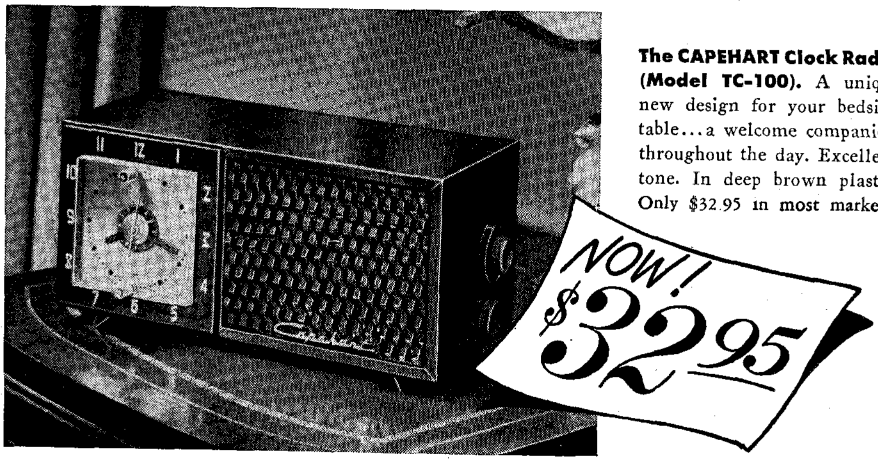

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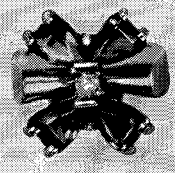

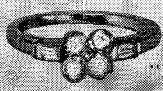

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representative on the jury, has sent polite regrets.

UNTIL recently, there were murmurs among the more critical Covent Garden ballet regulars that the Sadler's Wells repertoire was getting stagnant. As a spring reviver, the company has just given, with enormous success, a new ballet, "Bonne-Bouche," by the most talented among the younger British choreographers—John Cranko, who had previously worked only with the junior company, lately seen in New York. Cranko's story, which has delightful décor and costumes, *c.* 1912, by Osbert Lancaster, is a ghoulish little fable of a South Kensington mama (Pamela May is very funny as the tubular-figured, deadpan lady) who dangles her tempting flapper daughter before the eyes of prospective suitors. She finally settles for an African king, newly arrived from his tropical domain for a whirl in London, who takes one look at the charming little dish and has her served up *en casserole* at his hotel. Pauline Claydon dances this unfortunate young woman as the embodiment of addlepated, pink-and-white English girlhood. The real stars, however, are Osbert Lancaster's two sets—a Douanier Rousseau jungle, in which every huge, fleshy green leaf looks like a man-eater, and a lovely architectural set of a South Kensington square, where, as it develops, jungle laws work out just about the same.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Darwin Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brown, 424 Wehmeier street, is in good condition at the county hospital. He is in Room 16.

Miss Carolyn Andis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andis, Route 8, is in good condition at the county hospital. She is in Room 16.

Miss Alice Critney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Critney, Edinburg, is in good condition at the county hospital. She is in Room 16.—*Columbus (Ind.) Republican.*

It certainly sounds like the place to be.

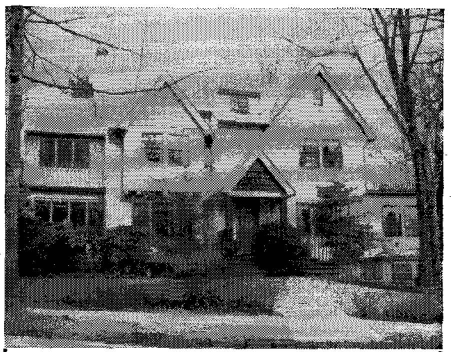
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pensacola (Fla.) Journal*]

TODDVILLE, IA. (A.P.)—They had a hard time playing a high school baseball game here yesterday. Twice the game was halted when dogs appeared on the field. Another time the umpires called time out to chase two horses from center field.

But the climax came in the last inning.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera in English

BOTH in 1934, when it was first presented here, and again last week, when it was revived at the Broadway Theatre, "Four Saints in Three Acts," a kind of sublime minstrel show by Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson, was received with guarded delight. Although it was generally agreed on both occasions that Thomson's score was witty, charming, and resourceful, Miss Stein's glancing libretto caused some annoyance. I came away from an encounter with the work the other evening with mixed sentiments, too, but of a slightly different order. I got impatient now and then with Miss Stein's bland disregard of plot and character, but I am convinced that the book is, after all, the most distinctive thing about this stylish operatic achievement; consequently, I am unable to go along with the popular notion that Thomson squandered his ingratiating music on Miss Stein's impenetrable but aggressively uncomplicated prose style. It seems to me that "Four Saints in Three Acts" is as much her opera as it is his, and, indeed, it is one of the few operas ever written in which the librettist's name has figured as prominently as the composer's.

It is true that Thomson has used Miss Stein's firm procession of simple words with striking ingenuity, making them dance to a variety of rhythms and bend to countless emotional impulses, but it is also true that he was given a great deal of freedom by the nature of the text. Miss Stein presented him with a wide field, dotted with strange growths, and he obviously had the time of his life romping around in it. For example, the mysterious dialogue between the Compère and the Commère, who are alone on the stage at one point in the second act and take the opportunity to go over the scenes, one by one ("Scene sev'n," she sings, and he sings back thoughtfully, "Attached elev'n"), is brilliantly treated as a love duet. On the other hand, when comprehensible sentences, rooted in intelligibility, bob up, as they occasionally do, Thomson has a tendency to get out of the way. For instance, when one of the saints (in spite of the title, as everyone has been pointing out for years, there are three dozen of them, and there are four acts instead of three) squarely puts the question "If it were possible to kill five thousand Chinamen by pressing a button, would it be done?," she asks it in straightforward recitative, and when the Compère declares wisely, "A saint is easily resisted," it is a plain statement, without any musical trimmings. However, the only things about the story itself that are straightforward and clear are that it is peopled entirely by saints (excepting, of course, the Commère and the Compère) and that they are all supposed to be Spanish. Thomson has met this challenge most attractively by creating a score that keeps returning, after fanciful flights into the ways of grand opera, to devotional music abounding with lovely choral passages and meditative airs. As for the locale, he has been considerate enough to employ castanets in his orchestration, somewhere along in the third act.

This unique enterprise gives the stage director something of the same latitude, and Maurice Grosser has used the chance intelligently. The thirteen principal saints walk about as if they owned the place, and the others, who make up the mixed chorus, move in groups, suggesting that they are lesser saints. From time to time, some bit of business is gravely acted out by the leading characters—such as the ceremonious presentation to Saint Theresa (the one who is "half indoors," as opposed to the Saint Theresa who is "half out of doors") of a pretty but useless ornament, and the sudden apparition of a castle in the sky. The stage movement is gracefully insistent that, no matter what skepticism may be felt by the audience, big things are happening up there beyond the footlights.

The Negro cast (this was Thomson's idea, and both New York productions have followed it, although the opera has been presented elsewhere with a white cast) gives "Four Saints in Three Acts" a beguiling authenticity. There is a remarkable naturalness about the behavior of the singers, who express every curious phrase with pride and conviction, and the effect is joyous. A collection of such superior voices is rarely heard on Broadway. Inez Matthews, a mezzo-soprano, and Betty Lou Allen, an alto, play the two Saint Theresas, and both sing exquisitely; and Edward Matthews, a baritone who created his present role of Saint Ignatius in the original production, and subsequently played Jake in the two New York presentations of "Porgy and Bess," sings and

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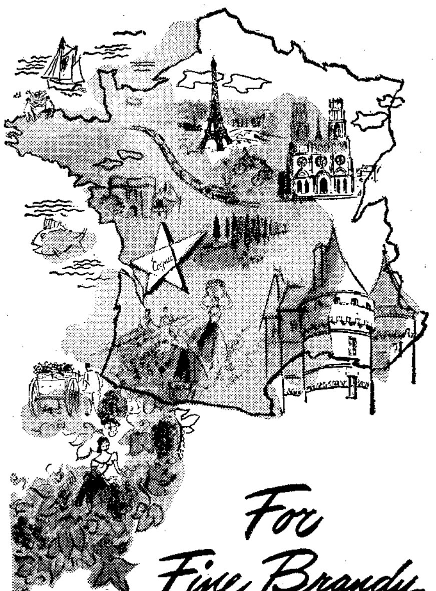

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struts about in a disarmingly pontificating manner. Other enjoyable performances are contributed by Altonell Hines and Elwood Smith—Commère and Compère, respectively. For the rest, I'm not certain who plays which saint, but they are all admirable, and the choral singing, in particular, is marvellous. The sets and the costumes somehow manage to create an impression of being both gaudy and dignified. Thomson himself conducted the night I heard the opera and had a great deal to do with the perfection of the musical performance. There was a small and rather apathetic audience. I could sympathize with its more restive members, whose worst fears were probably confirmed by what they saw and heard, but I was glad to be there.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, paying us its final visit of the season one evening last week in Carnegie Hall, devoted the greater part of its program to Arthur Honegger's "King David," a dramatic choral work enlisting the services of a narrator—in this case, the actor Walter Abel—four soloists, an organist, and the Temple University Choirs, in addition to the orchestra. Eugene Ormandy conducted. I was so moved by this distinguished music, written some thirty years ago, that I could not help regretting the fact that the beautiful and stirring affirmation that pervades it is almost nowhere to be found in our contemporary works. Abel read the chronicle of David in a fine, clear voice. The soloists, with the exception of David Poleri, an operatic tenor who sang the only male solo part and whose work I didn't much care for, were all new to me, and I especially liked the artful soprano singing of Theodora Brandon, even though I was disturbed by her poor articulation. Quite a few other choral works of this general nature have turned up at Carnegie Hall this season, but none, I think, has had the immediacy or impact of "King David." —DOUGLAS WATT

•

Rosalind Murray, well-known author, will speak on "Sanctity in the Twentieth Century" in Tripp Commons, Memorial Union, at 8 P.M. Wednesday.
The daughter of Gilbert Murray, Oxford scholar and humanist, Miss Murray authored "The Good Pagan's Failure," "Time and the Timeless," and "The Forsaken Fountain."

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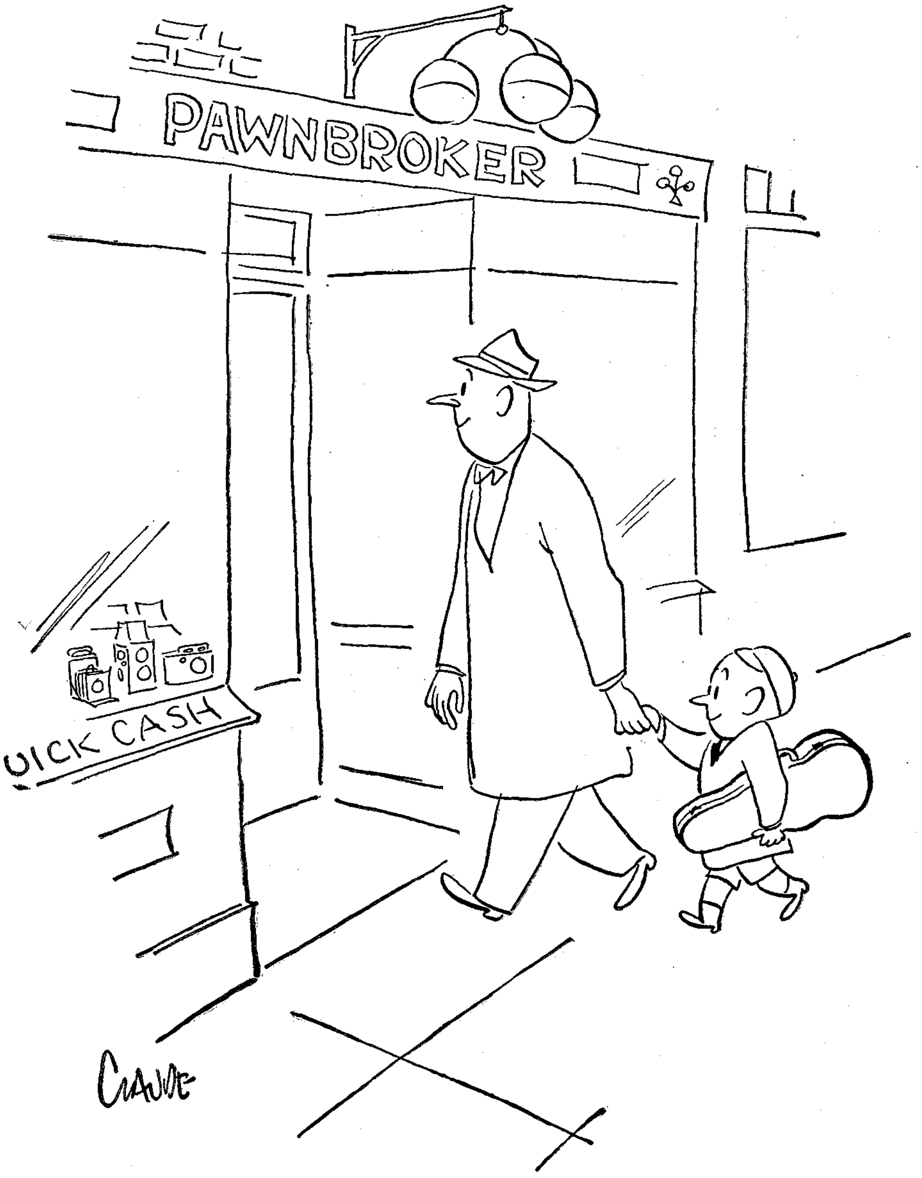
BOOKS

Two from Up North

“PEOPLE OF THE DEER,” by Farley Mowat (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is a book about the inland Eskimos of the Barrens—the half-million square miles of plains, lakes, and low hills west of Hudson Bay. It is a record of two years the author spent among one tribe of these people—the Ihalmiut—in the late nineteen-forties, and in that sense is a travel book. But it is more, too, because Mr. Mowat is something of a fanatic about the tribe—or what is left of it after twenty years of slow starvation. His book is another contribution to the growing literature that employs a new approach in evaluating primitive men and cultures, one that quite properly avoids judging aboriginal societies by standards and ethical codes of higher—or at least different—civilizations.

Mr. Mowat is a young Canadian who was first seized with the arctic fever in 1935, when, at the age of fifteen, he spent a summer vacation at Churchill, on the southern end of Hudson Bay. On that trip, while riding in the caboose of a Hudson Bay Railway train, he saw what he calls “perhaps the most tremendous living spectacle that our continent knows”—a mass migration of caribou, moving in immense herds from the forests of Manitoba to the frozen plains of the MacKenzie District. He was so stirred by the sight of this seemingly endless brown river of reindeer half a mile wide that flowed imperturbably across the roadbed of the halted train that he never got over it. Some time later, when he heard that a tribe of Eskimos in the subarctic wastes lived off the deer and made their camps in the paths of the great migrations, he resolved to go back north one day and find them. It was not until after he had put in a dozen years at school and at war that he was able to. In the spring of 1947, he set out for Churchill, equipped with only a few necessities, such as a sleeping bag and some old Army clothes, and practically no plans. He did not know where to find the deer people—the traders, Eskimos, and trappers of the Hudson Bay coast knew of them merely by hearsay, and the authoritative information he had concerning them was a meagre report, dated 1896, by the first, and last, white man ever to visit their central homeland. There was even some doubt that the tribe still existed. In Churchill, he met a former Royal Air Force pilot who was running a one-man, one-plane tramp airline, and talked him into flying him three hundred and fifty miles into the Barrens, to the ruins of an old trading post where the deer people had once come to barter furs for food and ammunition. Moving on alone from there, he found the Ihalmiut.

“People of the Deer” is a complete amateur anthropology. It is probably a definitive one, too, for the Ihalmiut are at the end of their tether. In 1900, Mowat says, thousands of them roamed the Barrens and prospered off the deer; today, there are less than forty left, among them only two women able to bear children. Until the first white traders came to the fringes of their territory, the Ihalmiut lived as they had since the Stone Age. Four times a year, when the caribou migrated, the men of the tribe intercepted the hordes at selected passes and fords and slaughtered them with bows and spears. They were always able to kill enough deer to supply the tribe with food and material for clothing and tents until the next migration. When the traders started edging into the Barrens, they wanted fox pelts. They gave the Ihalmiut rifles and ammunition and persuaded them to shoot the arctic fox, and in exchange for the pelts gave them more ammunition and food—not meat, which had been the tribe’s sole diet from earliest times, but white flour, sugar, lard, and baking powder. Eventually, the old bow-and-spear hunters died off and the young Ihalmiut began to depend entirely on the rifle, because it was far more effective than their primitive traditional weapons. Around the end of the nineteen-twenties, the world market for



arctic-fox fur collapsed and the traders decamped, leaving the Ihalmiut with rifles for which there was no ammunition. The supplies of white man's food, of course, stopped, too. The Eskimos, having relied for a generation on what was for them an unnatural diet, began to starve. Great numbers of them died of tuberculosis. Things were not much better with the caribou, either. South of the timber line, on their winter feeding grounds, they were being massacred wholesale by the local Indians, at the urging of the trading companies, which wanted to sell more ammunition. Indeed, so vast was the carnage that today, when the spring thaws begin and the deer start north, the herds move not by a network of routes, as they used to, but in a single stream, which is as likely as not to take a course hundreds of miles from the Ihalmiut camps. The Ihalmiut are puzzled by what has happened to them, but they bear no rancor. Rancor is apparently a development of more complicated civilizations. "Why is it you white men should come for a time, stay for a time, and then suddenly vanish when we are most in need of your help?" an Ihalmiut asked Mowat. "Why is it? Why can we not take our fox pelts to the trader and have shells for our guns in return, for this is what the trader taught us to do? This mystery I cannot understand."

To study the Ihalmiut, Mowat not only lived with them but undertook to learn the Eskimo language—something few white explorers or travellers have ever bothered to do. Two men of the tribe instructed him. Mowat did not know it at the time, but they devised a "basic" Eskimo for his lessons, teaching him only one noun, and none of its variants, for a given object, and only one verb form for an action. The Ihalmiut spoke to him solely in this pidgin tongue and used it exclusively when talking among themselves in his presence. He came to think that the Eskimo, or Innuit, language ("Eskimo" is an Indian word, meaning "eaters of raw flesh;" "Innuit" is their word for their race, meaning "the people") was a simple one. He discovered his mistake later, when he tried to show off his accomplishment to a Coast Eskimo and was met by an uncomprehending stare. He later became aware that the language is extraordinarily flexible and complex, that it can express many shades of meaning and many abstract thoughts, and that, grammatically, it is one of the toughest languages in the world, with verbs that can have up to five hundred endings and nouns that have nine cases. Mowat cites this experience as typical of the Eskimos' code of politeness and helpfulness; he believes that the Ihalmiut, who have respect for the white man but no very high opinion of his powers, felt that he would never be able to learn their language properly in the year or so he would be among them.

Mowat went on deer kills with the Ihalmiut (he had brought ammunition with him) and lived on reindeer meat—cooked when possible, raw when not. His descriptions of their now rare feasts—day-long orgies, at which an adult male Ihalmiut may well eat fifteen pounds of red meat—are, to say the least, vivid. When his hosts' shyness wore off, they let him in on their songs and tribal jokes and secrets; sitting with them around winter campfires, he listened to their terrified tales of the supernatural, which is close to them, and was able to perceive the misty lineaments of a frightened religion. They talked much of ghosts—not revenants but personal devils, which can be exorcised by the shaman of the tribe alone. This man—still living, as far as Mowat knows—is the only Ihalmiut he met who had been corrupted by the white man, and the only "evil" man in the tribe. The chapters concerning him are immensely interesting; he turns out to be a true Greek-tragedy figure. Mowat heard stories of the famines that have depleted the Ihalmiut in recent years, and of winters when whole families sat huddled in their igloos, the useless rifle propped against the wall, and waited for death. As a consequence, he is not disposed to censure the people for infanticide or for their refusal to feed the old when the grinding pressure of starvation is on them—two of the Eskimos' classic crimes in the eyes of missionaries and other outsiders. There is a hard law among the Ihalmiut that establishes the order of dying; according to it, the hunter must be kept alive at all costs, for if he dies, all die. In talking with men of the tribe, Mowat found that they are far from callous about these things, and that they look upon the man or woman who has been forced to make the terrible decision to kill a child or an aged parent with compassion and understanding, for such people, they realize, are never the same again.

It is not often that a writer finds himself the sole chronicler of a whole human society, even of a microcosmic one like the Ihalmiut, and Mowat has done marvellously well at the job, despite a stylistic looseness and a tendency to

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formlessness. Also, his justifiable anger at the Canadian government's neglect of the Ihalmiut, who are its wards, intrudes in places where it doesn't belong, but then, as I said, Mowat is something of a fanatic on this subject. His book, just the same, is a fine one.

"Hudson's Bay Trader," by Lord Tweedsmuir (Norton), is a quite different book about Eskimos. It is a diary—touched up a bit, by the look of it—and "never written to be published." (I have always wondered at the number of diaries never written to be published that somehow make their way to a publisher's office.) It was kept by the author, who is the son of the late John Buchan, during a year he spent working for the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Cape Dorset, in Baffin Land. The Eskimos in this case are the seal hunters of the coast. Like the inland Ihalmiut, they are meat eaters, but they live in comparative affluence, benefiting from a long tradition of fair dealing with the paternalistic trading concern up there, which has been in business for two hundred and eighty-two years.

The author's attitude toward the Eskimos is amiable and ever so slightly pukka. He presents them as a good-hearted, tolerant, hard-working people, most of them converted to Protestantism, who are just a bit comic. And, indeed, there *are* some funny anecdotes. Lord Tweedsmuir says his book does not pretend to be prose, but he need not have been so modest, for he communicates a sense of the lonely space of the Far North and of the fierceness of its animal life. He has a painter's eye, which gives some of the passages a full-blooded quality, as in a description of one winter night in an Eskimo settlement, when the northern lights flamed in the sky and the snowhouses, glowing from inside, looked like "giant phosphorescent mushrooms." All in all, a very likable little book.

—Albert Hubbell

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Second Face, by Marcel Aymé (Harper). The arch story of an ordinary, middle-aged French husband who suddenly finds himself with a new, strange, handsome face. One thing leads to another as he gradually realizes what this change can mean in his life, but the real fun of the situation, according to M. Aymé,

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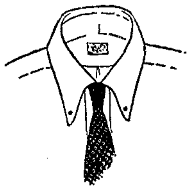

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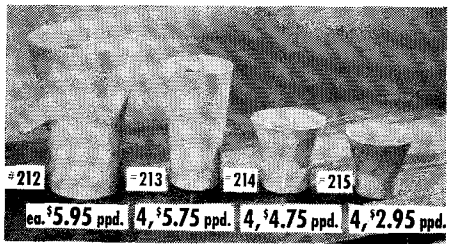

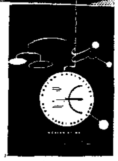

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THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN, by Howard Spring (Harper). Sarah Rainborough is an upper-class Englishwoman, born in 1848, who lives to be almost a hundred. In telling us the story of her life, Mr. Spring contrives to fill five hundred and fifty pages without ever touching the heart, the mind, the memory, or the funnybone. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May.

GENERAL

ONE MAN'S AMERICA, by Alistair Cooke (Knopf). A collection of articles representing the cream of the author's weekly broadcasts to England during the past six years. In these deceptively informal talks, Mr. Cooke has been notably successful in translating his own appraisal of this country into terms comprehensible to a British audience composed, he says, of everyone from "shrewd bishops to honest carpenters." Readers on this side of the Atlantic will find Mr. Cooke's America an enthralling place, packed with quite a few surprises. Its general topography is familiar, to be sure, but the author has managed during his long residence here (since 1937) to explore it more thoroughly than nine-tenths of the natives. His report is detached, witty, and on the whole favorable, and shows no trace of the fish-eyed solemnity of the sociologist. Turning out radio essays, which is what he terms these pieces, is like "trying to write literature for blind men," Mr. Cooke remarks in his introduction, and he comes very close to fulfilling this almost impossible assignment.

VISA TO MOSCOW, by Michel Gordey (Knopf). This is a detailed and well-written report on a recent one-man exploration of that part of the U.S.S.R. that is still visible to the foreign journalist—in this instance, a correspondent from the Right Wing Socialist newspaper *France-Soir*. Thanks to his fluent knowledge of Russian and to an inexplicable lack of supervision over his solitary rambles around Moscow (where he spent most of his visit, during the spring of 1950), M. Gordey was able to get in a gratifying amount of eavesdropping. From the impressions he gained this way, and from official interviews and handouts as well, he has assembled what he considers a conscientious

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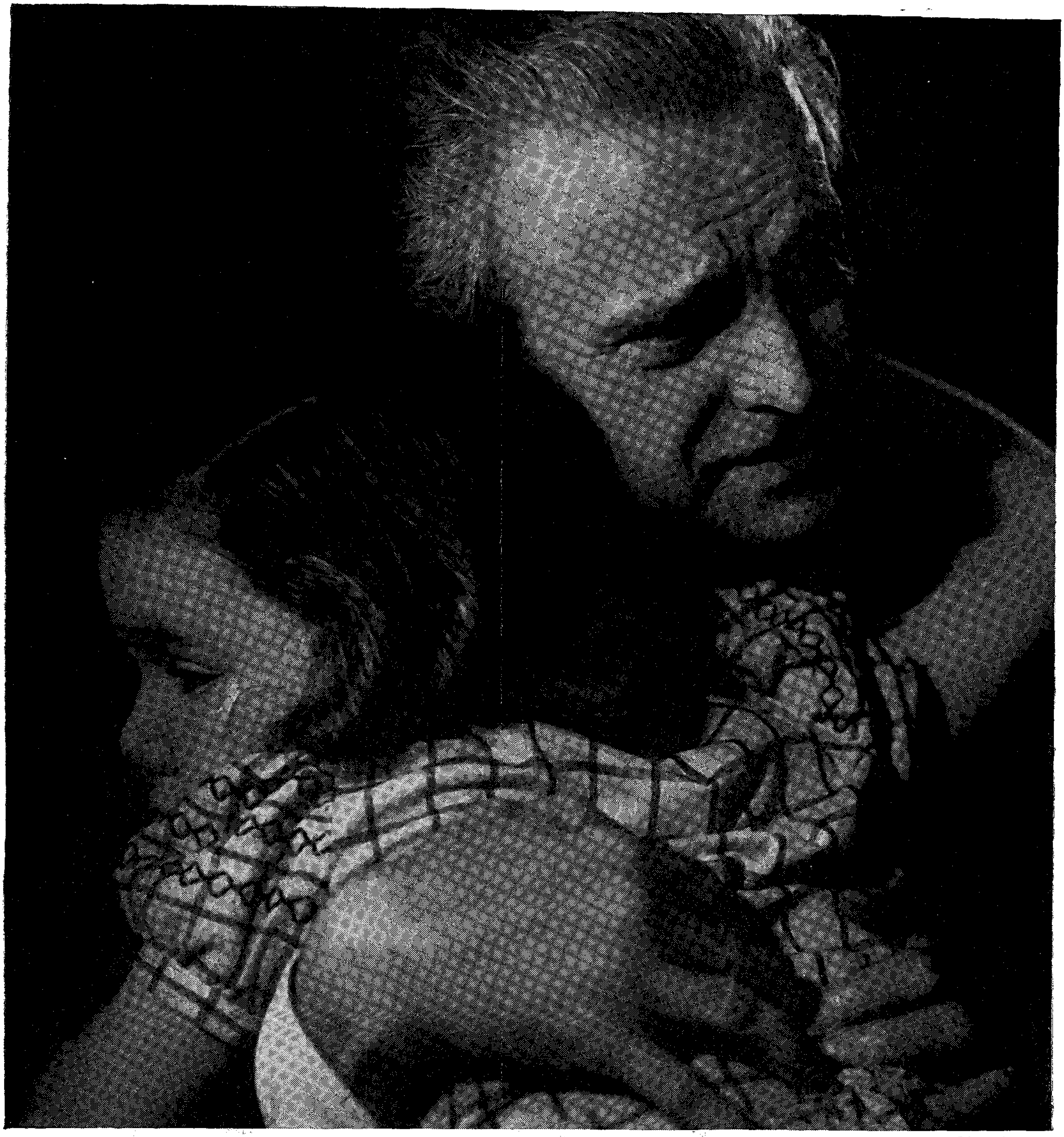

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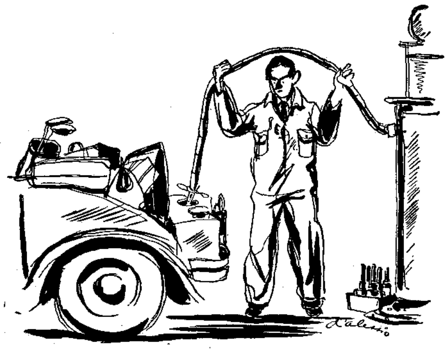
and balanced reckoning. On the credit side, M. Gordey (who interprets many of his findings in the same wishful tone that was so common among visitors to the Soviet in the early thirties) sets down what he takes to be the extremely satisfactory state of the health and spirits of the people as a whole, and especially of the children, the country's most privileged caste; the efficiency and fairness of the People's Courts; and the national standard of living, which, he insists, can't possibly be evaluated by any Western standard. On the debit side, he enters almost every aspect of Soviet culture (his chapters on his spate of theatregoing are excellent), the constant barrage of anti-foreign propaganda, and the insistence on a pathological amount of national privacy. Even in his study of the Soviet economy, however, M. Gordey makes only passing mention of the forced-labor camps, and he was apparently able to stroll past the Lubianka prison without feeling any need to comment on the activities of its proprietors, the M.V.D.

Not All Vanity, by Agnes de Stoeckl (Scribner). The author of this incredible book was the wife of Baron Alexander de Stoeckl, equerry to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and, later on, a sort of private finance minister (until there were no more finances to minister) to the Grand Duchess George. The Baroness de Stoeckl, now an old lady living in London, gushes along in a remarkably uninhibited fashion about past glories—about her mother's Parisian salon in the eighteen-seventies, about court life in St. Petersburg, and about the royalty she knew and admired and still mourns. Her memoir has another dimension, too, because it incorporates some data on Civil War Washington, where her father-in-law was head of the Russian Legation; these reminiscences-at-one-remove include some racy anecdotes



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that will come as a shock to those who think of diplomatic Washington in Lincoln's time as rather dull and decorous. Photographs.

THE JUDGES AND THE JUDGED, by Merle Miller (Doubleday). A report on an American Civil Liberties Union investigation of blacklisting in radio and television. In the main, the book concerns the activities of Theodore C. Kirkpatrick and his associates, and their publication, *Counterattack*. Mr. Kirkpatrick, a former Federal Bureau of Investigation man, devotes his time to nosing out persons of Communist sympathies, or persons he suspects of Communist sympathies—he leaves the matter of proving his charges to somebody else—and printing their names as some sort of public service; a special supplement, called *Red Channels*, in which he listed a hundred and fifty-one actors, writers, producers, and other workers in radio and television whom he suspected of being tainted, is the specific issue discussed here. Nearly all the people named in *Red Channels* have suffered harm as a result; many of them find they cannot now get work, and some have been fired from jobs they did have. Mr. Miller has treated his unpalatable theme dispassionately and with admirable fairness, and his book makes informative, if melancholy, reading.

BLOOD, OIL AND SAND, by Ray Brock (World). In this book, the author maintains that war with Russia is now inevitable because of the deterioration of American power and influence in the Middle East. Mr. Brock, who is indignant and sometimes persuasive, says that the Middle East, which in his generous definition includes the entire Moslem world between Tangier and Pakistan, as well as the Balkan periphery, is crawling with Russian agents, who have corrupted the governments of nearly all the countries of the region (Saudi Arabia, Israel, and Turkey excepted) and inflamed Arab nationalism to an unprecedented pitch. The author distributes blame for our loss of prestige in this vast region with a lavish hand. Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, and Yalta get some of it, the "existentialist character" of Dean Acheson and his colleagues gets more, and Western stupidity, business-as-usual thinking, and ignorant selfishness get the most. Mr. Brock is a former correspondent for the New York *Times;* he resigned, he says, be-

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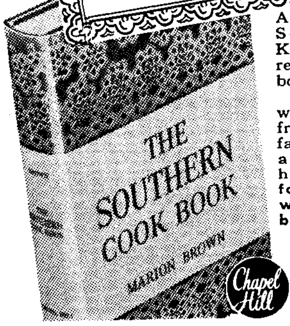

cause of a disagreement with the *Times* over General Mihailovitch. He is a good reporter, but he doesn't seem to take into consideration some of the factors that weigh against the likelihood of a Soviet grab for this greatly expanded Middle East. The writing, regrettably, is terrible.

Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon, by William Lewis Herndon, edited and with an introduction by Hamilton Basso (McGraw-Hill). A new edition of a travel book that first appeared almost a century ago as a government report by an American naval officer and, because of its literacy and charm, captured the imagination of a large segment of the reading public, including Mark Twain's; as Mr. Basso points out in his introduction, Herndon's account of his four-thousand-mile trek, by donkey and native boat, down the Amazon, from its tributaries in Peru to its mouth, inspired young Twain to set out on his own down the Mississippi, with the idea of making a fortune in South America. Mr. Basso has deleted all the technical data that cluttered up Herndon's narrative. The result isn't, as might be expected, a chronicle of a series of near escapes and Spartan exploits but a meticulously kept journal of a man with better-than-average powers of observation, and a good, economical style. Illustrated with maps drawn from those of the period.

The American Expedition, by Sven Waxell (Macmillan). An account of Vitus Bering's second voyage to the Arctic (1733-49), written by his second in command, who took over after the expedition had been shipwrecked and its ailing chief had died. Bering was a Dane and Waxell a Swede, and both were commissioned officers in the Russian Navy. They sailed from Kamchatka, by order of Empress Anna, niece of Peter the Great, into one of the areas then designated on maps as "Parts Unknown," and found that Asia and North America were not connected by land, as had been supposed. They mapped the northeastern Siberian coast and determined the northerly limits of the islands of Japan. The manuscript, a report to the Russian Admiralty, dropped out of sight for a couple of hundred years; it is now in the State Library at Leningrad. The writing is in the style one expects of sea captains and explor-

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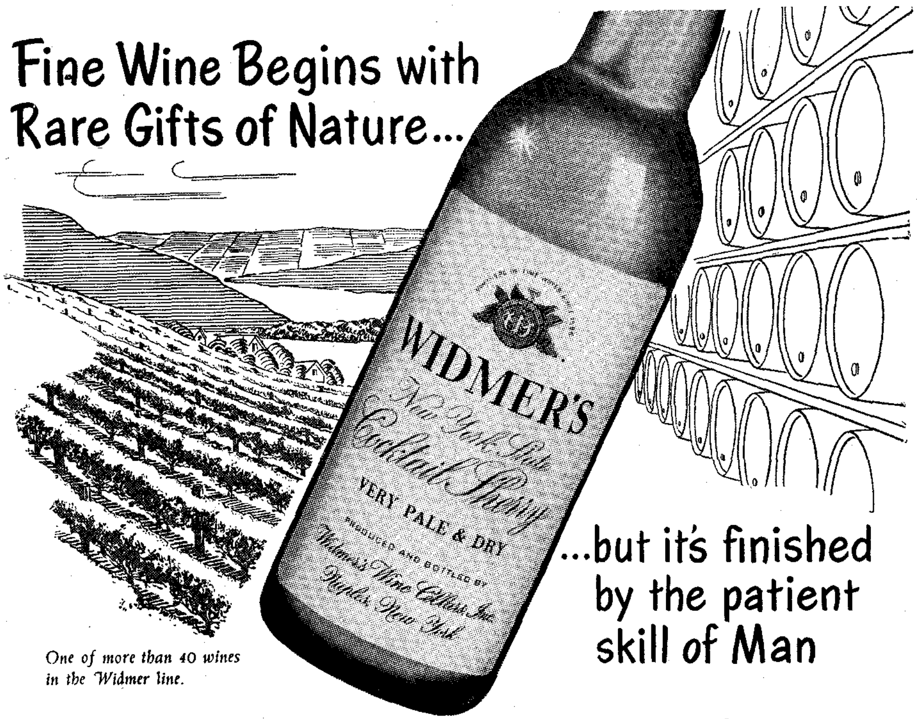

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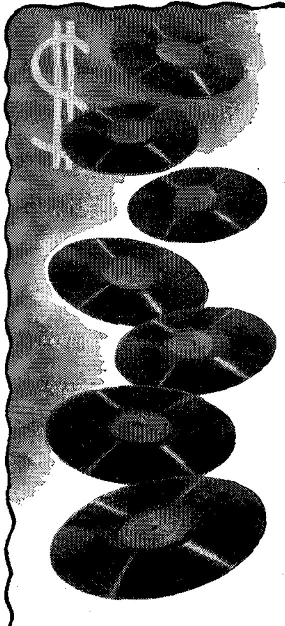

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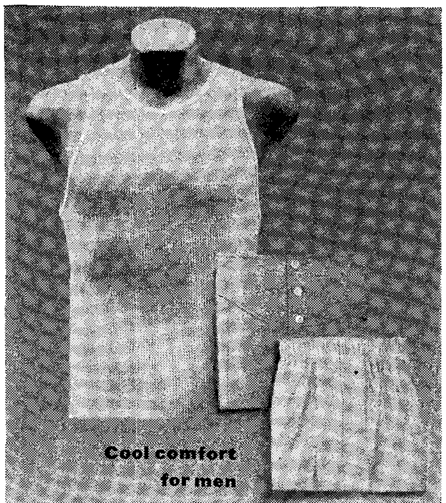

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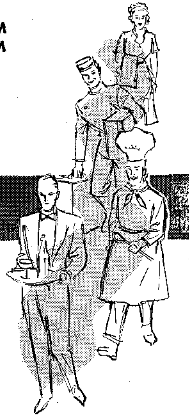

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ers—modest, forthright, and factual. Old maps.

WILKIE COLLINS, by Kenneth Robinson (Macmillan). In recent years, there have been at least three literary studies of Collins by distinguished writers—T. S. Eliot, Dorothy L. Sayers, and Walter De la Mare. This is the first fullfledged biography of him, and a very good one it is. Collins, who died sixty-three years ago and lives in our time because of two books, "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White," enjoyed tremendous popularity in his own day. He was Dickens' most intimate friend; his books were admired by Swinburne and influenced Thomas Hardy. In his later years, he went in for purpose fiction, some of which unfortunately had more purpose than fiction, and except in the eyes of the discerning, his literary reputation was dimmed by his use of sensation and melodrama; his last years, vitiated by opiates, saw a steady breakdown of his health and creative gifts. He was a great storyteller, and once gave his recipe for writing fiction as "Make 'em cry, make 'em laugh, make 'em wait." As his biographer remarks, he could also, on occasion, make 'em think.

THOMAS HARDY, by Edmund Blunden (Macmillan). First published in 1942, and now reissued in a pocket edition, this critical biography has the commendable quality of permanence. Together with Lord David Cecil's study of Hardy, it offers all that anyone but the scholar will probably want to know about the last of the great Victorians. Mr. Blunden, himself a down-to-the-soil Englishman and fine nature poet, is a singularly good man for the job. He is warmly appreciative of Hardy, but Hardy's imperfections—for example, his frequent use of rather awkward and even eccentric words—do not escape him. Blunden admits, too, that several of Hardy's novels are now dated and make difficult reading. Finally, he makes the point that Hardy was above all a poet, who began his writing career with poetry and ended it with poetry. This approach gives Blunden the proper opportunity and preparation for dealing with "The Dynasts," Hardy's great achievement.

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. MORRIS, by Howard Swiggett (Doubleday). A new biography of Gouverneur Morris, based on his unexpurgated

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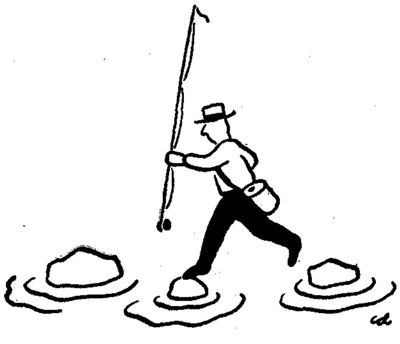
diaries (first published in 1939) and on a quantity of recently discovered material. Morris was indeed an extraordinary man. He was wellborn, but his patrimony wasn't sufficient for him to live in the style he preferred, so he made himself a fortune early in life; he was one of the youngest members of the Continental Congress and had an important hand in drafting the Constitution; he lost a leg in a carriage accident when he was twenty-eight, which kept him out of Washington's army but not off horseback during the foxhunting season; as American Minister to France from 1792 to 1794, he knew practically everybody involved in the French Revolution; and he was a first-rate Boswell to himself. Mr. Swiggett has extracted not only the flavor of his subject but that of many of his subject's great contemporaries, whom he presents as creatures of flesh and blood instead of those familiar statues so boring to schoolboys.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, by Edward Hallett Carr (Macmillan). Volume II of a projected three-volume history of the Russian Revolution. As this work unfolds, it becomes plain that Professor Carr will be credited with writing the most serious, cogent, and authoritative work in English on the infancy and formative years of Lenin's little experiment. This book covers the years of "war communism" (1918-20), the violent impact of the revolution on agriculture, and the first phase of the New Economic Policy, that false dawn of reason when the discouraged revolutionists seemed to be looking a bit enviously at capitalism. It ends with a discussion of Lenin's attitude toward economic planning for reconstruction, and of the first glimmerings of the internal struggle that was ultimately to rend the Russian Communist Party and leave Joseph Stalin in power.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, edited by William



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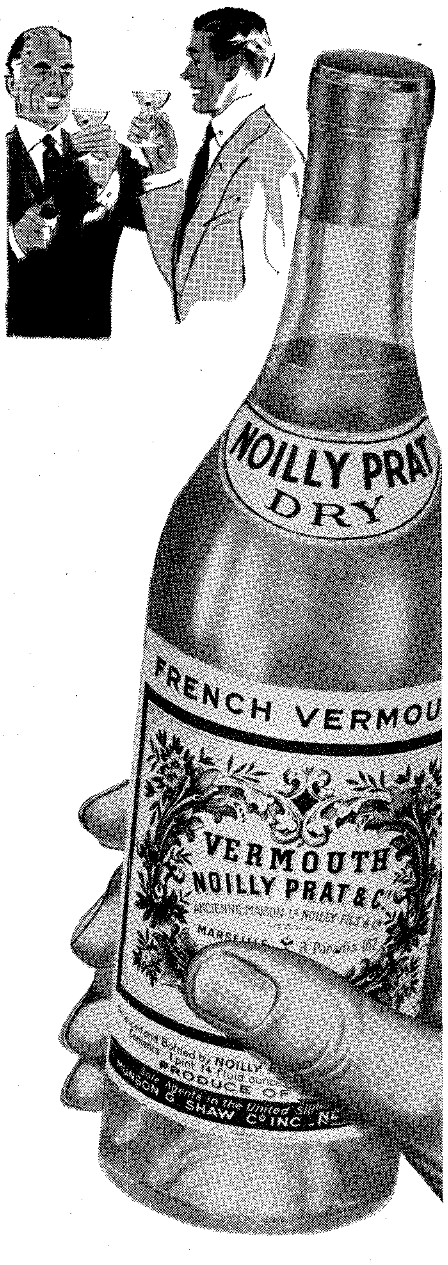

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Baskerville Hamilton (Duke). A collection of essays from one of the oldest literary quarterlies in the South—or, for that matter, in the country. There are some immensely interesting things in this book, beginning with a quiet but explosive article, written in 1903 by the publication's first editor, that criticizes Southern notions of white supremacy. It is entitled "Stirring Up the Fires of Race Antipathy," and it stirred up such fires in unreconstructed breasts that it nearly wrecked the fledgling magazine. The other essays range over the field of the liberal arts, and include a notable piece of literary detective work by John Abbot Clark that tracks down some of the origins of T. S. Eliot's "Gerontion" and "The Waste Land;" an introspective study called "Southern Manners," by Elizabeth Stevenson; and excellent criticisms of Thomas Wolfe, Mark Twain, Eugene O'Neill, and Henry Timrod, an understandably neglected poet of the Confederacy. The regional note is struck often but isn't predominant.

AUDEN: AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY, by Richard Hoggart (Yale). Auden has been an American citizen for some years, but it is fitting that the first long study of his work should come from his native England. Mr. Hoggart, who lectures on English literature at the University College of Hull, manages to skirt many of the difficulties involved in dealing with the life and work of a distinguished living contemporary, chiefly by putting his emphasis on Auden's poetic production and by analyzing at length four poems written at different stages of his development. Auden's "sensitivity to the tensions of the age . . . and his extraordinary social and psychological perceptiveness" are accented, and Mr. Hoggart's final conclusion is that Auden's work, now in its early maturity, has already become "a civilizing force," helping us "to find better solutions, solutions that are more humane and sensitive" than those proffered by the non-imaginative world around us.

IN HIS TRUE CENTRE, by Arnold L. Haskell (Adam & Charles Black). Mr. Haskell, who has long been known as one of England's most prolific commentators on the ballet, announces in his introduction that this time he isn't writing a "ballet book" at all but merely "a few chapters of memories;" he then goes right ahead and writes a ballet book—and

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an entertaining one, too. After tracing his own metamorphosis, which took place in the thirties, from dilettante balletomane to hard-working Jack-of-all-trades in Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe, Mr. Haskell gossips (very kindly, since he deplores even the mildest criticism of his professional acquaintances) about the various impresarios and ballerinas he has known. His final, and most interesting, chapters deal with the educational theories he has evolved during recent years as a director and teacher at the Sadler's Wells School, and with the problems—extremely special ones, unsurprisingly—connected with the administration of this flourishing institution. Illustrated with photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

My Life in Crime, reported by John Bartlow Martin (Harper). A biography of a hoodlum, told mostly in the first person and in an idiom that sounds authentic. It is a fascinating document, and will undoubtedly be an invaluable handbook for those who want to know the correct way to burglarize a house, blow a safe, hijack a shipment of rugs, bribe the policeman on the beat, roll a drunk, or engage successfully in practically any other illegal enterprise known to the human mind except murder—a topic upon which the protagonist is somewhat evasive. The general tone of the book is fairly moral—it seems that most crooks spend the better part of their lives in jail and very few wind up with much to show for their efforts—but a pretty strong case is still made out for the old adage that only saps work. Whether the author is writing about a man he actually knows—as he says he is—or has just created a composite underworld type, he has done an engrossing and villainously informative job. As far as sex goes, incidentally, it appears that habitual malefactors, or at least the younger ones, are almost irresistible to women, which is probably more than can be said for a lot of men employed in more conventional fields of endeavor.

Introduction to Murder, by Wenzell Brown (Greenberg). In this study of the celebrated Lonely Hearts case of a couple of years ago, Mr. Brown casts at least a reasonable doubt on whether the State of New York was legally justified in executing Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez for the murder of an elderly

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woman named Janet Fay at Valley Stream, Long Island, since both had pronounced symptoms of insanity. Mrs. Beck suffered from what amounted to a physical deformity (she weighed two hundred pounds as an adolescent), she was twice raped by her brother when she was thirteen, and her adjustment to normal society was always more or less erratic. Fernandez got a skull fracture at sea when he was quite a young man, contracted a venereal disease, and was the victim of West Indian religious delusions and of various sexual aberrations, including, of course, the habit of joining correspondence clubs, which, as it happened, resulted in the death of at least five people. Mr. Brown tells his story factually and objectively, and the reader may easily conclude that his protagonists were far more suitable candidates for a lunatic asylum than for the electric chair.

READY TO HANG, by Robert Tallant (Harper). Seven true stories of murder in New Orleans, including the stabbing of an especially gaudy madam by her lover; the shooting of an attorney by a client, who felt his action was perfectly warranted because the attorney had lost his case; the suffocation of a little girl by a doctor whose specialty was hypnotism; the poisoning of four members of her family by a young lady, who got away with it; various crimes committed by a Southern branch of the Mafia and by an axeman who had it in for Italian grocers; and, finally, two stranglings by a cheerful young man. Mr. Tallant's stories compare well with the regional collections of murder cases—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other places—that were so popular a few years ago.

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE DENVER POST D'YA READ?

SWALLOWS ON SCHEDULE

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIF., March 20—(INS)—The swallows returned to San Juan Capistrano mission on St. Joseph's day (Wednesday), just as they have done for the past 176 years.—*Issue of March 20th, page 1.*

SWALLOWS LATE AT CAPISTRANO

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIF., March 19—(AP)—The swallows didn't come back to Capistrano Wednesday.

But there wasn't too much concern about them. On rare occasions they've been late before.—*Same issue, page 12.*

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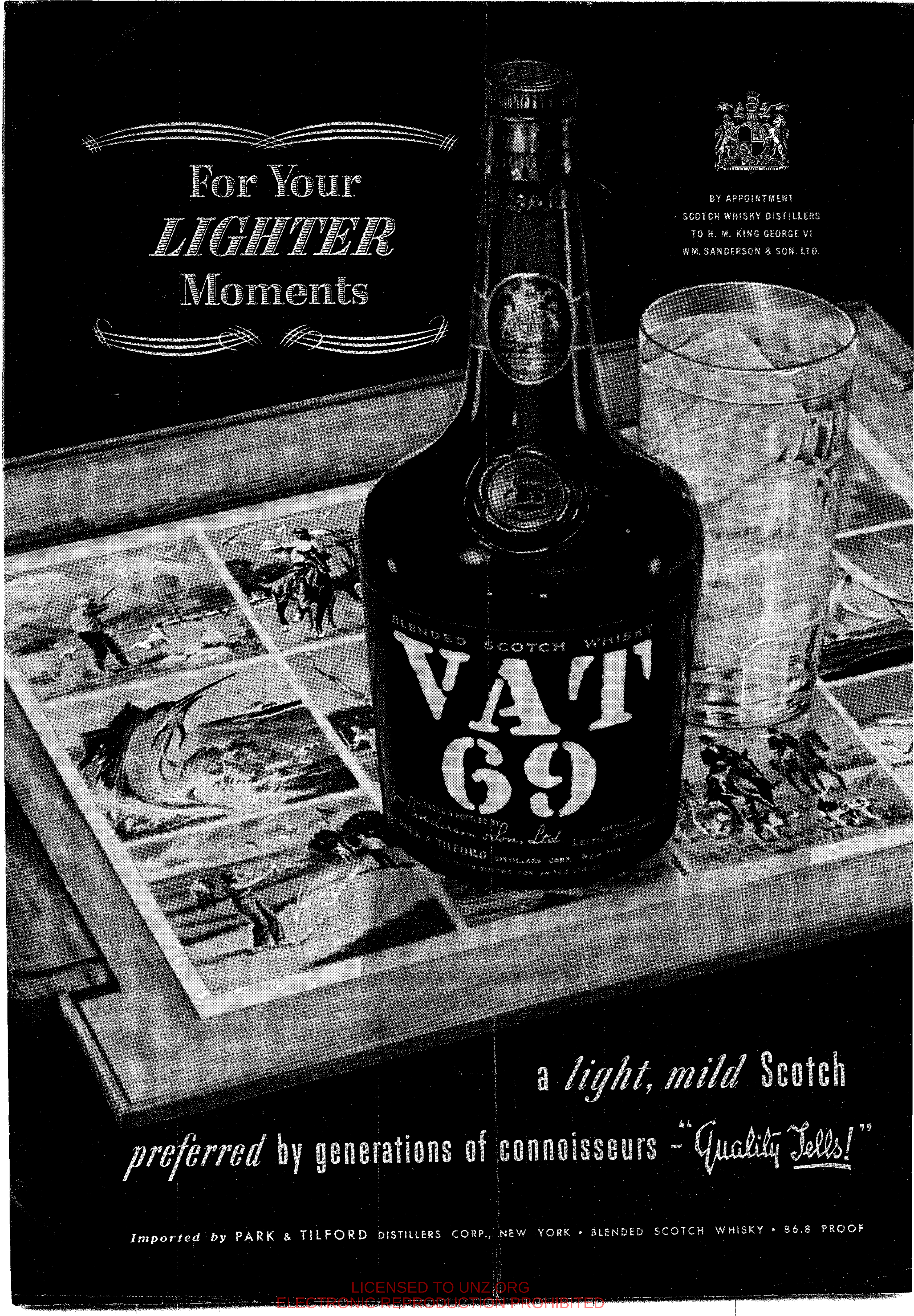
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